

The
NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE

One of the
Power Magazines

What changes
will Happen
to the
MOVIES
in 1933?

The Year's Forecast!

★

When I
had a Crush
on
**JOHN
HARRYMORE**
by **ELSIE JANIS**

★

The Five Most
**DANGEROUS
WOMEN**
in
Hollywood

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE



January, 1933

10¢

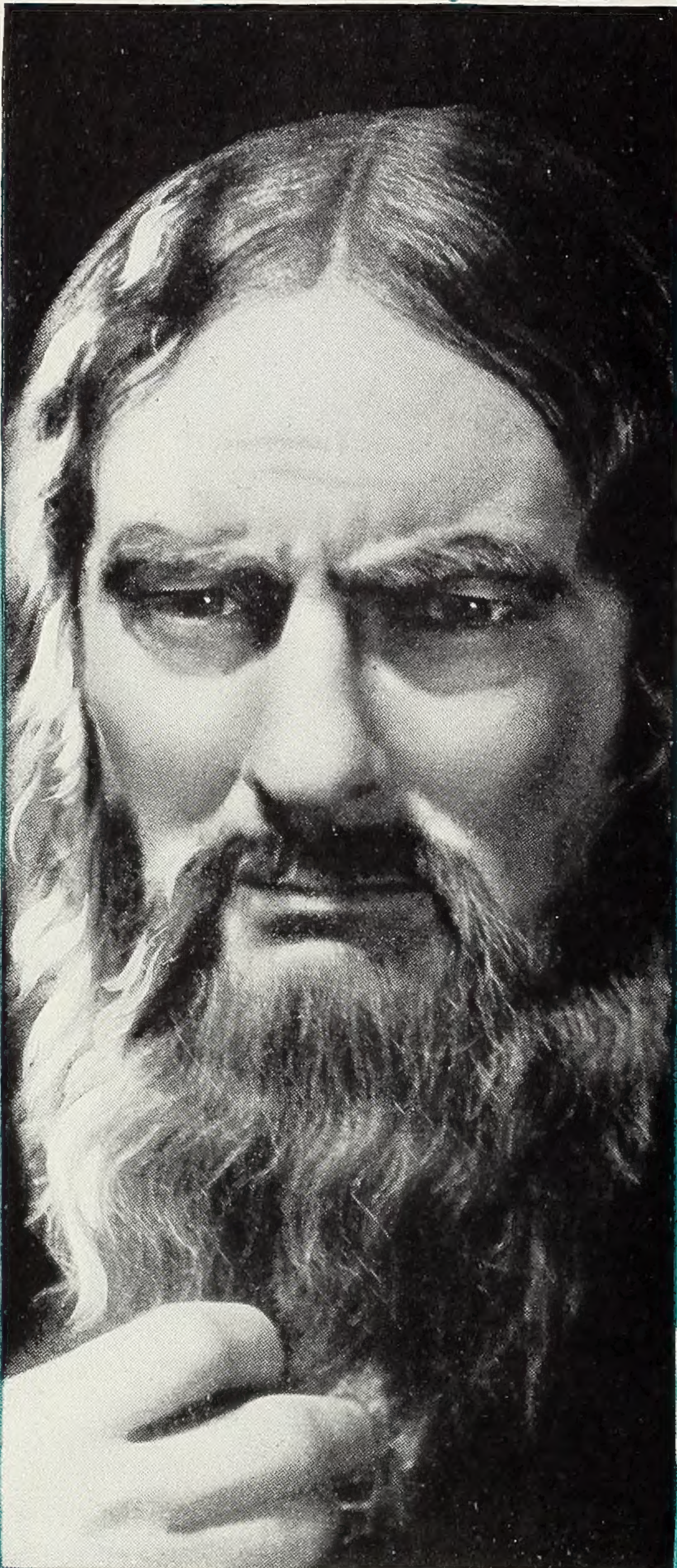
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**JIM TULLY Reveals the
REAL COLLEEN MOORE
Who Fought Both Poverty and Riches**

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

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of these?

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—yet only a boy in his
mother's arms!

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JUN 15 1933

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—Ignores Her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

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Start it tomorrow morning. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method regularly and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child. "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

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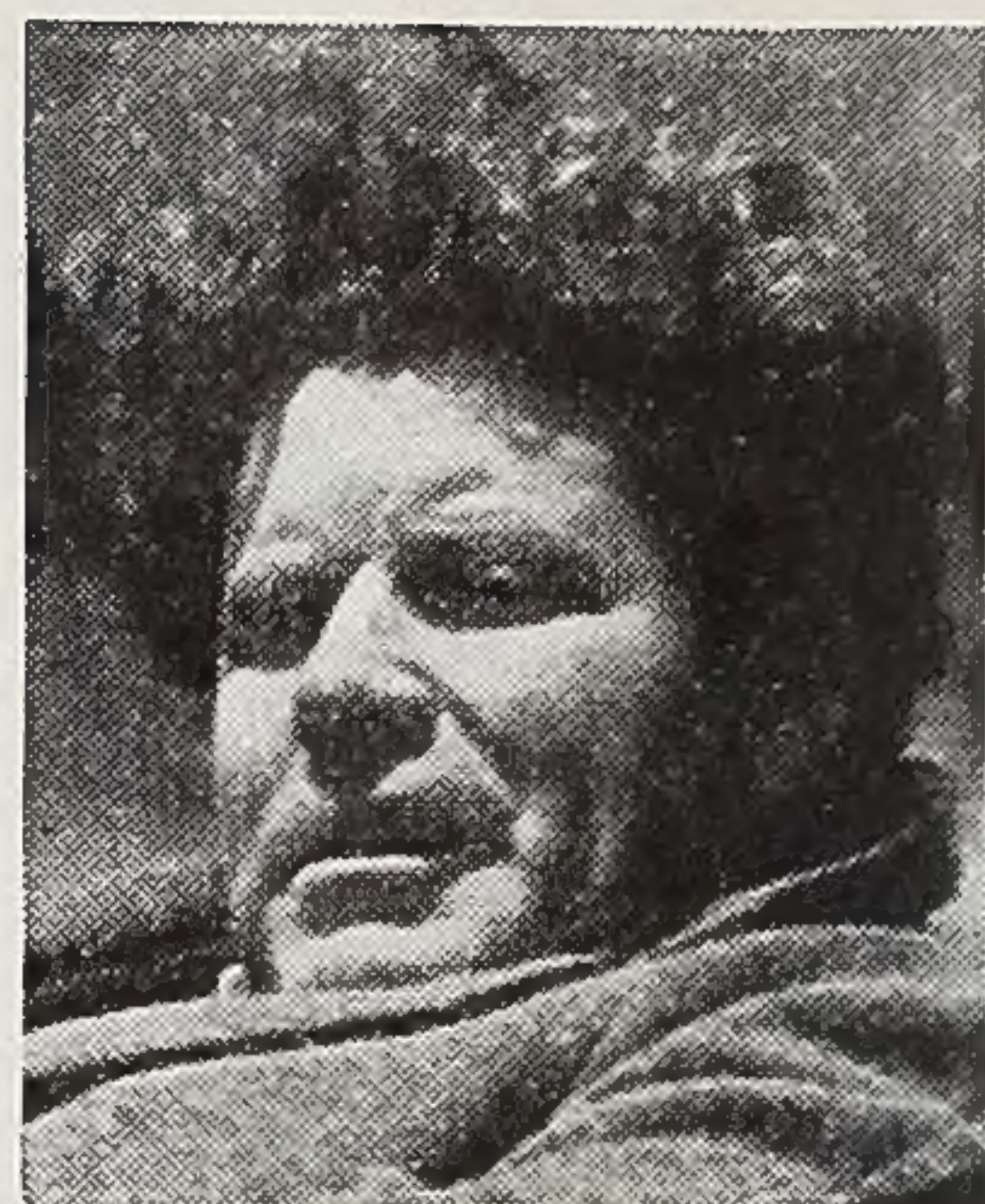
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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

HAIL 1933

The New Movie Magazine sweeps on. The famous writers who have helped to give New Movie the largest circulation of any film magazine in the world extend their best wishes for the New Year. The New Movie invites you to share in the feast of enticing articles and exclusive pictures which will continue to make it the most sought-after and most authoritative magazine of the picture world.



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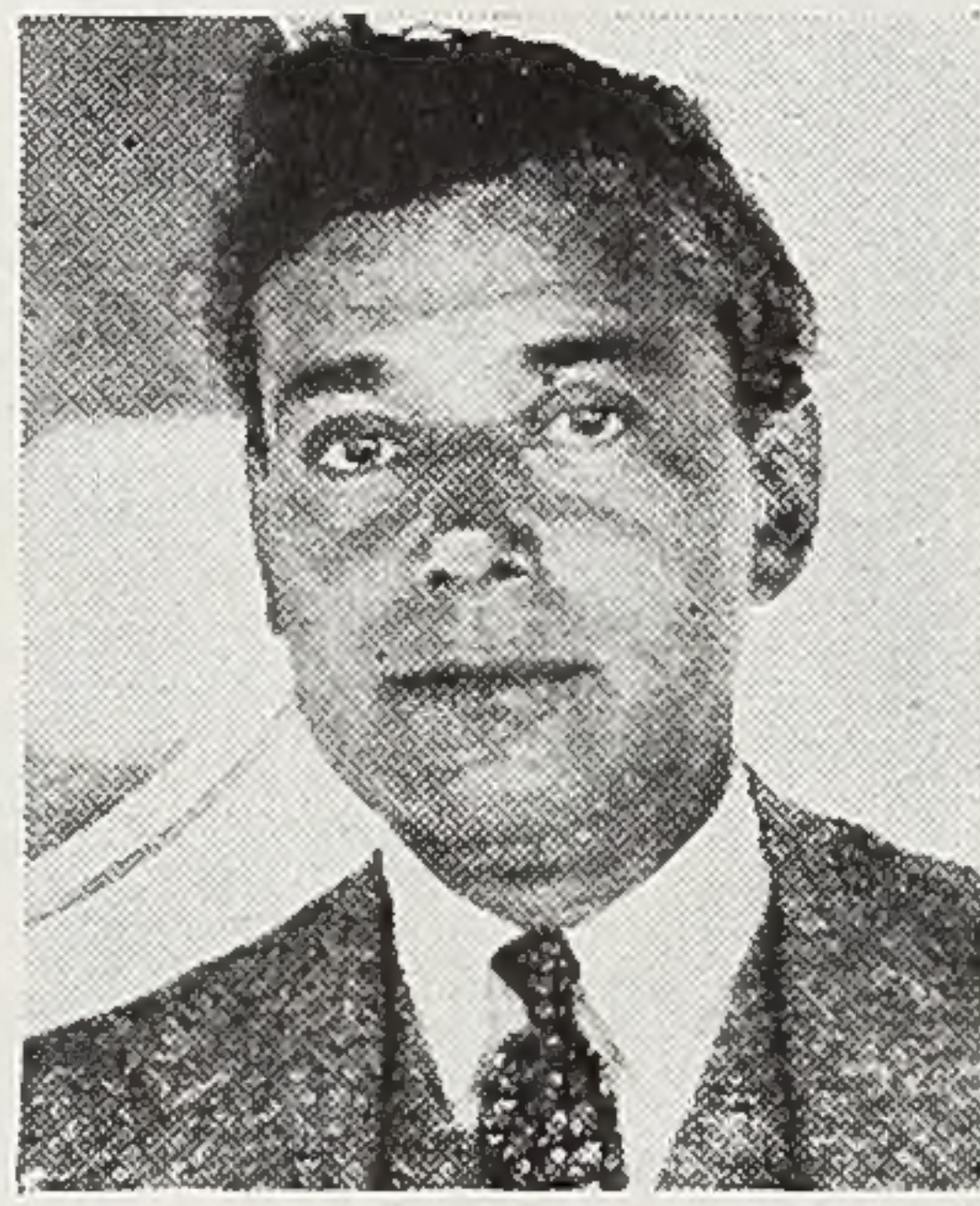
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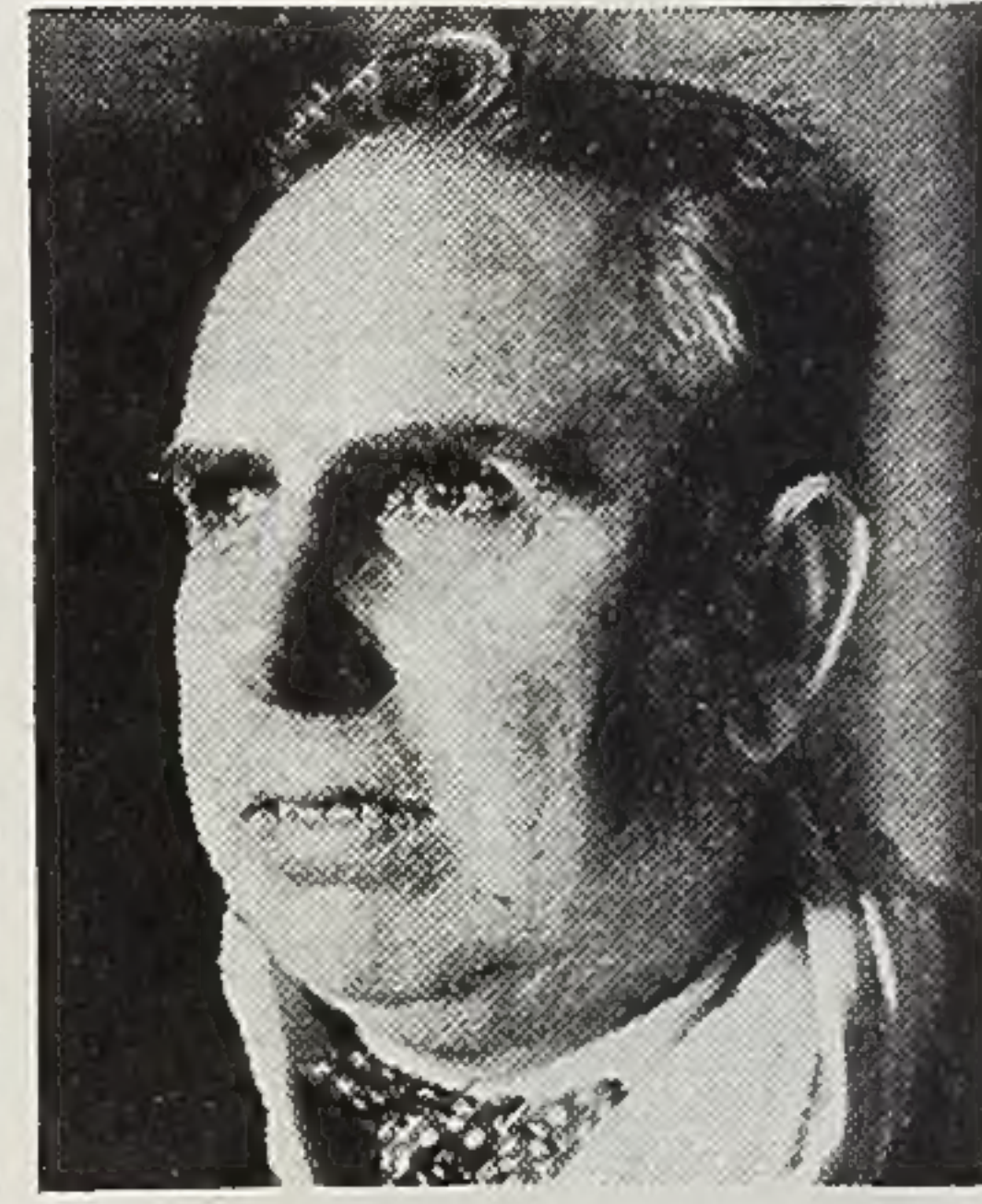
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The New Movie

THE NATIONAL DIGEST OF THE BEST TALKING PICTURES

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

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JANUARY, 1933

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Hollywood Bandwagon



*The latest news and gossip of your
film favorites on and off the set*

Ethel Barrymore went to a dinner party at the Ambassador. The gentleman on her left had been a total stranger until he was introduced that evening. Nevertheless and nothing daunted, he felt friendly. Before the soup course, he was calling her Ethel. For ten minutes, he Etheled her all over the place. Finally she turned and let him have a full blast of those protruding paralyzing eyes.

"Why be so gosh darn formal?" she inquired. "Just call me kid."

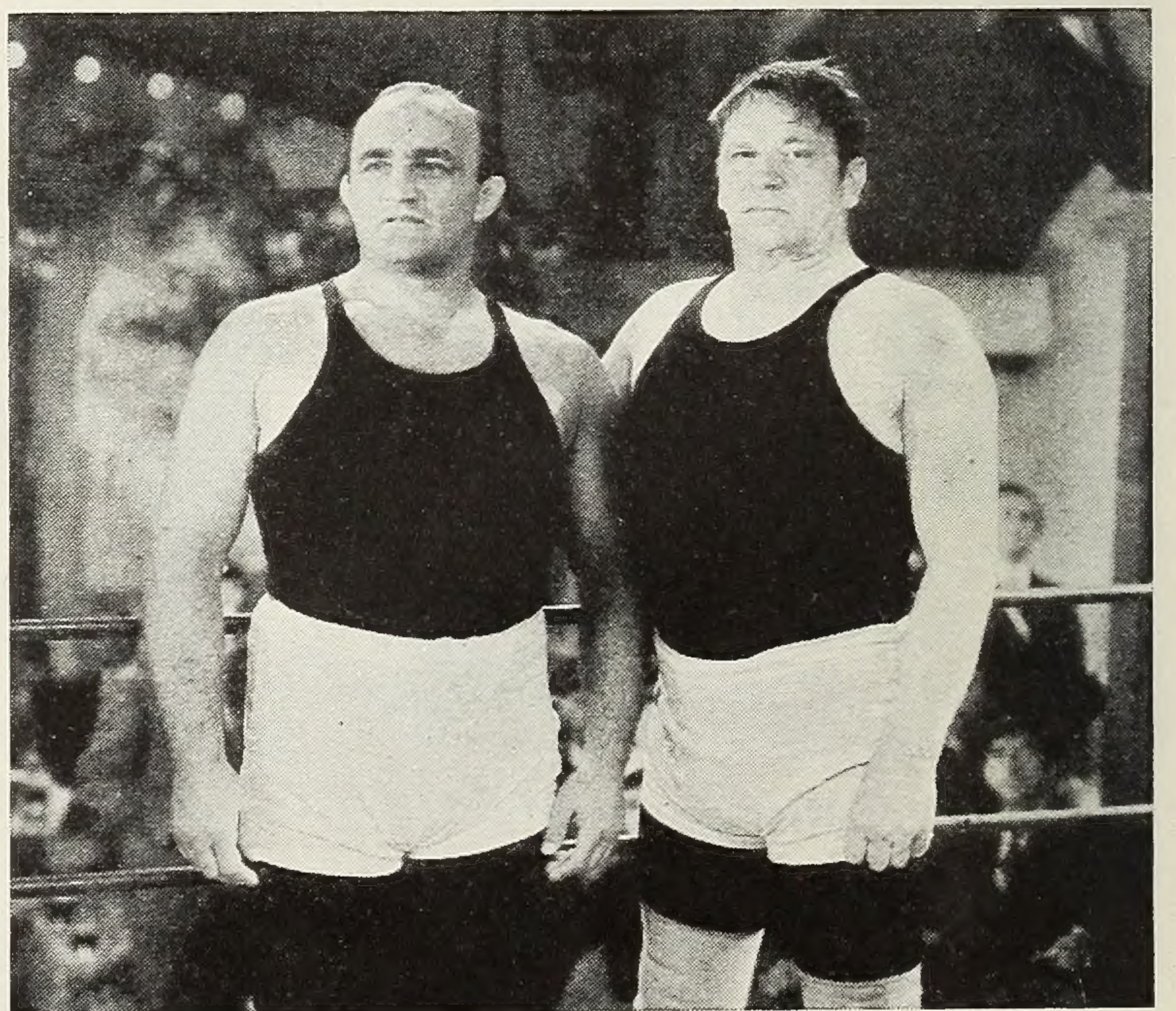
A bushel of oats mailed to Hollywood by a Mid-West fan simply addressed "Tarzan" found its way to Johnnie Weissmuller. After satisfying himself that the package did not contain a hidden bomb, Johnnie finally figured out that the gift was really meant for "Tarzan—the Wonder Horse" who co-stars with Ken Maynard in Western epics.

CLARA BOW to become a mother! But don't get excited—it's only part of her rôle in "Call Her Savage" in which the erstwhile madcap has a baby—for the first time in her long screen career. And those in the know say that Clara really plans to have a real baby after she becomes firmly re-established with a picture or two to show that she is still very much in the running.

Ed Maxwell, the noted meanie of the screen, was returning home from the studio recently when a newsboy jumped on the running board of his car.

"I don't want a paper," said Maxwell.

"I don't want to sell you one," said the boy, whipping out an autograph book, "Please sign this book, Mr. (Please turn to page 8)"



You'll see Wally Beery in this outfit when you see the picture, "Flesh." That's the former champion wrestler, Wladek Zbyszko, with Wally.

June Vasek, lovely new Fox player, is being trained for some fine feature rôles.

A DRAMA OF HUMAN LOVE

Phillip Barry's sensational stage play that was the outstanding hit on Broadway last season now comes to the screen.



The **ANIMAL KINGDOM**

with

ANN HARDING

It was in Mr. Barry's "Holiday" that Ann Harding scored her first great screen success. Now, the same dramatist gives her a play of unmatched power.

and

LESLIE HOWARD

One of the great actors of our day, with an unbroken record of resounding hits on stage and screen. His pictures: "Devotion" . . . "Outward Bound" . . . "Five and Ten" . . . "A Free Soul". NEIL HAMILTON • MYRNA LOY • ILKA CHASE

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

—of course! Directed by Edward H. Griffith

WATCH FOR THESE
RKO RADIO HITS
Richard Dix and Ann
Harding in "The Con-
querors"; Constance
Bennett in "Rockabye";
Irene Dunne, Gwili
Andre, Charles Bick-
ford in "Just a Woman"
and the Great
"KING KONG"

RKO-RADIO PICTURES, RKO BUILDING
RADIO CITY - - - NEW YORK



Photo by Wide World

Maxwell. I saw you in 'Scarface' and you were keen!"

HERE AND THERE: Irene Dunne will be co-starred with Richard Dix in "The Ace." The show is to go into production soon. Clara Bow and Estelle Taylor have several scenes in "Call Her Savage" that take rank among the most dramatic of the year. Do you realize that Boris Karloff is one of the three or four big stars in the film world today? Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle seems to be back to stay. "Fatty" never really did deserve the bad break he got. He was what the wise-boys call "the fall guy."

THESE SERIALS: By the way, some of the serials being made this year are more fun than most fea-

tures. "The Last Frontier" and "The Last of the Mohicans" are certainly crackerjack entertainment, if any one asks you, and you needn't be ashamed to admit it.

Do you recognize the girl on the left? It's the new Clara Bow. And that's hubby, Rex Bell, and Marion de Auburn lunching with her.



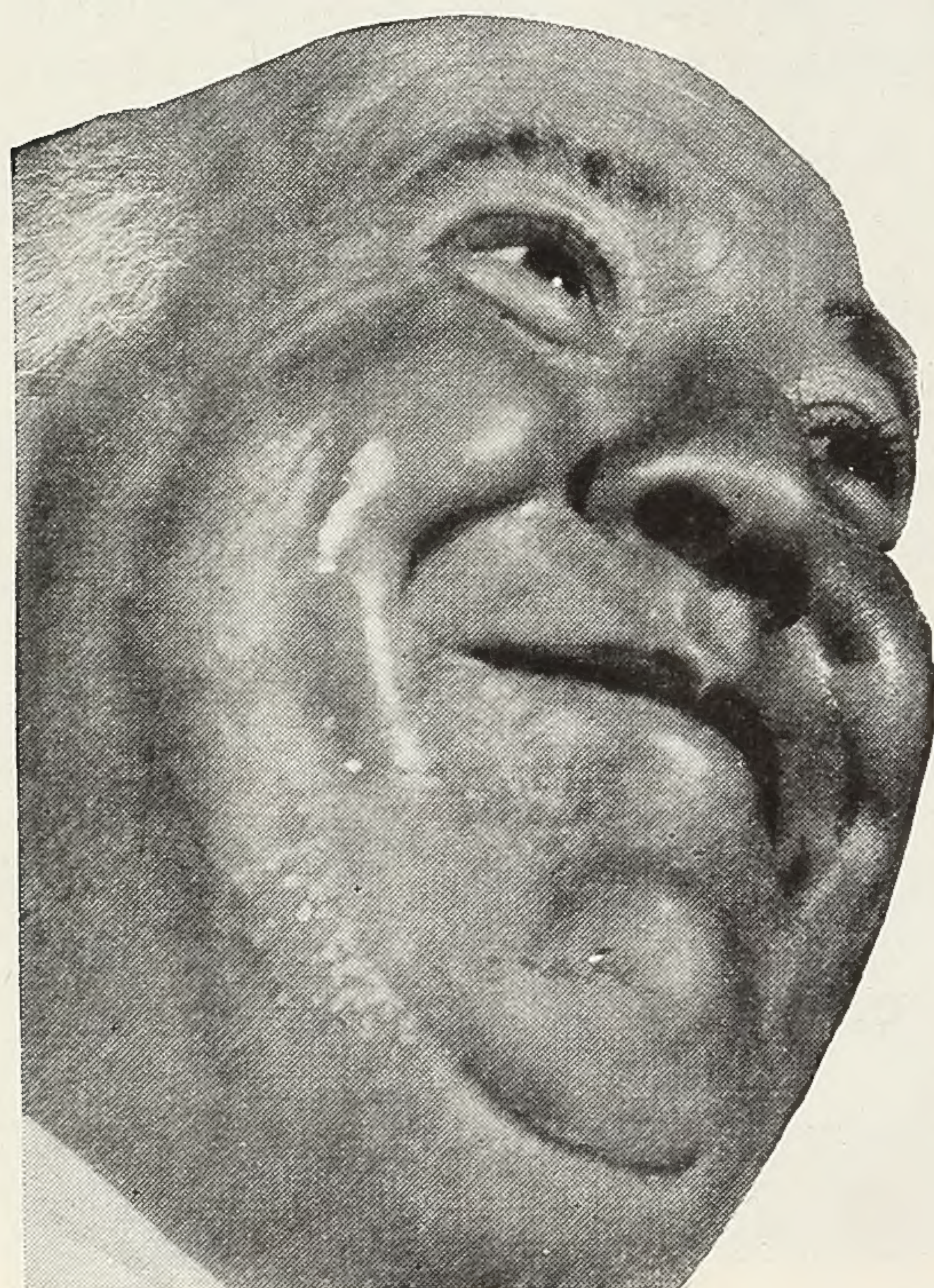
Photo by Irving Lippman

They've been working George Raft pretty hard lately, but he sneaks away now and then to watch a tennis tournament.

The happy, smiling Guy Kibbee. He's probably chuckling over another scene that he has just "stolen."



Warner Baxter lifts his hat in greeting, as the cameraman snapped this informal picture.



A picture which will proudly
lead all the entertainments
the world has ever seen

CECIL B.
DE MILLE'S

Superb Road-Show
Dramatic Spectacle

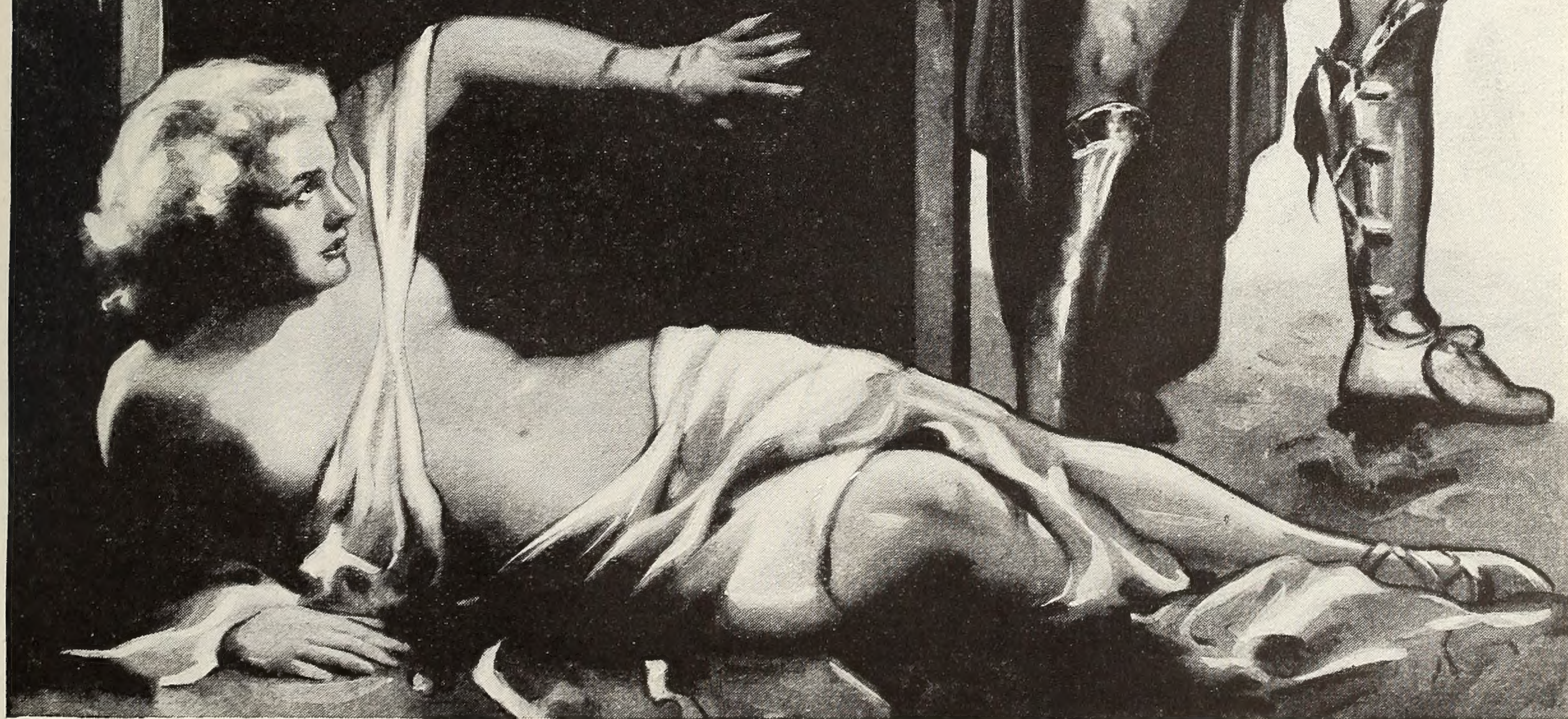
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

A Paramount Picture

with

FREDRIC MARCH
ELISSA LANDI
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CHARLES LAUGHTON
and 7500 others

From the play by Wilson Barrett





Paul Lukas, with a fatherly arm around young Tom Brown, gives him a few pointers on facing the camera.

The Bandwagon rolls on. Join the curious and learn how the stars work and play

BERT WHEELER and Bob Woolsey have formed a corporation called the Bobert Corporation. This to protect them from murdering each other or leaving each other flat. One cannot murder a corporation—and the corporation laws are such that they are absolutely helpless without the other. Neither can work without the other again so long as they both shall live—says the corporation laws—and that's that. This is the first time in the history of entertainment that a team has protected itself from the prevalent form of teamitis temperamentum—and it should work!

SOME WAY OUT? There's going to be a lot of discussion about the end of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." To start with, it is so terribly dramatic that it seems to lose its chances of being possible. . . . Anyway . . . for a man who had such general interest taken in his case, there should have been some way out of the country. Nor can they extradite from New Jersey, it seems to me. However, taking it as you see it, it is still one of the most dramatic bits of the year and Paul Muni deserves a big hand. He has come a long, long way since "Four Walls," his first show in English, which he did some years back for George Abbott.

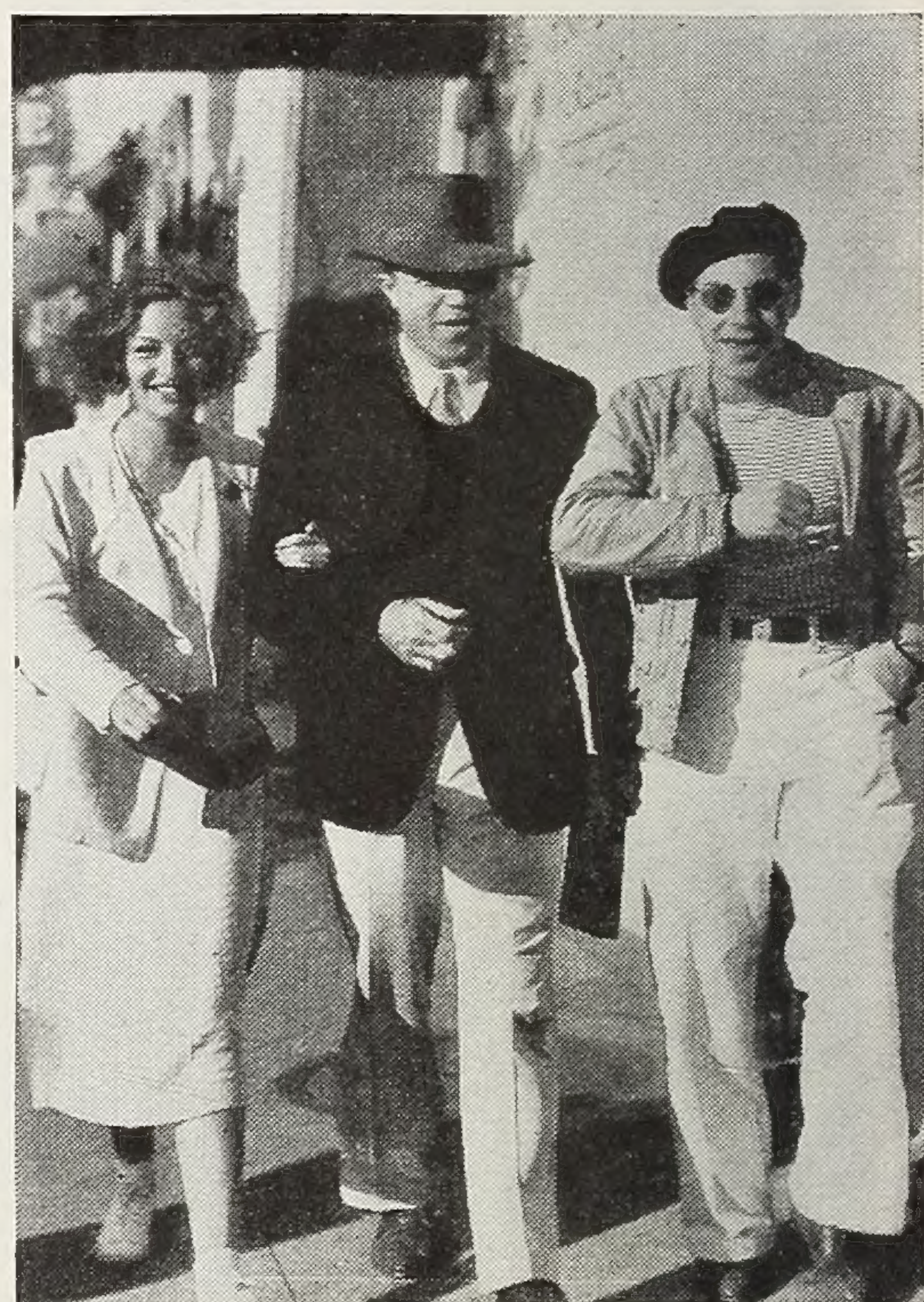
ASK US: Why doesn't someone put Clark & McCullough in a feature picture? They have never made a bad comedy and Bobby Clark is almost as

good as Jimmy Durante at making the most of a situation.

BUT WHEN? When are they going to star Clark Gable? If anyone deserves a chance to shine in his own show, Mr. Gable does and yet his career seems to be one co-star after another. At that, he shouldn't mind so much.

Jimmy Durante ought to be worth seeing in "Pig Boats." Without knowing anything about it, there ought to be lots of fun in seeing Jimmy loose in a submarine.

WATCH FOR HER: Don't miss Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms." There are people in New York who saw it who still have lumps in their throats.



Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx, after a luncheon at The Brown Derby. That's King Vidor, director, in the dark coat.

Clark Gable (below) takes a little rest between scenes for "Red Dust" while a technician removes a nail from the sole of his boot.



Theda Bara, early siren of the movies, and Jeanette MacDonald at the Assistance League. Notice Jeanette's monogrammed belt buckle.



New List of BEST SELLERS AMAZES Reading World!

We are printing these NEW books by the millions and can hardly keep up with our flood of orders. All past book-selling records are being broken.

We have sold 200,000,000 books in 12 years—over 400 freight carloads—but judging by the way in which these NEW titles are being grabbed up, we expect to reach the BILLION MARK BEFORE VERY LONG! Go over this NEW LIST at once—don't delay a moment—and then check off the titles you want to read.

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Get on The Hollywood Bandwagon and hear

the latest Gossip about the People Who Make the Movies.

DARK HORSE: "King Kong" still has the wisecracks guessing, though there seems to be no doubt that it will be one of the big ones of the year. Apart from the ape-monster, who has the name rôle and who is twenty-five feet tall, the picture stars Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray. If there really is a fight between this huge ape and a dinosaur we shouldn't worry much about the rest of the picture.

Take time out to see "Maedchen in Uniform" when it comes to town.



On location for Paramount's "The Island of Lost Souls," Charles Laughton, new screen sensation, and Dick Arlen, old favorite, pause to enjoy the beautiful scenery.

PASSING THOUGHTS: Connie Bennett is in New York so she must have finished "Rock-a-Bye." And who said that the motion picture business was without its sense of humor when they can change the title of the new Cagney picture to "Hard to Handle"? It is a real tiger shark that you see in "Tiger Shark," and there are no fake mummies in "The Mummy."

THE Fredric Marches are being very careful of their newly adopted daughter.

They call her Penelope—Penny, for short—but where she came from and whose she was before they obtained her are secrets they profess not to know.

They say they are trying to preclude the possibility of the child's real parents appearing in the future to claim her.

SUSAN FLEMING, Paramount's new hope, takes her place along side Elissa Landi as a descendant of nobility.

Susan's grandmother, the Baroness Casimir von Philp, member of a Swedish family, resides in Bethlehem.

Eddie Cantor was making love to Lyda Roberti on "The Kid from Spain," set. His two youngest daughters, Marilyn and Janet, sat on the sidelines.

"Now, don't tell Mama about this," he cautioned them. "You know Daddy has to make a living somehow."

Rudy Vallee licked the dickens out of a stage hand in Baltimore and they call Baltimore the "Friendly City."



Paulette Goddard, socially prominent debutante, and stage actress, was recently signed to a long-term contract by the Hal Roach studios.

The glamorous Lupe (left) whose rise in pictures was as rapid as her temper is fiery, is now planning to return to the New York stage.

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DOES IT SURPRISE YOU THAT: Up to date, no remake of an old film favorite has made any money in particular for the producers? That Ann Harding would wear nothing but black if her maid would let her? That Irene Dunne still wishes she had kept studying for an opera career? That Bruce Cabot is insulted when told he is like Clark Gable? That the resignation of Sam Katz is the most surprising thing that has ever happened in the picture business?

And did you ever think that Richard Arlen would be playing in westerns? . . . So is George O'Brien, who looked like a world beater in "Sunrise." Billy Dove was in a weeny little part in her last show . . . and how long is it since you've heard of Ina Claire, Corinne Griffith? No wonder stars want big salaries.

Universal recently donated several of its old silent pictures to a children's county hospital near Los Angeles. . . . Which further proves "Uncle Carl's" soft heart is still soft.

Al Jolson was all set to fly to Mexico City with Joseph M. Schenck when a Hollywood columnist printed:

"Al Jolson says Mexico has only two kinds of people. Those who wear shoes and those who shine them."

Jolson did a mental somersault, backward.

"You'd better take Cantor," he told Mr. Schenck.



Lovely Sari Maritza, who pronounces her first name, "Shari," in the costume she wears in the masquerade ball scenes in "Evenings for Sale."

CONNIE'S NEXT? Connie Bennett's next will probably have her playing the lady-love of the world's heavy-weight champion. I'll go to see that one myself. What has happened to Radio's plans for making "The Sun Also Rises" with the same star?

LOVE GIRLS: Pola Negri, the glamorous, doesn't get along so well with Dorothy Mackaill. The trouble started when Pola was making "A Woman Commands" and Dorothy was working on "Kept Husbands" on the same lot. The blond English star resented Miss Negri's condescension and said so. A few weeks ago they met in Baltimore and pretty much the same thing is said to have happened again.

BORNEO DRAMA: Katharine Hepburn is on her way back to the celluloid city to co-star in "Three Came Unarmed," with Joel McCrea. As the story starts in the jungles of Borneo we'll probably see just as much of Mr. McCrea as ever. I wonder whether he has any clothes.

We haven't heard much lately about "first ladies of the screen." If Marie Dressler doesn't get your vote, how about Norma Shearer after the grand performance in "Smilin' Through?"

OH, YEAH! The sign on the new Roxy in New York is ten stories in height and has landings and a spiral staircase inside. This is so that people who don't know New York can find the theater.

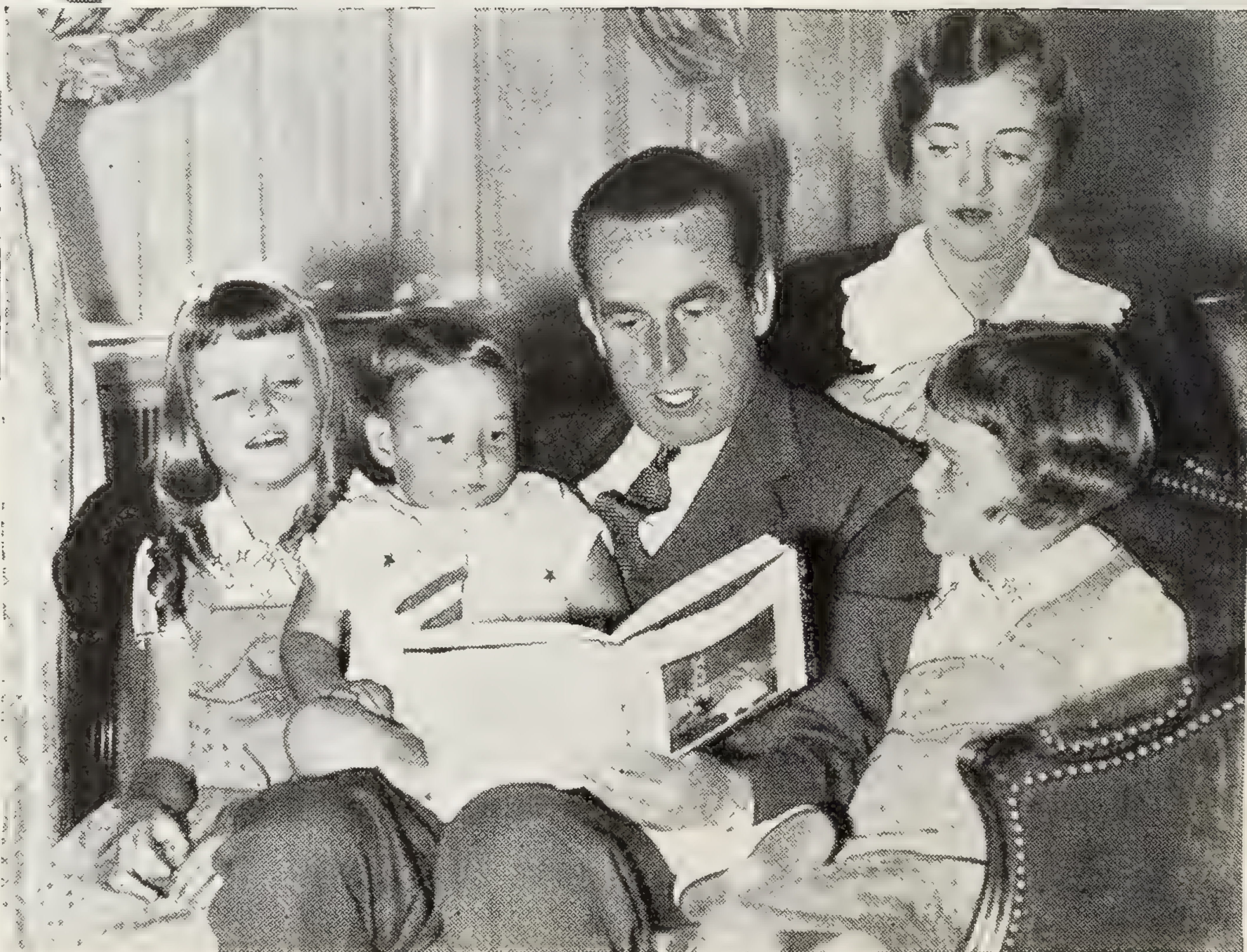
The Hollywood Bandwagon . . . all the latest film news and gossip gathered from here, there and everywhere



Wide World

Ready!—Action!—Camera! And the photographer succeeded in getting this unusual action picture of Constance Cummings, film star, during a tennis match in the movie colony.

Papa Harold Lloyd and the family, Gloria, Harold Jr., and Peggy. That's Mrs. Lloyd in the rear. They are on a trip 'round the world now.



Wide World



When Joe E. Brown isn't working on the studio lots, you can generally find him on the golf links improving his game.



Mary Carlisle and Muriel Evans keep that svelt appearance by this kind of exercise. Try it yourself, some time.

Here you find the intimate, behind-the-scenes gossip you can find nowhere else—contributed by staff writers who know their facts

WALTER HUSTON'S house in the California mountains is going to be a regular mountain estate. The fireplace in the living room is large enough for a good sized man to stand up in. The room is almost as big as a sound stage.

Walter is making a swimming pool, a tennis court, and his house is to have everything a house in Beverly Hills should have. He is like a child let out of school when he is working around this new house of his, and says as soon as he finishes a picture it is—to the mountains—for him—and he is going to stay there until the next picture. This won't give Walter much of a chance to see his ranch if Hollywood keeps him as busy as it has the last year.

AND Warners must know how to handle Eric Linden. RKO started him with "Are These Our Children?" and made several others that haven't set the world on fire. Then he goes over to Warners for "The Crowd Roars" and "Life Begins" and the story is very different.

MYRNA IS DIFFERENT: Myrna has a chance to go straight. She plays a wife, legal and accepted by the family, in RKO's "The Animal Kingdom." It doesn't help her much; she's the menace anyway.

(Please turn to page 103)

Randolph Scott and Sally Blane do a little "heavy" emoting. It's a scene from the forthcoming Zane Grey picture, "Wild Horse Mesa."



It's easy enough to guess what they're talking about



Reducing, Figures, Diets, Exercises! Every time two or more women get together for a chatty time, it's easy enough to guess what they're talking about. More talk (and less real work) goes on about that than anything else. The conversations probably run about like this:



"ALL you have to do is to eat lamb chops and pineapple three times a day and, my dear, the way you'll lose is too miraculous." Or this is a favorite conversation: "Don't have anything but liquids three times a day for three days and then eat fruit and by that time you'll be down"—and out, we might add. "Reducing the Right Way," published by

Tower Books, is neither faddy nor foolish. It isn't very speedy, but it's very sure. You eat enough of this and enough of that, but never too much of anything. The exercises suggested are helpful and very healthful. If you're really in earnest, send today for "Reducing the Right Way." It's only ten cents postpaid. Canadian orders are fifteen cents postpaid.

TOWER BOOKS Incorporated, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Delectable Boots Mallory, the new Fox find, made her début with James Dunn in "Walking Down Broadway." And Boots looks like this all of the time, whether it's Broadway or Main Street. You'll see her next in "Handle With Care."

What will happen to

The most complete and authoritative forecast you will read of the important changes to be expected in the most critical year of the movies

By RAMON ROMERO



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Cary Grant (above) is a young comer who should certainly attain stardom this year.

I can safely predict for Julie Haydon (below) one of the most brilliant futures of any girl in Hollywood.

Photo by Robert W. Coburn



Photo by Hal Phylfe

With such magnificent opportunities as will be hers, Helen Hayes (above, left), will have established herself so firmly by the end of the year that she might very easily become queen of the industry by 1934.

Clara Bow (above, right) will perhaps stage the most sensational comeback of all with "Call Her Savage," and her leading man, Gilbert Roland, will regain the secure standing that was once his.

the Movies in 1933?



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Katharine Hepburn, from the New York stage, was a sensation in her first film part with John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement." She's almost certain to get star billing in 1933.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Anna Sten (above), the young Soviet actress imported by Samuel Goldwyn, is destined to be as great as Garbo, according to Mr. Romero's forecast.



Constance Cummings (below) is already a star. A girl with a head on her shoulders, willing and able, she should further establish herself this coming year. Watch her.

Photo by Otto Dyar

WHEN Hollywood thinks back to 1932 there will be many to whom the thought will bring only bitter memories, and a sigh of relief that it has passed into eternity—a period of crisis and storm, of shaken foundations and shattered careers, in which Hollywood learned to see with eyes of truth.

The myth of million-dollar salaries is no more; the slogan of "Easy come, easy go" has been replaced by a more cautious one; and the sick heart of Hollywood is beginning to beat once more with normal pace.

The surest sign of returning prosperity is the announced intention of almost every major company to produce at least one or more spectacles. Spectacles cost millions. That means that the purse strings are loosening up; that Wall Street is going to play angel in a big way.

Right now Fox has in work the most stupendous production ever made on that lot. It's "Cavalcade," the picturization of Noel Coward's play of the history of England, that for two seasons has been the rage of the London stage. More than a million dollars will be spent on it, and thousands of persons are being employed in its making.

Fox plans another spectacular production in the picturization of the novel, "State Fair," which will be a sort of rural "Grand Hotel,"



Wynne Gibson and George Raft (above) in "Night After Night." A cobra-like person, Raft will do better in supporting rôles than as a star.



Gloria Stuart (left) was one of the dark horses of last year to acquire stellar honors. Will she continue her ascent this year?

Photo by Ray Jones

Will the new year bring a new galaxy of stars? How many of the old will remain?



Photo by William E. Thomas

Charles Laughton (above) is hailed as another Emil Jannings. Paramount already has starring plans for him.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Jean Harlow is already a star. Clark Gable, too, has at last achieved star billing. They are shown together, below, in "Red Dust." Jean appears in the heavens as the only close rival to Joan Crawford.



The return of musical pictures should bring back to us as stars such players as John Boles (left), Tibbett, Bebe Daniels and perhaps make Lily Pons a film favorite. Already several musicals have been completed, and others are scheduled for production during the next twelve months.

Dorothy Wilson (right) who was discovered tapping typewriter keys at the Radio studio and given a chance in "Age of Consent." She is certainly on the list of potential stars for the next year.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



with such stellar lights in its cast as Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, James Dunn, Phillips Holmes, Louise Dresser and others. And there will be a talkie version of "What Price Glory" and maybe "Seventh Heaven," too.

PARAMOUNT'S contribution to the list of million-dollar pictures will be Cecil B. DeMille's epic of Rome, "The Sign of the Cross." Radio pictures presents a pioneer epic, "The Conquerors," with Richard Dix and Ann Harding.

From that house of hits, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will come such big pictures as the screen version of Pearl Buck's famous book, "The Good Earth," the celluloid edition of Katharine Cornell's play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the

new dialogue picturizations of "The Merry Widow" and "The White Sister," not to forget "Rasputin" with the Barrymores.

First National and Warner Brothers will offer as their most ambitious production to date, "The Miracle," the Max Reinhardt spectacle that has been the sensation of two continents. Note the religious influence in three of next year's biggest pictures, "The Miracle," "The Sign of the Cross" and "The White Sister."

WATCH THESE GIRLS!

ANNA STEN
KATHARINE HEPBURN
JULIE HAYDON
CHARLOTTE SUSA
KATHLEEN BURKE
MAE WEST
CLAIRE DODD

UNIVERSAL, spurred on by the success of "All Quiet on the Western Front," will concentrate on making its sequel, "The Road Back," its biggest and most costly production. Unlike "All Quiet" it deals with the aftermath of war rather than with war itself, and will be the first big picture of its



Photo by Freulich

Tala Birell, Universal's importation from Vienna, groomed well during the past year, accustoming herself to the English-speaking screen, ranks high in the list of 1933 luminaries.



Photo by Hurrell

At the moment Joan Crawford rules supreme. This girl, with the finest dramatic instinct of any girl in pictures, is generally conceded to be Garbo's closest competitor.

kind. Universal expects to remake "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Boris Karloff in the title rôle this time, and when a suitable lead is found, "Laughing Boy," the Oliver La Farge novel of the Navajo Indians.

Millions of dollars will go into the making of these pictures. New personalities will get their first big opportunities and new stars will be made overnight.

Who will play the nun in "The Miracle"? The boy in "The Road Back"? The title rôle in "Laughing Boy"? *Elizabeth Barrett* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"? *Olan* in "The Good Earth"? "The Merry Widow"? Certainly fame awaits the lucky choices.

Musicals, too, will return to favor in 1933, and with them will come an invasion of radio stars. "The Big Broadcast," made by Paramount with such ether favorites as Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters and other darlings of the dial, is the fore leader of this impending movement—or call it disaster if you like. The jolly, rotund Kate Smith has already been re-signed by Paramount to star in a picture, the story of which is now being written by no one less than Fannie Hurst. They must have figured Miss Hurst was one of the few writers who could give a fat girl "human interest."

FOX is planning several song and dance pictures with their new importation, Lilian Harvey, and Radio, during the coming year will present their version of Chevalier in the

(Right) Andy Devine is another boy who ought to establish himself during 1933. One of his greatest assets—and one of any actor's greatest, by the way—is his naturalness.

Photo by Ray Jones



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Charlotte Susa, just recently imported from Germany for the American screen. Her English almost perfect, with a fine film, stage and musical comedy background, she is still one of the dark horses of the year. But there's no one in Hollywood who'll miss her first picture.



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Bruce Cabot (above) is another young player for you to watch this year. He has the ability and the chance. Will he make good?

Will it be a year of spectacles, of musicals? And what will the cycles

Robert Young (right) is a comer. Keep your eyes on this young man during the next few months, because he's coming into his own.

Photo by Hurrell

Kathleen Burke (below), the "Panther Woman," although she has had no chance to test herself before the fans, is so enthusiastically admired by Paramount officials that she probably will burst forth as a featured player, if not a star, during the coming year.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



person of Charles Lederer, a London musical-comedy favorite. Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson will supply the musical atmosphere from the United Artists lot. Jolson's first picture in two years, "Happy-go-Lucky," is ready for release; and Eddie Cantor's idea of a toreador, "The Kid From Spain," reaches the screens of America just in time to start the New Year right. He will make one other during 1933, and you can depend on it to chase the blues away.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's remake of "The Merry Widow" will be its big musical picture for the year. It is believed that Jeanette MacDonald will play the Mae Murray rôle, although at this moment Joan Crawford is studying up on her



Bebe Daniels (above) will make "Radio Girl," and once again the voice that surprised the world in "Rio Rita" will save Bebe from a long, lingering screen death.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

Who can deny the great artistry of Ruth Chatterton (above)? Can we afford to lose so fine an actress, spoiled of late by mediocre stories?

dancing with a view to capturing this prize part for her own laurel wreath. How about Nils Asther as Prince Danilo?

Warner Brothers will have on their list of musicals, "Forty-Second Street," which will mark the screen début of Ruby Keeler, (Mrs. Al Jolson). She will be supported by a flock of First National and Warner Brothers stars. Bebe Daniels will make "Radio Girl," and once again the voice that surprised the world in "Rio Rita" will save Bebe from that long, lingering screen death.

These musicals should do much, too, to revive the popularity of John Boles and bring Lawrence Tibbett back to the screen. It will not be surprising if Lily Pons, the new Metropolitan sensation, should make a picture. And surely RKO will not miss the bet of making a musical with Irene Dunne, whose magnificent voice made *Magnolia* in "Show Boat" a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

Buddy Rogers is headed back for Hollywood. Kate Smith is coming. Bing Crosby, too. Russ Columbo has signed for a picture and so has Harry Richman. It looks like Radioland is moving to Hollywood. The crooners are coming! And heaven help us, with them the songwriters!

GRETA GARBO is conspicuously absent from the 1933 star list, but I'll bet the Beverly Hills swimming pool that I haven't got, that languorous Greta is back in the swim before the end of the year. And what's more, she'll come back Queen, and there are ten million movie fans to back me up on that statement.

At the moment Joan Crawford rules

WATCH THESE BOYS!

ROBERT YOUNG

BRUCE CABOT

CHARLES LAUGHTON

CARY GRANT

ANDY DEVINE

WILLIAM GARGAN

be? Who will be the outstanding producer?

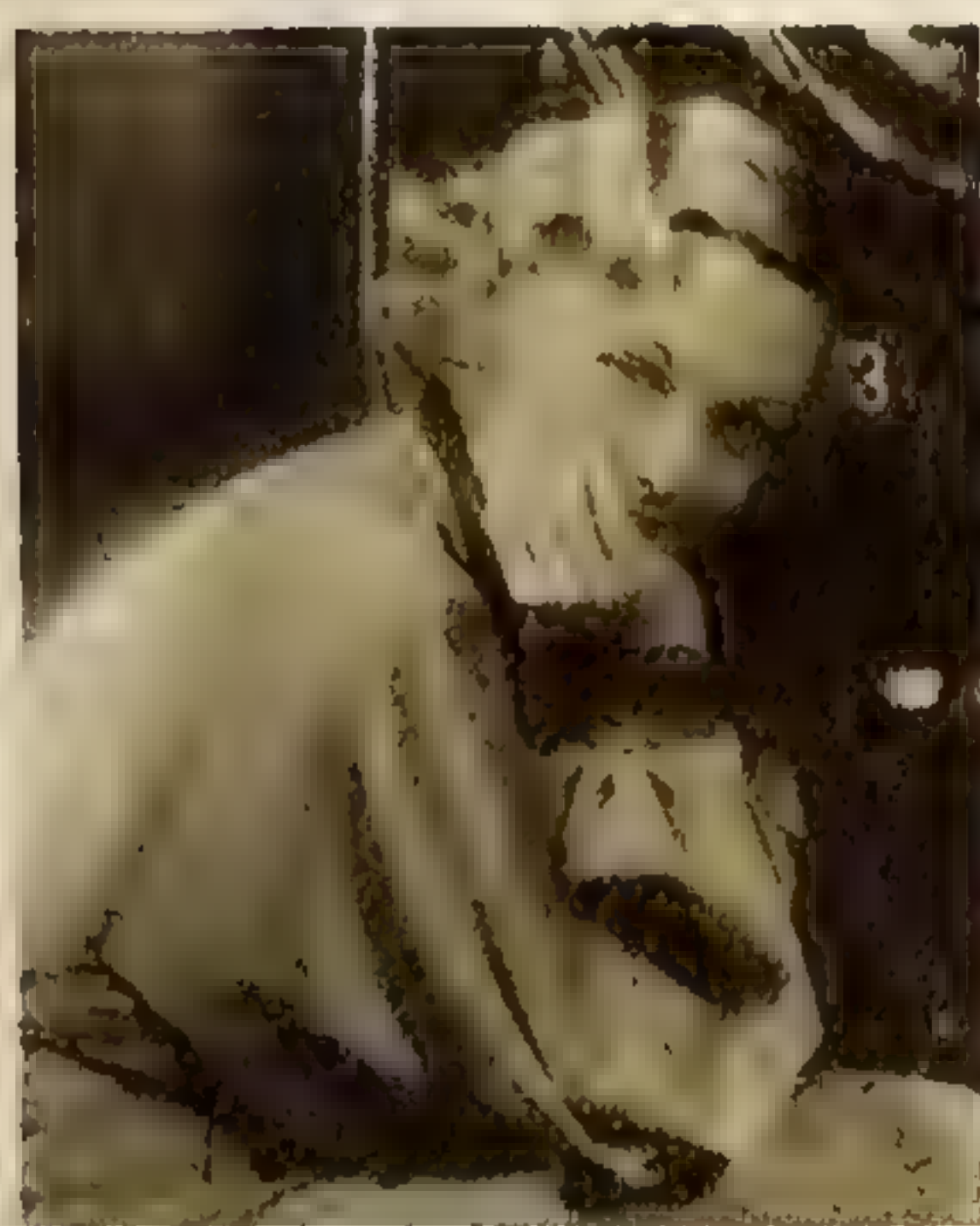


Film critics are predicting that you will see another new and sensational star—none other than Mae West (above), the "Diamond Lil" of Broadway.

Dorothy Jordan (below), rising steadily and permanently in popularity, building conservatively into starring material.



Irene Dunne, if only for her work in "Back Street," deserves to be among the great. She should be one of the biggest stars in the business this coming year. Eric Linden, shown here with her in "No Other Woman," should be one of the prime favorites.



Claire Dodd (left) is a surprise package. I caught a glimpse of her in "The Crooner," and was greatly impressed by this unknown. Now I understand she is being groomed for stardom.

Photo by Irving Lippman

supreme, but the failure of "Rain" to come up to expectations will retard her a little; yet leave it to Crawford to reach her goal as the outstanding star of motion pictures. This girl, with the finest dramatic instinct of any actress in pictures, is Garbo's closest competitor.

Jean Harlow is the girl that Joan Crawford has perhaps the most to fear. But Jean is more a sensational personality rather than a great actress. Threatened a few months ago with screen extinction because of the Paul Bern tragedy, public sympathy has turned her way, and her future is more assured than ever. The original "platinum blonde" is headed for the greatest year of her career. After that—?

The new year finds Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Tallulah Bankhead, Billie Dove, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio and a few other illustrious names of the past, dangerously on the brink of Hollywood oblivion. Poor stories, more than anything else, are to blame for the failure of these stars to retain their popularity. And only a good story can save them now. Nineteen hundred and thirty-three will write their doom unless some miracle happens to resurrect them from the insipid rôles they have been made to play during the past year.

Who can deny the great artistry of Ruth Chatterton? I thrill even now at the very thought of her "Madame X." It was hoped that when she moved from Paramount to Warner Brothers she



Photo by Irving Lippman

Warren William (above at right) has already been elevated to stardom. A vital personality, he is sure to build a large following. Ann Dvorak (above at left) was one of the finds of the last year, achieving featured rôles almost immediately. This next year will in all probability decide her fate.

would receive better material. An executive on that lot tells me that she alone is to blame for she picks her own vehicles, and insists on directing herself. The same fault that wrecked Nazimova. The studio is not anxious to retain her at the expiration of her contract this year. Does that mean that we are to lose her? Can we afford to lose so fine an actress? Miss Chatterton, as one of your most avid fans I plead with you to stop being a screen beauty. The fields are full of them. Give us less (*Please turn to page 69*)



Alison Skipworth, thirty-three years a trouper, veteran of more than one hundred stage plays. Now she is one of the leading personalities of the screen, recently finishing Paramount's "If I Had a Million." At present she is working on "Strictly Personal," with Richard Bennett.

The Success Blues

Old Man Hardluck Sticks to His Star

By SLIM SUMMERVILLE

As Told to Jack Hill

FRIENDS tell me that I have "arrived"—that I am successful. I hope it is true. The road has been long—the detours many and plentifully sprinkled with badly aimed pies and tons of decorative whitewash.

A favorite copybook slogan in youthful days read, "The successful man is the happy man." As a boy, I believed it. Today, I know the maxim was written by some early Hollywood gag man, trying to be funny.

We all hope to achieve success. But, hand in hand with it, so far as I am concerned, has come more worry, more grief and more hard luck than ever confronted me in the old days when my pictures ended with a funny fade-out and the second reel.

After fifteen years of the comedy lot—starting as one of the original Keystone cops—I got my first real break when Lewis Milestone gave me a chance in "All Quiet on the Western Front." It was my first important, feature-length rôle. Following the Los Angeles premier, the critics were more than kind. And was I happy? I hope to tell you.

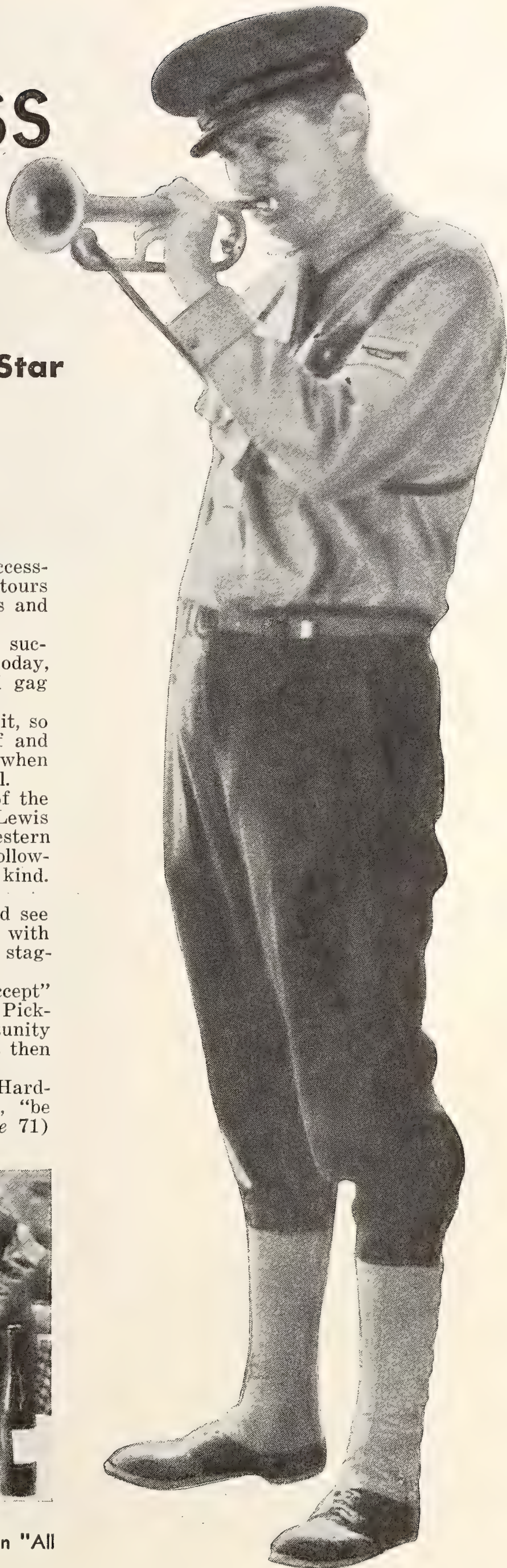
Three days later a casting director called. "Drop in and see me," said he. "I can give you the comedy rôle in 'Kismet' with Otis Skinner." And he named a three-figure salary that staggered—and was my face *red*?

A second summons came that same evening. "Would I accept"—imagine would I accept!—"a comedy part with Mary Pickford?" The copybook man was right and to prove it opportunity had knocked twice—twice in the same day. Success, as it then looked, was a wonderful thing.

But in the midst of my new-found happiness, Old Man Hardluck walked in and spoiled the scene. "Slim," said he, "be careful—remember! You are the (Please turn to page 71)



Louis Wolheim, as *Kat*, toasted *Tjaden* (Slim Summerville) in "All Quiet on the Western Front."



JIM TULLY Reveals the Real Colleen Moore



Clarence Sinclair Bull

She had trouble in plenty—before and after success—and much of the story is told here for the first time

Witzel Studios

HER girlhood name was Kathleen Morrison. Her birthday is on August 19th. Take your choice of any year. Colleen does not tell. She is a decided brunette, and prefers comedy to drama. Her favorite screen rôle is that of Selina in "So Big."

She hopes to end her life as an interior decorator.

Her father was an efficiency engineer. Owing to his profession the family moved about a great deal. Michigan, Florida, Georgia, and Illinois are some of the states in which Colleen Moore spent part of her girlhood.

At five years of age she began the study of music. With the hope of becoming a concert pianist, she graduated from a Florida convent and later studied at the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

As a child she organized her own "theatrical company" among the children of her neighborhood. She early became a "quick change artist," wearing the clothing of the villain under the garb of the hero.

Growing ambitious, the future film star decided to do a tragic society play. Accordingly her mother's best evening gown was "borrowed" for the occasion.

While the children were rehearsing Mrs. Morrison looked about for her gown in order to wear it to a social function. She finally made her way to the abandoned spot where the children played.

(Above) Colleen keeps in condition by a daily swim on her beautiful Bel-Air estate.

(Right) Mrs. Mary Kelly, Colleen's ninety-one-year-old grandmother, who was one of the few persons who really understood her.





(Left) Colleen as she looks today. Will she realize again her great ambition?

Hurrell

(Below) Colleen, with her mother, Agnes Kelly Morrison, and her father, Charles Morrison, photographed some years ago.



Mrs. Morrison's daughter walked up and down the dusty stage, trailing the beautiful blue evening gown in a very tragic scene. A more tragic scene soon followed. Colleen Moore played her first "crying part."

When Colleen was about fourteen years old she was given her first chance to enter films.

Her uncle, Walter Howey, then managing editor of a Chicago newspaper, introduced her to David Wark Griffith, a leading film director of the period.

Griffith was quick to see a potential actress in the young Irish girl, and offered her a six months' trial in California.

There immediately followed a serious family discussion. Much was to be considered. For some weeks the Morrison family was a house divided against itself.

Her father was averse to a film career for Colleen. Mrs. Morrison was, as usual with mothers, the diplomat in the home.

"As you know," she said quietly to her husband, remembering her blue evening gown, "Kathleen has always been anxious to become an actress. I do not think we should stand in her way." The father frowned. A happy idea came to the mother. "Kathleen is still a child—let us give her two years—she will know in that time about what she can do—and if she fails she will still have time to go into some other work."

The father wanted time to consider.

At the frantic request of Colleen, a mighty friend came upon the field.

She was one of those strong unyielding old Irish women who had early learned how to suffer and endure. Like all such women, her laughter was never far from tears. At the corners of her eyes were (Please turn to page 73)

Radio City

The most expensive hole in the ground in Manhattan produces the most notable motion picture palaces and radio stations ever built at a cost of two hundred and fifty million dollars.

—THE NEWEST WONDER OF THE WORLD



The Story of an

By Edwin C. Hill

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and his associates gave Roxy, master showman, a signed check with the amount blank—and told him to go to it. Read what he did with it!

ROCKEFELLER CENTER with its Radio City is an utterly impossible fact. It's one of those things which just couldn't happen—but there it is!

The most expensive hole in the ground in the history of the world is sprouting stupendous towers and gorgeous palaces so rapidly that your head spins every time you stroll up Fifth Avenue to take a new look.

In less than two years three solid blocks of dingy old buildings in the pulsing heart of Manhattan have been ripped out to make way for the Taj Mahal, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, a second edition of the Empire State Building, the Alhambra and a few streets of Paradise done in Indiana limestone and Carrara marble.

That Aladdin of the 20th century, John Davison Rockefeller, Jr., made a few passes with his checkbook, abolished the past and challenged the future with the most gallant gesture of business history.

Less than two years ago that twelve acres of Manhattan's heart which lie between Fifty-first Street and Forty-eighth Street and between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue, was the 19th century. You could still hear the clapping feet of the fat carriage horse and see the flickering flames of the gas lamps.

Before the glad Christmas bells have ceased ringing this December you will be walking with pop-eyed amazement straight into the 21st century.

It is incredible. It is strangely wonderful and uncanny.



M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, who was one of the guiding spirits in the creation of the world's greatest amusement center. Every square foot of it, every brick piled upon brick, is a ringing challenge to the future.



Aladdin's Dream

He changed the musical tastes of a nation. Yet he can't read a note of music. More than a little he resembles Mussolini, whose only motto is, "It can be done!" He got his nickname, "Roxy," when playing baseball. He is one of those rare creatures — an intensely practical dreamer.



An interior view of the grand lounge, one of the show places of New York.

It is wizardry out and out, and reading from left to right I shall name you the wizards: Rockefeller, Owen D. Young, General Harbord, David I. Sarnoff, Merlin H. Aylesworth and—Roxy.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER and Radio City—these enchanted twelve acres which so startlingly demonstrate what doers can do with a dream—is bounded on the north by General Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the east by Saint Patrick's Cathedral, on the west by the clanking elevated and on the south by seventy-four speakeasies that escaped Mr. Rockefeller's housewreckers.

This is the second time in the span of a century that this tract of land has been kissed by Destiny.

Back in the days when Jimmy Madison was President of the more or less United States, and his Dolly was galloping down the steps of the White House hugging a portrait of General (Please turn to page 95)



The auditorium of the new Roxy, the first example of modern theater architecture in America.

When I had a crush

IF you have ever loved a Barrymore, you know that, like jungle fever, lumbago or other recurrent diseases, you are in for a touch of "Barrymoritis" from time to time.

I am just able to sit up and write about my latest attack. I felt it coming on when I saw him in "Grand Hotel." At a preview of "A Bill of Divorcement" the symptoms were unmistakable, and when the Editor asked me if I could write a story about John Barrymore, I knew there was no escape, so I took it big and asked him to come and see me (The Barrymore, not the Editor!).

"Jack," I said over the phone, "I've been asked to write an intimate article about you." His infectious chuckle pounded gaily on my ear-drum.

"How many thousand words?" he asked.

Suspicion stirred as I answered, "You sound like a writer yourself."

There was a slight pause, another chuckle, before the Barrymore spoke.

"I am," he said. "I'm writing the Saga of the Barrymores for the—blank magazine."

A Confession by ELSIE JANIS

The story of a Lovely Romance
told for the first time

"Well, that's fine. You must tell me all about it. When may I see you?"

BARRYMORE—When do you want to?

JANIS—As soon as possible.

BARRYMORE—Where are you now? (This highly reminiscent of the old days.)

JANIS—At home in bed!

BARRYMORE—I'll be right over!

BEFORE the plot curdles and you might hope that the most devoted, contented and adored husband of my acquaintance was handing me "a line," even a telephone line, I must admit, though it depresses me to do so in my "convalescent" condition, that he is so thoroughly married to the delightful Dolores, so Costello-ed and mellowed that I, still browsing in the light of a honeymoon, found myself wondering if my young husband managed to drag my name into every subject from deep-sea fishing to jig-saw puzzles. Well, anyway, so far my young man hasn't been away long enough to say much about anything, and in the home you can imagine how rarely he gets a chance to talk. So that's that and let's get on with *(Please turn to page 72)*

Photographs from
Culver Service



Elsie Janis, during the war. . . . What a desirable companion Jack was thought NOT to be for a young and closely guarded star such as the Janis 1909 model.

John Barrymore in 1908, considered by most people a bad boy—fascinating but bad—a natural combination.



Barrymore in one of his first pictures, Paramount's "On the Quiet," produced in 1918. Would you recognize him as the Barrymore on the opposite page?



on John Barrymore



John Barrymore as Prince Paul in M-G-M's "Rasputin," in which John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore appear together on the screen for the first time.

THE 5 Most Dangerous

By VIRGINIA LANE

HERE they are—the five most dangerous women in Hollywood.

They have been selected by the foremost directors, psychologists and artists, a group that *knows*. Danger surrounds them, shadows them. Danger to the male of the species. It's in their every gesture, in their words, in their eyes. Each is dangerous in her own way . . . and that way is deadly effective.

Look at them—these gorgeous creatures of the screen who menace man's peace of mind: Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Lili Damita and Clara Bow.

They're types, types representative of the five distinct kinds of dangerous women.

With Garbo there are three outstanding things that spell peril—mystery, that feeling of restrained fire, and her provocativeness. She provokes every man with whom she comes into contact . . . stimulates his interest without so much as lifting her little finger. It's partly her naïve manner of raising her eyes slowly and looking straight at him and partly her suppression. It isn't what she says that matters so greatly; it's what she leaves unsaid.

Man never quite grows up. All through his life he loves to tinker and experiment . . . and whether it's with an engine or with a woman's emotion, he always adores having his interest intrigued.

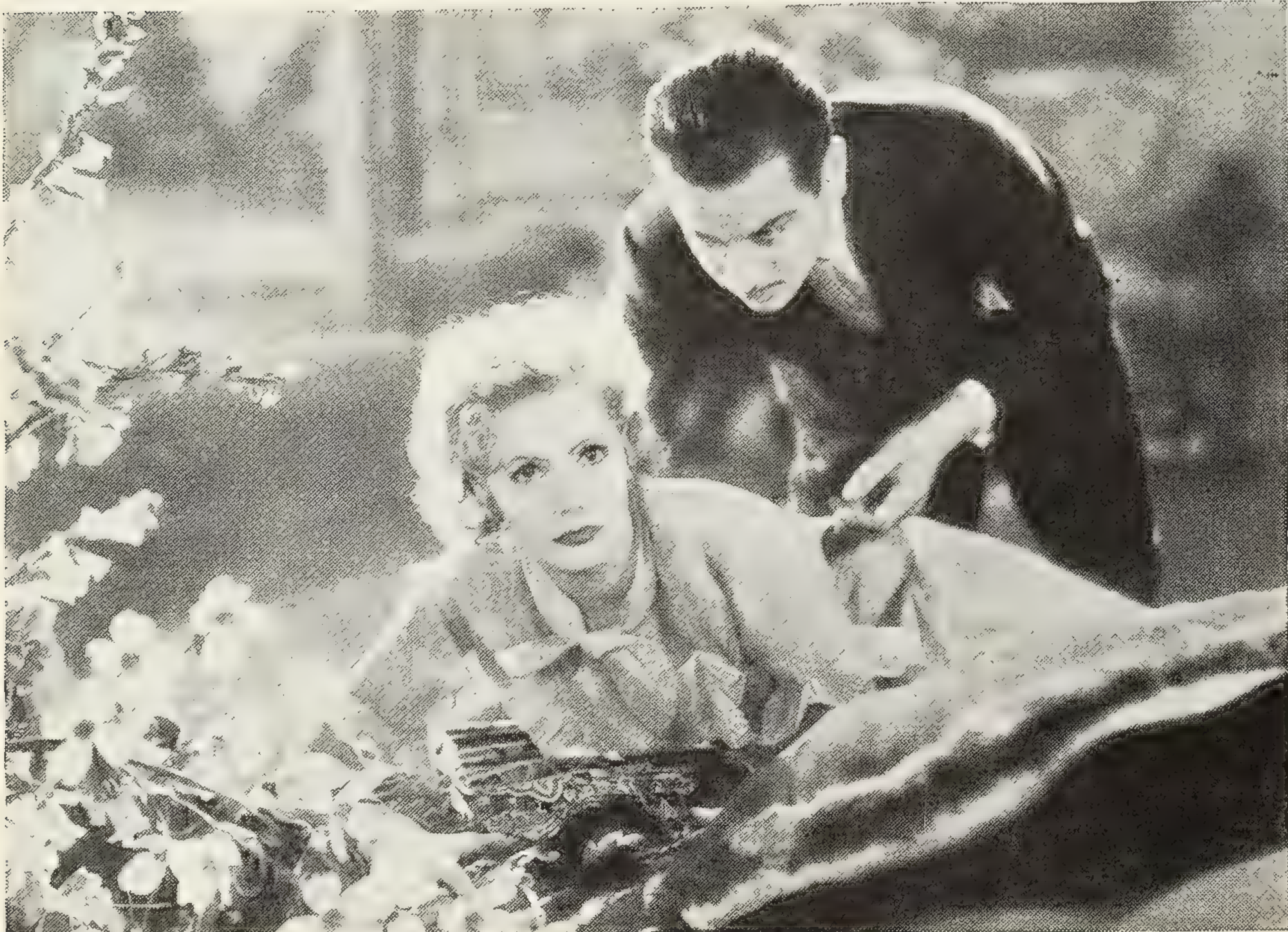
Who they are and why they are—a fascinating analysis that every woman should read

It takes a good bit of experimenting to fathom Garbo. She isn't obvious. Do you recall that incident on the couch in "As You Desire Me"? As fine a bit of feminine skill as ever I've seen. With scarcely a word she stirred Melvyn Douglas more than if she had poured into his ear all the honeyed endearments known to lovers.

Garbo always seems to be living an inner life that is all her own. And nothing arouses the male curiosity



Photo by Manatt



Joan Crawford and Nils Asther in a vivid love moment in "Letty Lynton." . . . Today Joan is dynamite. She spells Fascination in capital letters a mile wide. Daring, smart and awfully knowing.

Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas in "As You Desire Me." . . . With Garbo there are three outstanding things that spell peril—mystery, that feeling of restrained fire, and her provocativeness.

Women in Movies

Lili Damita. . . . For sheer vitality, joy of living and subtle romance there is none to equal her. Here you see her with Roland Young in "This Is the Night."

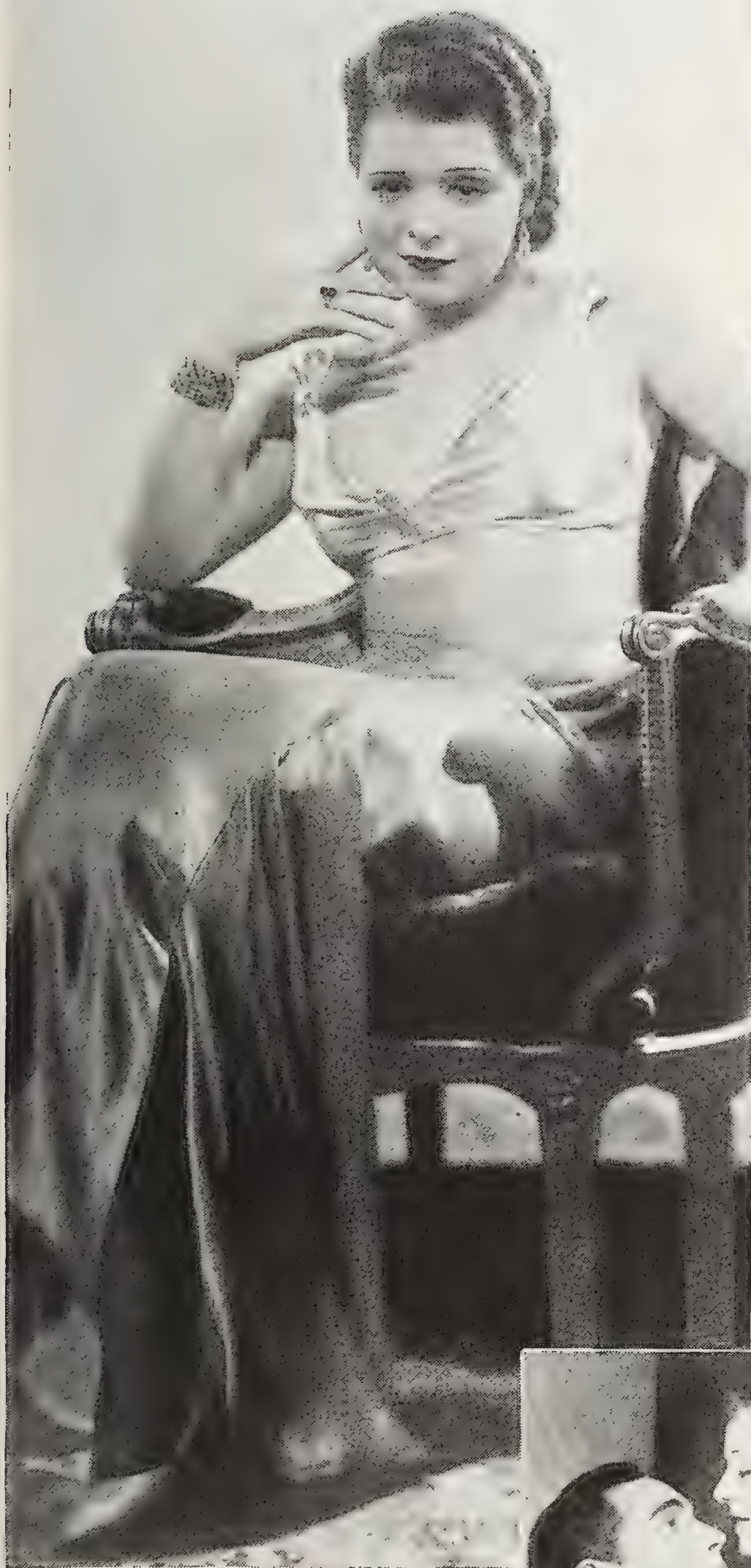


Photo by Hal Phylfe

The danger that Clara Bow presents is perfectly obvious. She's primitive, elemental—no hedging about or artful by-play.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . There's nothing so deadly to peaceful bachelorhood as fragile, appealing femininity.



Photo by Hal Phylfe



more. Just by way of an example, there was a young woman living on our block who was on the verge of losing her husband. One day she came upon a photograph of Greta Garbo, and she studied it for a long while. That evening when friend hubby came home she greeted him with a slow, secretive smile and kept a far-away look in her eyes. Instead of the usual arguments, she spoke to him in low, thrilling tones—when she spoke at all. She let her gaze rest upon him dreamily. Finally he couldn't stand the suspense any longer and demanded to know what ailed her. She smiled a little wistfully, laid her hand on his arm for a moment and answered, "Nothing . . ." Naturally, he was disturbed. He couldn't concentrate on his paper. He stole a glance at her; she was musing by the fire. The end of the evening found them linked in each other's arms. And she never again made the mistake of losing her mystery for him. She is the slender, exotic type, consequently such a demeanor is most becoming to her.

MARLENE DIETRICH is dangerous in much the same way as Greta, only you feel here the danger is more imminent and less subtle. She is ready to burst into flame any instant. Greta smolders longer. Marlene has a trick of looking from beneath her lids so that a man doesn't know what to expect next. She may kiss him—and then again she may strike him. And when she dances, she dances for *him* alone. Music that sets your heart throbbing, tantalizing rhythm—that's Marlene. Oh, there's tremendous (*Please turn to page 83*)

These New Yorkers!

By HERB HOWE



NIGHT life has come at last to the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Orange Juice Belt, as Hollywood and Beverly are generally known, according to Will Rogers. We're having raids with our revues and all manner of cosmopolitan delights. Paris is brought home by La Boheme and Bal Tabarin, Berlin by female impersonators flowering everywhere and New York by cops appearing unannounced—the saucy things—amid the swooning blossoms.

What once was a bourgeois dance hall on Vine has become Bal Tabarin with a floor show and "food in the French style." La Boheme, originally done in the auberge manner with checkered tablecloths and sawdust on the floor, now has the elegant Mr. Karyl Norman, Creole Fashion Plate, doing female impersonations with the aid of Sadie Thompson's neckpiece from "Rain." It's a gift—the neckpiece I mean—of Miss Joan Crawford. In the Club New York, below stairs in the Christie Hotel, Mr. Jean Malin is satirizing our sirens. He does an imitation

There are certain actresses flaunting "sophistication" that would make a marine yell like everything for the smelling salts.



I predict that when "State Fair" is released the histrionic ability of Blue Boy, the Iowa prize hog, will be quickly recognized, and we'll have a pig in our parlors.

Our Hollywood Boulevardier rushes back from tequila to find Lupe and Jimmy, oh, so changed

of Miss Greta Garbo for which he deserves special indulgence since he accomplishes it without the aid of neckpiece, Miss Garbo being neglectful. B. B. B.'s basement has a covey of lads in gowns of their own delirious creation. The Backyard, a skip down the alley, has artful deceivers of the same genre.

Cops raided B. B. B.'s *boite* and found gin under a table of two patrons. The proprietor said the loathesome persons must have been New Yorkers. Hollywood boys never stoop to bottles under the table. We're above board in the Orange Juice Belt. The next night the police visited The Backyard and found bottles there too. Must have been these same two New Yorkers. A few days later a cop went booze-batty in a park and popped his pistol impartially at women and children, swans and poinsettias. He was charged with being a New Yorker and given fifty days.

THE interest in ruffled and rose-budded impersonators is purely archæological, thinks an actress of my acquaintance, who wears up-to-the-minute slacks and tweed double-breasters. "They offer the last stand of women's clothes," she says.

RESTAURANTS have their day the same as stars. The Come-On-Inn was the first lunching place of the quartier. Musso-Frank and (*Please turn to page 88*)



Pal Cagney says his first picture will be "Bad Boy." But he's been East, and I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be a version of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

In viewing herself in the rushes, Pola would break into spontaneous applause, exclaiming, "Gott! how marvelous!" Pola is one person who never bored Pola.

Sketches by
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

Meet the VAMPIRE

*Wherein the monster, Dracula,
is unmasked by a litter of puppies*

By **BARBARA BARRY**



"Unseen hands seemed to clutch at my throat," says Miss Barry, describing her meeting with Bela Lugosi. She might have pictured the scene in *Dracula* (above).

I TALKED to him. This man who dares not sleep at night. This strange being who dreads the darkness that is peopled with supernatural beings . . . evil talons, poised to strike . . . grinning mouths . . . dripping with the blood of their victims. . . .

Quaking inwardly, I stood before the entrance of Bela Lugosi's imposing castle in the mountains, waiting, timorously, to be admitted. No sound came from within. The eerie stillness was stifling. Unseen hands seemed to clutch at my throat. Distantly, a hound bayed. I wanted to run away.

But the wide oaken door was opening . . . slowly . . . soundlessly. Desperately, I tried to turn and flee from the evil spot. But my feet were rooted to the ground. . . .

AND now, kiddies, if you're sufficiently cooled off, permit the ducky bumps to go into retirement, comb down your top hair, and meet the most misunderstood, misrepresented man in all Hollywood!

Ever since "Dracula," Bela Lugosi has been pictured as a veritable fiend in human form, a being—half man, half vampire—who cavorts with evil spirits and nips sleeping females directly south of the Adam's apple, by night; and scampers (or flits) to his underground tomb, by day.

But, don't you believe a word of it! Auntie's going to drive a stake through the heart of that story without further delay. And here's how:

In the first place, any neck-nipping vampire would have a tough time finding a Hollywood female who sleeps nights.

And it would be even a tougher job for him to locate a tomb in which to lay his weary head. Because all the underground "tombs" these days are naively termed "speakeasies" and happen to be closed during those hours when self-respecting vampires are supposed to be sleeping it off. So there!

BELA LUGOSI greeted me with an abstraction that was disturbing, to say the least. From the first moment, he regarded me silently, quizzically, until I began to feel as though I'd stepped from the bath tub, smack into the middle of Hollywood Boulevard. Sort of uncomfortably "de trop," if you follow me? (And I'll bet you would!)

Previous to the interview, a mutual friend had warned me that the Hungarian Menace was extremely temperamental and liable to leap up at the most unexpected moment, and shout: "For God's sake, let's get done with this!"

Consequently every (*Please turn to page 68*)

The New Movie Magazine, January, 1933




Photograph by Hurrell

This is the latest picture of the talented, brainy and beautiful Norma Shearer. She is now resting on her laurels after "Strange Interlude," one of the most artistic efforts in screen history, and the appealing "Smilin' Through." And she's all she seems—one of the finest women of the films.

Ancient Rome lives again in barbaric splendor in her fierce



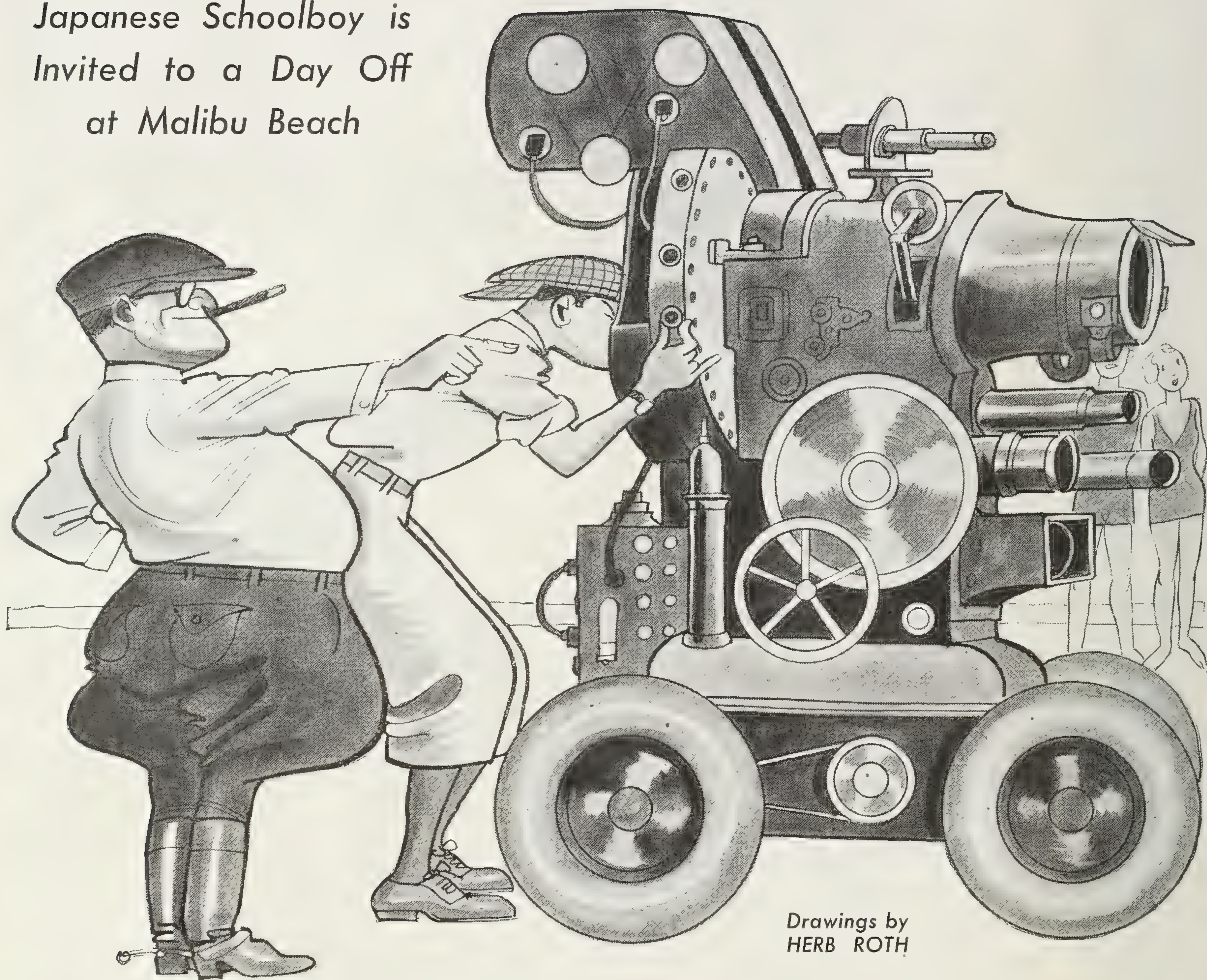
ar on the Christian martyrs in The Sign of the Cross

The page features a collage of black and white film stills from the movie 'The Sign of the Cross'. The top left shows a large crowd of people in a historical setting. The top right shows a group of four people, including Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, and Elissa Landi, looking at a document. The bottom left shows a group of people in a historical setting. The bottom right shows a woman in a historical dress standing in front of a large stone structure. The text is placed in a white box in the center-left of the collage.

A fortune has gone into the new Paramount spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross," directed by Cecil B. DeMille, whose ambition was to make it the most stupendous mass drama of the films. In this first composite picture of advance stills, you see high spots of the production and some of the array of stars including Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and Elissa Landi.

Togo in Hollywood

WALLACE IRWIN'S
Japanese Schoolboy is
Invited to a Day Off
at Malibu Beach



TO Editor Tower Magazin, who save time by not answering my letters,
Dearest Sir:—

Me & Nogi are now working as one (1) in palace of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, the Brain of Hollywood. He say he cannot tell us a Part, so he call us Hay. When he say "Hay!" with voice we make a walk-up to him like a pair of sho-girls.

Other morning A. M. he holla "Hay!" so we march inside his Thinking Studio. There he were, watching us through the baloon-tire specktales he put on to make his mind go faster.

He spoke following:

(Barrymore)
(Okie)

"All work and no play make Jack (Coogan) a dull boy."
(Gilbert)

"After the strenual, nerve-stretching work of Hollywood it are necessary to relax and set down on Nature, or one (1) would go crazed.

"Human nature get all frazzed & jade from staring

at electricity all day long and having his every word photogafed. We must sprank and play kitten-games for a while, thusly escaping from our toil."

"To where would you escape to?" require me and Nogi together like sho-girls.

"To Maliboo Beach," he narrate. "There you can find a ocean and sand, all mixed with breezes, where all Hollywood will collapse together this p. m. (noon) for joyful picknick. We go there to forget Work and just be a lott of Kidds. So please tell my wife, Miss Caramel Sweet, to get together some few simpul things and prepair for this lightheart frolick."

O Mr. Editor, think how me and Nogi jumped! What what can be more sweethearted than getting on top of Nature with a picknick lunch and nothing to do than be unumployed?

Therefore, we enrush to door of Miss Caramel Sweet, where she were taking 3rd bath for that morning.

"Never mind soap, Mrs. Madam," I holla through door. "We are going to a Ocean where washing is free."



"Who are the greatest lover in Hollywood?" negotiate Hon. Nils.
 "Frank Buck's baby elephant," suggest Hon. Richd Dix.

"O horrus!" she otter. "Must I enjoy myself again? Pack my trunk and 9 sootcases & I shall be ready in 4 hours."

So me and Nogi, with help of a lady's made and 2 furniture movers got Miss Caramel Sweet pack-up for that jolly picknick. When at lastly she come out, arranged in a custume of mermaid yellow, to match the ocean, she ask with needles in her voice:

"Togo, how many shades of lipstick you fetch along?"

"3 shades," I deploy. "Sun-shade, noon-shade and lamp-shade."

"Then why has everybody kep me waiting so long?" she ask to know.

Therefore, me and Nogi pour all her luggage and trunkage into a moving vann & folla her Rolling-Roys-tering car out to Maliboo Beach. And O, what we see when we get there!

It look just like a Carnival of Venus.

Any one of those ladys stroling on sand could of took prize as Miss Ypsilanti in Atlantic City Beauty Combat. Walking around there I see a flock of Jones.

Jone Bennett & Jone Sawyer & Jone Marsh & Jone Crawlford.

"Keeping up with the Jones at Hollywood are some axercise," I corrode.

"That joke would sound delicious in Japanese," say Cousin Nogi.

I see Miss Arline Judge and Hon. New Rochelle Hudson, looking very Vassar Colledge. Also Hon. Sheela Terry, wearing her sunburn in the back. I see Hon. Bet Davis, wearing a medicine ball, but she do not need it. Virginia Bruce, standing around with Jack Gilbert expression.

There was the Ocean and there was they. When do you think they are going to swim? Others come up, including men. They stand, they smoke, they say words. Then upcome Hon. Anita Page and walk toward Pacifick Ocean like she intend to get wet.

"Stop it!" holla Hon. Geo. F. Ogre with maggaphone.

"Stop which?" decry Hon. Anita.

"Do not touch that ocean till I say so. We are going to have some fun." (Please turn to page 94)

BROADWAY vs.

Continuing—the real inside story of
Will Hays and his ten years in the movies

By one of America's most distinguished authors—WILL IRWIN



WILL HAYS

Photo by International News

VOLUNTARY regulation of the motion picture—which means the same thing as the Hays organization—went over the top in 1927, when the producers agreed on the celebrated code of “Don’ts” and “Be Carefuls.” Then the talking movie and the gunman picture, swinging into action just after this partial victory, inflicted a temporary repulse.

For a time it seemed almost as though Will Hays had wasted five years of quiet, undramatic struggle. But he had been building broadly; and in the end, the setback served only to speed up his operations.

In 1930, after eight years, he reached and took all his objectives; established that unique system of voluntary control which now governs the motion picture business and which, so far as any prophet

can see, will probably govern it permanently.

First, he moved on Hollywood directly. Those who have read these articles will remember that in 1927, after the producers signed their original code, he startled a confidential assistant by prophesying that some day Colonel Jason S. Joy would sit in the studios, advising with the directors, scenario writers and actors from the very inception of their films.

Joy had been executive head of the Public Relations department from the first months of the Hays organization. In that important and trying position, he served as a channel for public opinion. At the beginning of his work, sixty nation-wide organizations concerned with education and public morals fed him criticism or approval; their number, by 1927, had grown to three hundred. All this time, he had seen, in whole or in synopsis, hundreds of letters every week from the unorganized public. No other man alive, not even Hays, had become such an expert on American tastes, aversions and modesties.

Events had moved fast since 1924, when Hays must needs visit Hollywood to pry from the producer the scenario of that perplexing book “West of the Water

(Left) Jason S. Joy, recent head of the Hays Department of Public Relations, acting as a studio mentor and guide whenever any picture seemed not in key with good taste.

Photo by Keystone View

(Below) This is a village in upper New York State, typical of what the film business regards as “Main Street,” where the great majority of American people attend the movies. And they are the backbone of the country.

Photo by International News



MAIN STREET

*What goes on behind the scenes
when pictures are made*



Photo by International News



Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein," one of the first "horror" pictures that threatened to deluge the business.

(Left) New York's Times Square at night, the center of Broadway's theatrical district. From this and other Broadways over the country, the motion picture producer derives the greater part of his revenue.

which might horrify the virtuous or offend great parts of the national audience. For a little example, let me cite this: a certain film had part of its action in Italy. The Hays office saw the script. By custom grown almost automatic in recent years, it consulted the Italian Embassy which, after a small revision or so, pronounced the film entirely inoffensive.

But the cast included a squad of Italian policemen. In course of production, the actors played these parts as comedy—with wild, explosive Latin gestures, with "sissy" attitudes. And all Italy, both at home and abroad, rose up and denounced this caricature of Italian government officials. Reading and editing the scenario would never avert this kind of trouble.

SO, the way being prepared, Hays revamped his organization again; created the Studio Relations Committee, with headquarters not in New York but in Hollywood. Colonel Joy became its executive; and Carl E. Milliken, ex-Governor of Maine, who had served as secretary of the organization for several years, expanded his job to include the Department of Public Relations.

For sweet simplicity's sake, I shall overlook at this time the series of agreements which gave this Studio Committee almost legal sanction, and go on with its own special history.

(Please turn to page 89)

Tower." Now, hundreds of scripts traveled to New York by air mail yearly for the advice of Hays; which meant in practice the advice of Joy, his expert. But the coming of the talkie, as I have explained in a previous chapter, had played ducks and drakes with the old, set code, formed to regulate the silent picture.

It did no good to purify and endorse a script when an actor, by his performance—sometimes by so slight a trick as a turn of inflection—could produce an effect



Freulich

WHAT'S IN A FACE?

Weird lights flicker on the face of Karloff, Universal star, as he becomes the mummy brought back to life by a magic spell in "The Mummy," fantastic story of reincarnation. The make-up man spent three and a half hours making him look like this. Could you do better?

(Right) Torn between love and duty. . . . Karloff doesn't know whether he should accept tea from his wife or from his director, Karl Freund.



Hollywood Cook-Cooos

Wild and weird clicks from the typewriter of the famous humorist

—TED COOK



Another good way for a star to keep from attracting attention at previews is to attend with a sack over his head.

NEW item says Richard Dix is so crowd-shy that when he attends previews he holds a handkerchief to his face to avoid recognition.

Another good way to keep from attracting attention is to attend previews with a sack over your head.

Or nimbly dash through the door yelling "Fire" in a loud voice.

And a lot of interviews are tossed
Off by stars with their fingers crossed.

FOR more years than we care to have rudely mentioned, we have observed the m. p. industry worrying about the facts of life.

Should motion pictures stress sex, or more sex?

Some say "Yes," and some say "Oh, yes, indeed."

But until a few moments ago, no one had taken the trouble to make an exhaustive survey. It is our unselfish purpose to lend a guiding hand to the motion picture industry, as it gropes up a blind alley. We have taken the bull by the sciss-sors, so to speak, and compiled a medley of helpful opinion on the subject of sex.

Now go on with the story—

"Sex is simply a part of life to an American girl."
—Joan Crawford.

A new wrinkle in femme form flashes is synthetic hips made of lamb's wool by an undercover modiste.



By arrangement with The Brown Derby we have obtained first rights to information scribbled on table-cloths.

"It is important that people do not become bored with their entertainment."—Lee Shubert.

"Thousands of letters ask me this question, 'How can I reduce the proportions of that part of my anatomy on which I sit?'"—Sylvia, Hollywood masseuse.

"Personally I adore old-fashioned bustles."
—Norma Shearer.

"Today, legs are hardly a novelty, and the female form is subject of only minor interest."
Film trade journal.

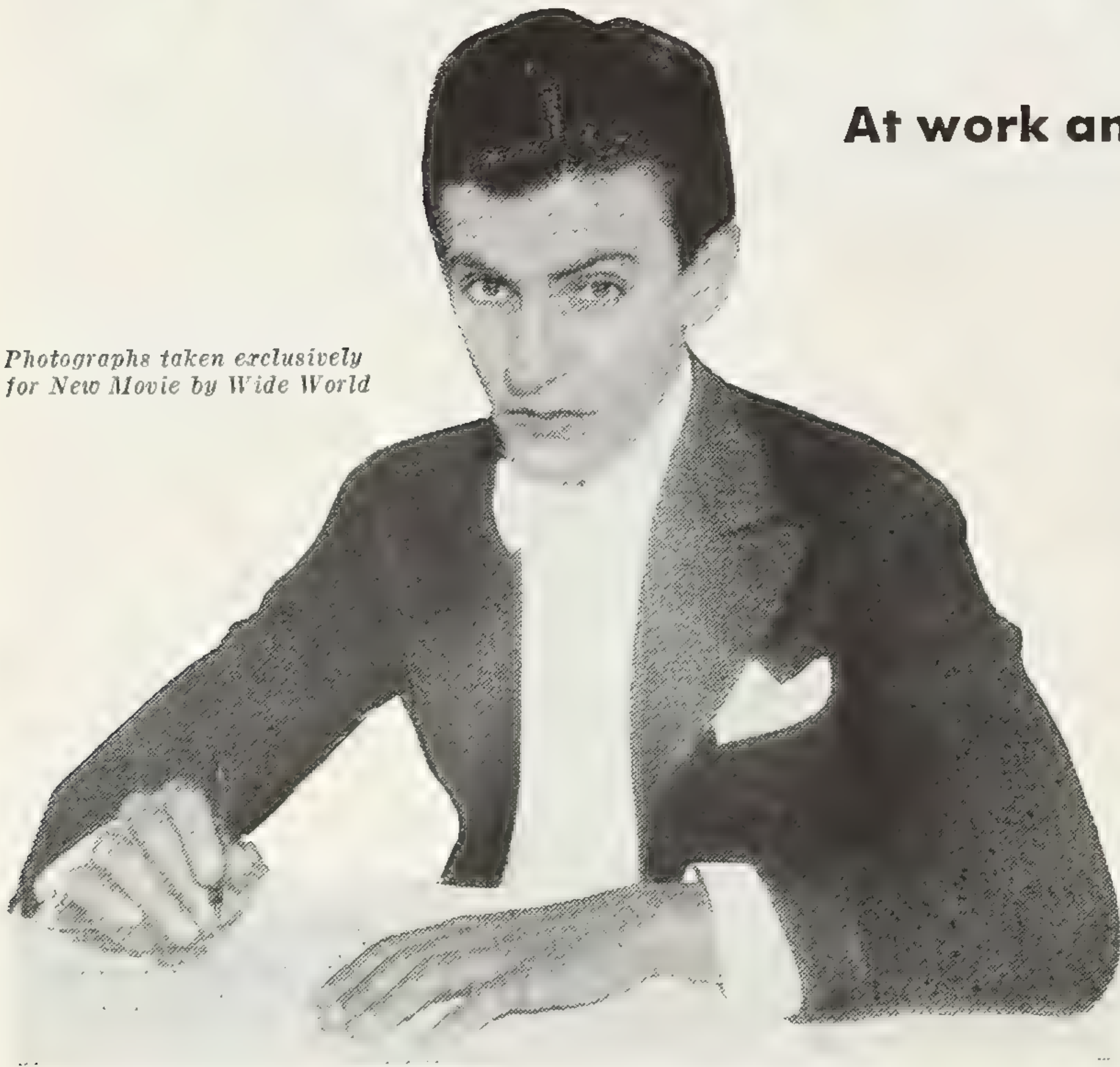
(Please turn to page 99)



Radio Rambles

At work and at play with the stars you hear over the air

Photographs taken exclusively
for New Movie by Wide World



Eddie Duchin, of the Central Park Casino, pianist of sophisticated melodies, who has come rapidly to the front in the world of radio.

SO far as we can determine the one and only game commissioner on the air is that genial yet impressive authority on dogs, the veteran writer, Albert Payson Terhune of New Jersey—a massive man of mellow dignity, friend of the late Richard Harding Davis and a noted newspaper reporter in the old days of *The World*. He stands about six feet four and is a rugged two hundred and twenty pounder.

The other day little Vivian Block, the *Maud* of Mr. Tarkington's "Maud and Cousin Bill," aged ten and some three or four feet shorter than Mr. Terhune, happened to come into the studio where he was rehearsing. Her reply upon being introduced was not the conventional "How are you?" Bending her head way back in order to get a full view, she candidly inquired:

"How old are you?"

"Just guess," laughed Terhune, "but don't be too rough on an old man."

Vivian paused for a second and then ventured a hesitating guess of what to her was a pretty big figure.

"Twenty-five or maybe thirty-five," she said.

N. B. Mr. Terhune will be fifty-nine this year.

Mr. Cobb's Remark: His city editor on *The New York World* was the famous hire-and-fire-'em Chapin, who recently died in Sing Sing where he was a lifer. And it was while Mr. Terhune and Irvin Cobb were reporters together that someone phoned from Mr. Chapin's home to the city room to say that Mr. Chapin could not be in that day owing to illness.



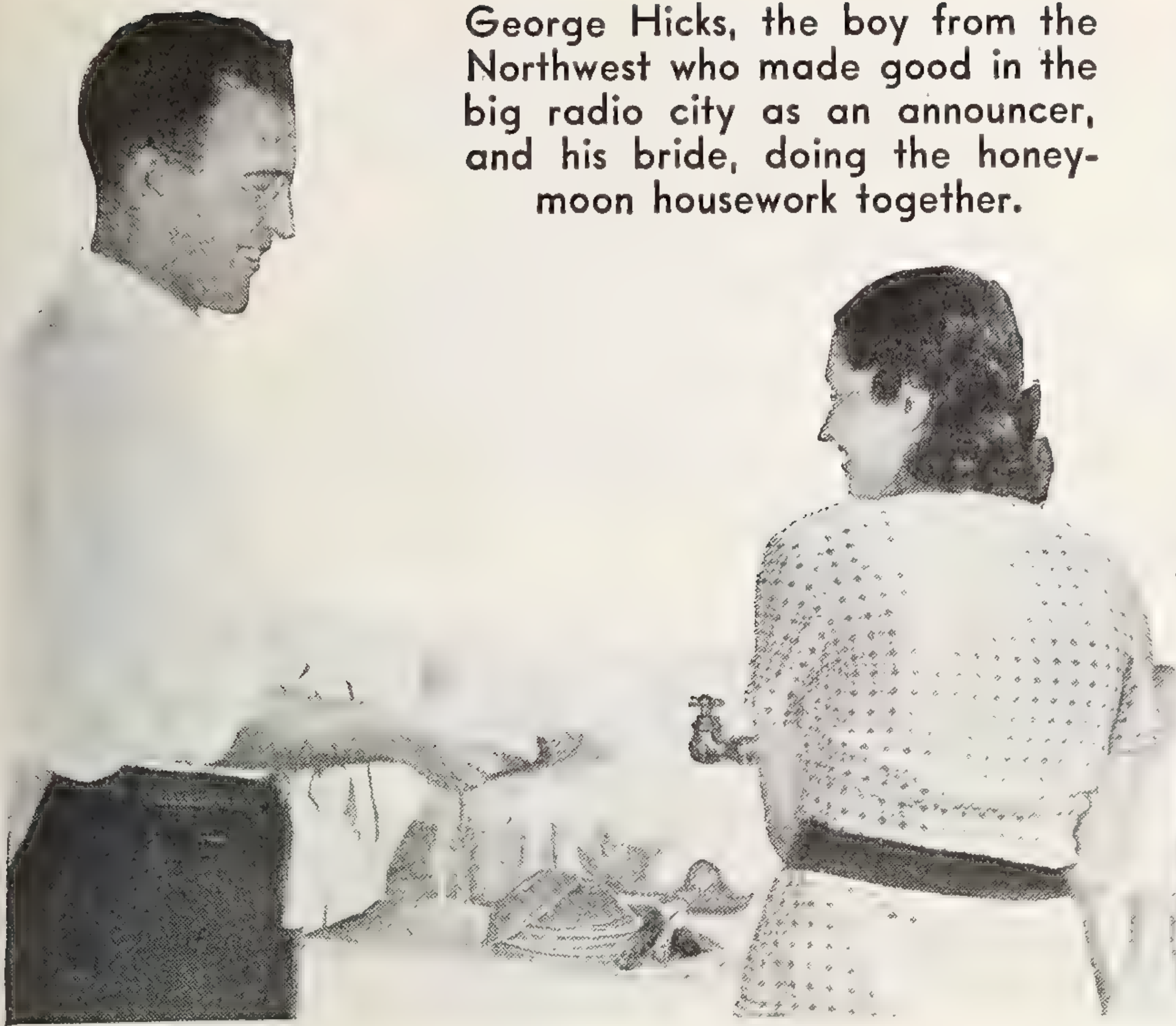
Myrt and Marge (Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel), mother and daughter, who were known to vaudeville as a "sister act." Out of a job, they conceived a radio act, walked into William Wrigley's office past secretaries and office boys, and sold it to him. They were an instant radio hit.

Aileen Stanley, vaudeville and phonograph recording singer, not long known to radio, but already an established favorite.



Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace, better known as The Easy Aces, a comedy team that has hit the public right between the—er—ears. Mr. Ace, when not writing his own material, writes "gags" for other acts.

George Hicks, the boy from the Northwest who made good in the big radio city as an announcer, and his bride, doing the honeymoon housework together.



"Nothing trivial, I trust," was Mr. Cobb's immortal comment.

We'll Bring Suit: You've heard the wheeze one of the radio comedians pulled about the man who was wearing a suit which was much too big for him. To a chance acquaintance who commented on the oversized ensemble the man replied:

"I know it's too big. But it fits me back home."

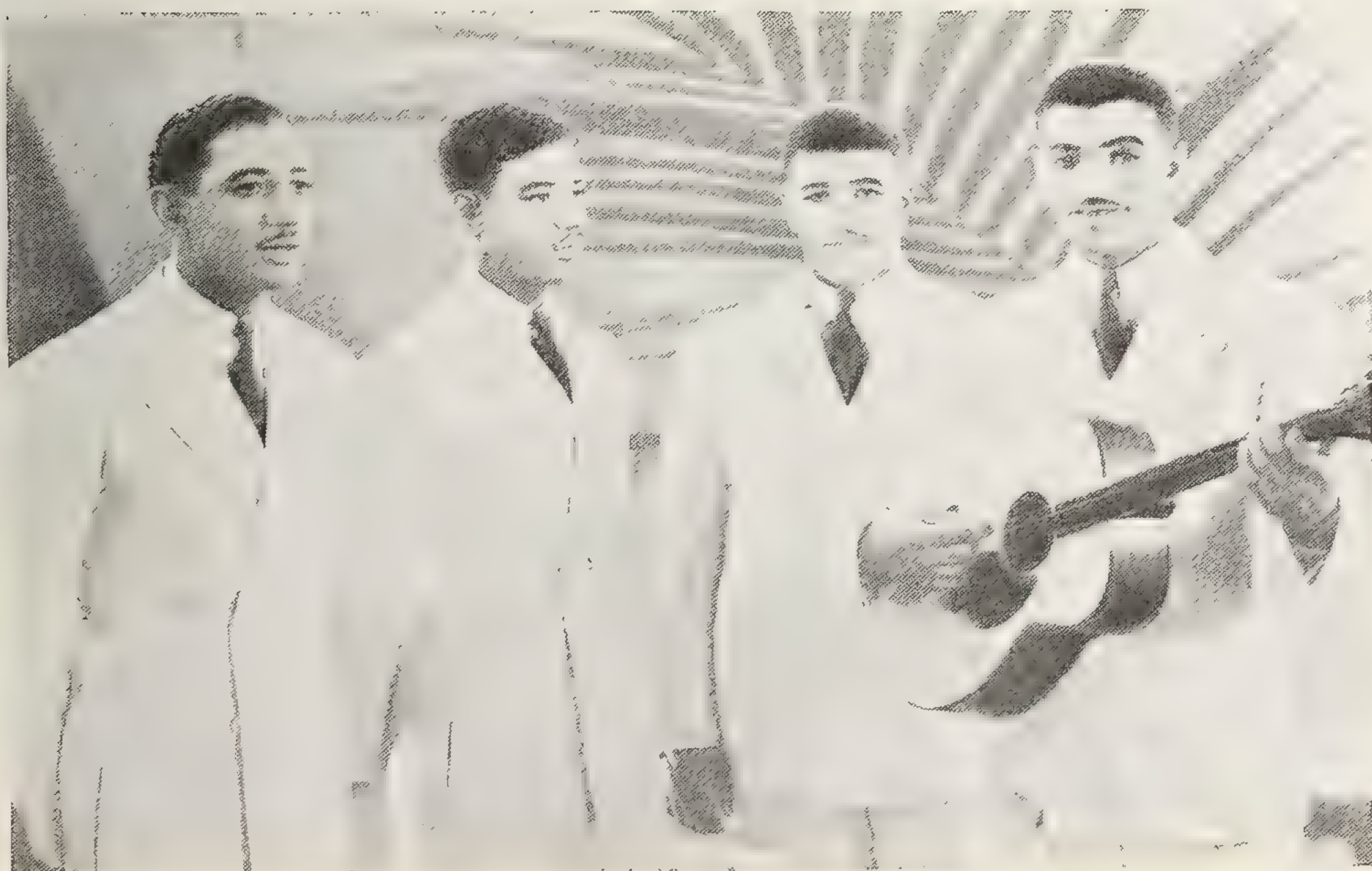
"Fits you back home. What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm a bigger man back home than I am here."

Radio Drama: To us Ben Bernie's dash East to the bedside of his dying mother was the basis of one of the most dramatic radio stories of all time. When the Old Maestro reached New York he saw that he would have to cancel his broadcast, for there was not time to call his boys from Chicago. Then it was that smiling George Olsen showed the sincerity of the friendliness behind his notorious grin. George gave Ben his own band for the broadcast that night.

The saddened Old Maestro was true to the tradition of stage and radio. In spite of his mother's death at noon that day Ben did his broadcast—gags and all.

Knowing how fond Maestro Ben was of his mother we realize what it must have meant. On more than one occasion he mentioned her courage in the face of almost insurmountable odds— (*Please turn to page 86*)



Arthur Tracy, who is better known as the Street Singer, really does sing in the streets. No foolin', and no publicity stunt, either. He just likes to sing when he wants to sing, and wherever he is he simply sings, for pay or merely for praise.

This shows the Four Mills Brothers in a scene from Paramount's "The Big Broadcast." They're from Piqua, Ohio, worked in a barber shop, will put on a band concert without instruments, and are one of the biggest hit acts in radio.

Music of the Sound Screen

Short features take the lead in providing music for the new films. Morton Downey, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Russ Columbo and others will sing on the screen

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THAT music in the films is gaining can be seen from the large number of pictures that will have either star singers or famous orchestras in forthcoming productions.

While most of these will be among the short featurettes, there are two large productions with important musical numbers. One of these, Warner Brothers-First National's "Forty-Second Street," will feature the lovely-voiced Bebe Daniels and that new crooning sensation of the screen, Dick Powell. This picture also marks the movie début of Al Jolson's wife, Ruby Keeler. In a later picture, tentatively titled "Radio Girl," Bebe will play the singing lead.

IN the short feature field, there are many and diverse singing rôles and orchestration parts.

Morton Downey will appear in a series to be released through Universal under the general title of "Morton Downey and Famous Composers." The orchestras used in these will be the Vincent Lopez and the Jacques Renard organizations.

Other series in preparation will include songs by the Boswell Sisters, Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, Art Jarrett, Buddy Rogers, Leo Reisman and Mildred Bailey.

RUSS COLUMBO, too, has been signed by Vitaphone to make a series of two-reelers. Radio Pictures have (Please turn to page 80)



The golden-voiced Morton Downey will soon be heard in a new series of singing two-reel pictures. Lopez orchestra and the Jacques Renard orchestra will play the background music.

"EVERYONE SAYS I LOVE YOU"

—played by Isham Jones and his Orchestra

"SAY IT ISN'T SO"

—played by George Olsen and his Orchestra

"PU—LEEZE, MISTER HEMINGWAY"

—played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians


"HOT AND ANXIOUS"

—played by Don Redman and his Orchestra



Dick Powell, newest crooning find, will be heard in Warner Brothers-First National's "Forty-Second Street." Bebe Daniels, below, one of the first stars to sing in pictures, has singing rôles in "Forty-Second Street" and "Radio Girl."





Afraid to talk? Looking at these two, you'd not believe they needed words to express their feelings. Nevertheless, they are Sidney Fox and Eric Linden in a scene from "Afraid to Talk," Universal's exposé of corrupt politics, sometimes known as "Merry-Go-Round."

Photo by Freulich

NEW PICTURES YOU



"Cavalcade," which Fox Pictures expect to have ready for New Year's Eve release, will be one of the biggest spectacles of the year. The large cast is headed by Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard.



CAVALCADE—(Fox) — Few people imagined that it would be Noel Coward who would write the great play based upon British history. Coward was more of the playboy, the writer of pretty tunes and sparkling dialogue, yet it happened, and in "Cavalcade" he has unfolded the glamorous history of the Empire upon which the sun never sets.

Frank Lloyd, an American, directed it and put into it all the movement that made "Intolerance" great, but while "Intolerance" dealt with dead ages, this show deals with events that happened in the memory of man, of brave days the shadow of which has not passed and of moments that we fondly hope will not cloud our dreams and fears again.

Through the highspots of British endeavor we follow one family. They, in common with their Empire, advance. Their history is their nation's, their sorrow hers. Clive Brook, stirred possibly by patriotism, acts as he has never done before. Diana Wynyard and Beryl Mercer give memorable performances, yet it is not just one

person nor one scene that holds your attention. It is the whole, a mighty throbbing drama of achievement leavened with sorrow and dismay. Mr. Coward has done well, and Fox Pictures have done exceedingly well by Mr. Coward.

The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures



(Above) Paramount's "Evenings for Sale," with Sari Maritza and Herbert Marshall, is an amusing gigolo farce, planned for January release. Charles Ruggles and Mr. Marshall form a combination that may develop into a team. Together, they are excellent.

(Right) Unusual and beautiful sets mark the M-G-M presentation of "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Karloff, borrowed from Universal, plays the leading rôle, and Lewis Stone is the Nayland Smith.



SHOULD SEE and WHY



(Left) "Call Her Savage," the Fox picture which marks the return of Clara Bow to the talkies, is from the popular book by Tiffany Thayer. Monroe Owsley, also shown here, is on the comeback route.

(Below) If you thrilled to Wally Beery as the fighter in "The Champ," you will like him even better as the wrestling champion in "Flesh." Karen Morley, one of M-G-M's best charmers, plays the heart interest.



NEW MOVIE RECOMMENDS

According to us, the best picture of the month is "Cavalcade," for the sheer sweeping power and brilliance of its story and production. And don't miss these: "Flesh," with Wally Beery; "Call Her Savage," with a better and more competent Clara Bow; "The Mask of Fu Manchu," with Boris Karloff achieving oral greatness; "The Mummy," with the same skillful artist; "Evenings for Sale"; "42nd Street," a musical show with thrills and story; "No Other Woman," with Irene Dunne; "Frisco Jenny," Ruth Chatterton at her best.



(Left) "42nd Street," a musical with Broadway background, will be one of Warner Brothers' biggest pictures of the year. Look closely at this picture and you will recognize some of the cast: George Brent, Warner Baxter, Ned Sparks, Bebe Daniels, Allan Jenkins, Elliot Nugent, Ruby Keeler, Una Merkel, George Stone, Ginger Rogers and Guy Kibbee.

FLESH (M-G-M)—Why didn't someone think of this before? Wally Beery, with grin and stomach more in evidence than ever, as a beer-garden waiter who becomes the wrestling champ—with the help of God, the newspapers and Ricardo Cortez who manages him, and how.

The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures



(Above) Lili Damita, who used to spell her first name with the "y," and Charles Morton play the leads in the RKO picture, "Goldie Gets Along."



(Left) "Nagana," has its locale in the tsetse-fly territory of Africa. Tala Birell, the Viennese beauty, and Melvyn Douglas play the leads.

(Right) When Edward G. Robinson walked out of "Employees Entrance," Warren William walked right in. Loretta Young is the girl.

(Below) Spencer Tracy is again a hardboiled "cop" in the Fox picture, "Pier 13," with Joan Bennett.



If there is a better story idea for Beery, please trot it out, and if you have more fun seeing it than you'll have seeing "Flesh," you'll have the best time of your lives.

Beery is swell. As an amorous wrestler he makes you forget the lovable roughneck of "Min and Bill" and the bombastic petty officer of "Hell Divers." Put this one, definitely, on the list of shows to see.

Ricardo Cortez and Karen Morley are in support of Beery with the smooth and silky Miss Morley supplying the heart-throbs for the champ. This alone, is well worth seeing.

CALL HER SAVAGE—(Fox)— We have a job on our hands. If Clara Bow used to be the "It" girl, we've got to find something bigger and better now. "Call Her Savage" brings to the screen a new Clara Bow who is far more competent and much more beautiful than our old favorite.

The tomboy has grown up into a woman and you had better watch the boy-friend for a tip-off

on how the men are going to go about taking back their old sweetheart. As far as I'm concerned the new Clara is worth a dozen of the old.

Tiffany Thayer's story made a swell vehicle for her comeback; also for Estelle Taylor, in the mother rôle, who for a few scenes, succeeds in stealing the picture from the star.

By the way, be prepared to see a new record for villainy set by Monroe Owsley. It's a pity that we don't see this sterling player more often.

See the picture, by all means, and you had better

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(Right) The fiery Lupe Velez and the versatile Lee Tracy combine their talents in "Phantom Fame," an RKO-Radio picture, to make realistic the story of an imaginative press agent and a bogus princess.

(Below) The ancient lore of Egypt, and the occult powers of the forgotten race, are ably presented in "The Mummy," a Universal picture starring Boris Karloff. Zita Johann, shown here has the leading feminine rôle.



(Below) When suave William Powell es- says the rôle of a brilliant trial lawyer, you may be sure of an excellent performance. He is aided by that blond charmer, Joan Blondell, and the picture is Warner's "Lawyer Man."

get set to like its star . . . 'cause Clara has come back to stay . . . and you can take our word for it.

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU— (M-G-M)—Prepare yourselves to see the real "Fu Manchu." Sax Rohmer should thank Boris Karloff from the bottom of his heart for bringing his famous "Asiatic Menace" really to life.

"The Mask of Fu Manchu" carries a lot more story value than the usual story but it is Karloff, and Karloff alone, who places this particular one on a pinnacle that will be all its own until the same player decides to do better.

Frankly, your reviewer likes this sort of story, and never have I enjoyed a picture more. Not only is Boris Karloff a treat for jaded picture tastes, but the cast is well worthy of a super-special, whatever that actually is. Count 'em, each one of them has been starred recently in a major production and there we have them in a picture that is the answer to a mystery lover's prayer.

Charles Starrett, Myrna Loy, Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, David Torrence and Lawrence Grant. Usually you don't get that many in a double feature.

THE MUMMY—(Universal)—Your reviewer is going to duck right out from under this one and tell



(Right) William ("Bill") Haines, shown here with Madge Evans, is back in the talkies again in a speed-boat picture, titled "Let's Go." Conrad Nagel and Cliff Edwards are also in the cast.

you frankly that he "doesn't know how." Maybe you've guessed that already.

Anyhow, for sheer gruesome terror, "The Mummy" leads the field by a mile. Like "Frankenstein" its story is hardly possible,



The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures



(Above) Bette Davis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Frank McHugh, in a scene from Doug's latest picture, "Parachute Jumper," a Warner production.

(Left) "Frisco Jenny," Chatterton's latest picture, was previously titled "Common Ground."

but that does not save the on-looker from the most chilling series of shivers up the spine and other odds and ends that this reviewer has ever run across.

If you enjoyed "Frankenstein," see it by all means, for this show begins where that one finished. Maybe you should see it anyway for it is the most compelling story of the year and is extremely well produced.

Boris Karloff, who, apart from this or any other show, has earned a position very near the top of competent actors, is superb as the man who cannot let the mummied bodies of the ancient Egyptians rest in their tombs.



(Above) Charles Bickford and Irene Dunne, shown here, play the leads in the RKO-Radio picture, "Just a Woman," a story of the life of a rising young American family.

(Left) Donald Cook and Mae Clarke, play the romantic leads in RKO-Radio's "The Penguin Pool Murder." Edna May Oliver, James Gleason and Robert Armstrong head the cast.

(Right) You are always assured of a swashbuckling western when George O'Brien heads the cast and "Robbers Roost" is no exception. Maureen O'Sullivan, M-G-M lass, assists George in this Fox picture from the Zane Grey novel.



The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures



(Left) Stuart Erwin and Alison Skipworth in a scene from Paramount's "He Learned About Women."

(Right) "Second-Hand Wife," a Fox picture, is another story of the misunderstood big business man. Ralph Bellamy, and Sally Eilers, play the leads.



Curses, sudden death and weird and wonderful chemical transfigurations leap at you from right and left and if you haven't had enough thrills by the end of the last reel, you need something more than a movie.

Better hang on to the boy friend's arm.

EVENINGS FOR SALE—(Paramount)—Don't let the title fool you. You may not like this one, but your reviewer wishes to break right down and admit that he did. If you like to laugh, it's in the bag. Not big hearty laughs maybe, but swell little chuckles that start in the first

reel and run right through till the end.

It's rather in the Lubitsch manner, though a trifle more down to the ground. Charlie Ruggles and Herbert Marshall are cast as two gigolos. Mary Boland and Sari Maritza are the women in the case and if you recognize the cast, I ought to have sold you the show by now. Anyhow, I recommend this one as a very swell evening's fun.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland form a team we are going to see much oftener . . . and I hope we do.

FORTY-SECOND STREET—(First National)—This was to be Warner's "Grand Hotel" but, somehow, it got lost in the shuffle and has turned up as a pretty good dramatic musical that will entertain if you like this sort of thing.

What a story there is to tell down those four or five blocks that make up "42nd Street." Everything goes, everything happens in these few hundred yards; lives are altered and played out with no one the wiser; throngs scurry past all day and a man may lie upstairs without a friend—with maybe a bullet in his body. That's 42nd Street, and I think it's rather a shame they didn't make it as they planned. With great stars . . . it would be a story to remember . . . that is . . . if they took the trouble to find it out.

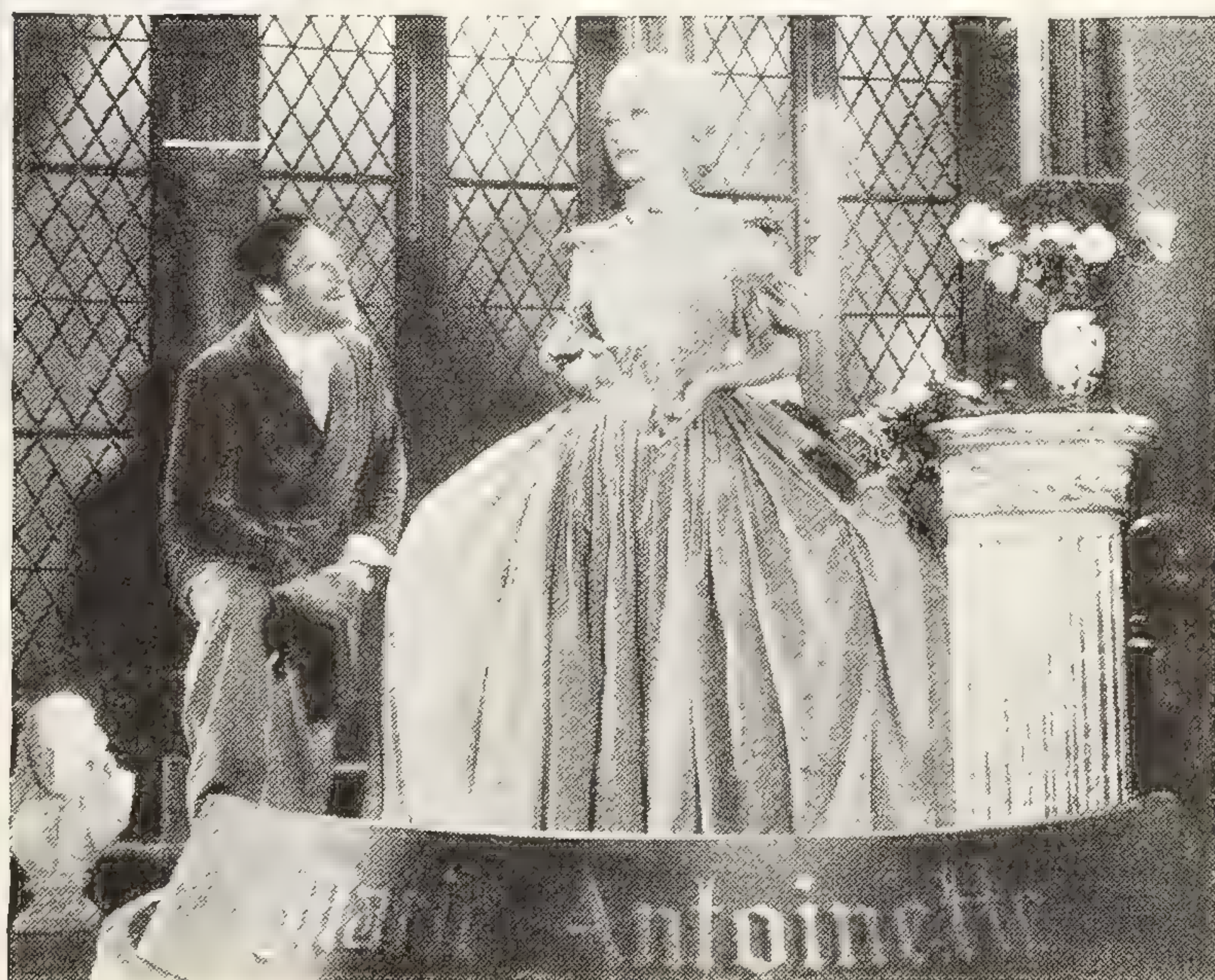
As it is, it's probably the best musical show of the year. The cast is well worth seeing, even though
(Please turn to page 97)



(Above) Charles ("Chic") Sale, Bill Boyd and Dorothy Wilson, in a scene from "Men of America," an original screen story produced by RKO-Radio.

(Above, right) Onslow Stevens and Janet Chandler, Fox beauty, play the leads in the Fox picture, "Born to Fight," a romance of the Wyoming wilderness.

(Right) "The Wax Museum," an unusual and slightly gruesome picture made from the play, by Warner Brothers, has Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray in the cast.



No prairie ever saw the exotic coral feather flowers circling this smart black velvet beret worn by Helen Vinson, charming Warner Brothers-First National player. The velvet is shirred up to a quaint peak at the back and a stiff circular veil adds a piquant note.



HAT TIPS

From the winter selections of Hollywood actresses

Velvet combines with malines to show off the blond locks of Bette Davis, Warner Brothers-First National player. Tiny puffings of the velvet are appliquéd onto the malines in a simple design. A brilliant clip is the only trimming.



Ensembling for Bette Davis is an entrancing business. This time she's matched her collar to her cap. Woven of beige silk and wool thread both hat and collar are trimmed with brown, henna and green lacings. Miss Davis wears this ensemble with a brown dress.



Black galyak changes place with felt, and appears as the foundation of a smart little afternoon turban for Bette Davis with the felt in the rôle of trimming material. Part of the side crown is fagotted to show the hair, while the bow is posed high on the left side.



FURS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(ABOVE) This luxurious Russian ermine coat is worn by Harriet Hagman, RKO player. The collar and high cuff effects are of silver fox.

(LEFT) Betty Furness, who graduated from the Bennett School for Girls to the RKO lot, is shown wearing American broadtail trimmed with fox.

(RIGHT) The new unfitted type of coat in mink, worn by Mary Mason, RKO starlet, has a large shawl collar and bell sleeves of the same fur.

Ernest A. Bachrach photos



Joan Crawford, who has developed herself into the most striking type on the screen today, tells how she did it and how you can do it

Hurrell



You Can Change Your Personality

JOAN CRAWFORD has caused a nation-wide discussion of make-up. She has accomplished more startling transitions with sheer make-up than any other one screen or stage star.

Once, she was a pretty, winsome girl, with a face and body much like any other girl's face and body. Now, she is the most exotic, daringly different figure on the screen.

Joan was criticized severely for her make-up in "Letty Lynton," and again in "Rain," but she says, "I still think girls like Letty Lynton and Sadie Thompson would have looked as I looked. So in my next picture I think I shall make up like Pollyanna, or I shall leave all make-up off. Then they will say, 'doesn't she look perfectly terrible?'"

"After all, how can we please everyone? I have experimented and have been experimenting with make-up for a long time—and I am not satisfied yet. Perhaps, when I feel happy about it myself, my critics will too; I hope so.

"I believe any girl can build a personality for herself with make-up. But, she should be, oh so careful not to select a make-up that conflicts with her features. And once she has determined on the make-up she wishes to assume she must live up to it diligently!




By ANN BOYD

Here's Joan in the days when she was Lucille Le Sueur, pretty but undistinguished—and unsuccessful. Above you see her as she is today, smart, fascinating, and the most daringly different figure on the screen today.

"If she wishes to assume a new personality, to be strikingly different, all very well, but she must not forget to live up to this make-up if she is to ring true and 'get by' with it. No girl, for instance, should make up with a definite flair for the daring and different and then remain a little church mouse in personality. Nothing could be worse than that!

"She must make a deep study of what personality she wishes to assume, and then a deeper study of the make-up to fit this personality. The make-up and the personality must harmonize and feel 'right' to the individual.

"The best way to make a study of make-up on yourself would be to take pictures of yourself from every angle. Do this until you think it looks right, and then cultivate the personality that goes with such a make-up. Everyone has a kodak and (Please turn to page 85)



We fully expected to see Garbo in disguise—but instead, we saw a snub-nosed young girl with a sprinkling of pale freckles.

By **HESTER ROBISON**

Ernest A. Bachrach photo

Frightened LADY

Silent Katharine Hepburn, newest screen sensation, isn't really silent—she's just afraid to talk

OH, Boy! Wouldn't we like to get Katharine Hepburn alone in a haunted house. She would be more fun than a barrel of ghosts—because she has reached the stage where she is scared of her own voice. And all (may your children be cotton-pickers if you don't believe us) because Katharine has been frightened out of her wits by the very people who wanted to protect her. It's a long story and a sweet one. We found out about it when we went to see Katharine on her return from Europe.

A man met us outside the room where Katharine was waiting.

"She may not talk," he said in a hushed voice.

"Eh?" We perked up our ears. "Show us any woman who won't talk!" we challenged.

"Well," he sighed, "she hasn't talked to any one so far. See what you can do."

We went in expecting Garbo in disguise after that warning—but instead we saw a snub-nosed young girl with a sprinkling of pale freckles stretching defiantly across her smooth skin. Her mouth was long and thin and set in a scarlet line. She looked as if she was undecided whether to tremble or to bite and decided to tremble as we must not have looked good enough to bite.

"I won't say anything," she popped out. "I'm just warning you."

We didn't answer. We just grinned, because when a girl as nice as Katharine Hepburn says she hasn't anything to say, it means she is boiling over and dying simply to talk.

(Please turn to page 92)

PLAYTIME

Come on, let's go to some of the liveliest Hollywood parties—with

GRACE KINGSLEY



Jeanette MacDonald, Wallace Beery and Lily Pons, the grand opera singer, for whom Miss MacDonald gave a party the other day.

(Right) Eddie Sutherland, the director, Audrey Henderson, Estelle Taylor and John Warburton, the English actor, at the house-warming which Mr. Warburton gave.

“**W**HEN an irresistible light opera singer meets an immovable grand opera singer, what usually happens is a crash,” remarked Ramon Novarro, “but Lily Pons and Jeanette MacDonald aren’t like that at all, as you can see for yourself. It’s not a social crash, but a social crush!”

Jeanette was busy just then being a radiant hostess, as she introduced her guests, in her beautiful Spanish home, to the fascinating and famous Lily Pons, guest of honor, in a white evening frock—white satin bodice draped softly yet tightly above her waist, and white flat crêpe skirt. She wore a single orchid.

Our hostess was clad in a black satin princess gown with a cream Venetian point lace yoke, the yoke extending down in insert points. She wore black satin slippers.

Wallace Beery was all aglow because Miss Pons was devoting herself to him. She was disappointed that he didn’t speak French. She said she had always enjoyed him on the screen, and she insisted that he teach her some slang.

“I say ‘O-kay’ and ‘Is zat so?’ very nicely now, don’t you think?” she inquired vivaciously.

Robert Ritchie, Jeanette’s fiancé, was there, devotedly aiding our hostess.

Colleen Moore was a glamorous figure in an evening gown of black milliner’s velvet, made princess, with puffs at the shoulders, and Ginger Rogers was piquantly childish-looking in her flat crêpe black gown, with wide, starched chiffon flounces falling from the low, round neck.

Ginger, of course, was with Mervyn LeRoy, who insisted on my describing his costume. He said that his pants were cut on the bias and shirred down the back!

Colleen’s husband, Albert Scott, joked Mervyn, saying he wouldn’t permit Mervyn to have his picture taken until after he had had his blood transfusion, which got a laugh, since, though the young director has been in the hospital lately, he is looking husky enough now for anything.

Nancy Carroll wore sports clothes, a black ensemble of dull broadcloth and a little black hat perched jauntily on top of her saucy red curls.

WHEN HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS





All photographs taken exclusively for
New Movie by Wide World

Ann Harding looked fetching, her blond beauty accentuated by her turquoise-blue silk gown, made princess, with deep pointed yoke in front, tight skirt and blue satin slippers with buckles.

We asked her about her airplaning, and she said, "No more airplaning for me!"

"Afraid?" we inquired in surprise.

"No—economy," she retorted. "I'd rather the airplane companies bore the expense of my flying."

Claire Windsor—oh, wonder of wonders!—came all alone in her new little car, which she drove herself. But she didn't remain alone long, being surrounded by men, as usual. She wore a black velvet dress, the bodice long, jacket effect, with black-and-white buttons down its front, while a Queen Anne collar of rose point, made high and brought to a point down the front, framed her gold-and-white beauty. The skirt was plain and tight. She wore a tiny toque of black velvet.

Claire confided to us that she may marry again within a year—says there are three men she likes—but she will wait to be sure and not make a mistake this time.

"I'm sure Bert and I (*Please turn to page 101*)



(At top) Another group at Jeanette MacDonald's party for Lily Pons. Left to right (bottom row): Mervyn LeRoy, Ann Harding, Ernst Lubitsch, Wallace Beery. Second row: Miss MacDonald, Claire Windsor, Helen Hayes. Top row: Colleen Moore, Lily Pons and Ginger Rogers.

(Above) Ginger Rogers and Nancy Carroll, off in the corner together, exchanging Hollywood secrets.



Jackie Cooper's Holiday Party

Jackie's parties are famous among Hollywood's youngest set who never miss a chance to go to one

HOLLYWOOD is a party town and this is a party season, but there aren't any parties that are half so much fun as Jackie Cooper's parties, according to the film town's youngest set. So they'll all be on hand for Jackie's holiday party. Young Sidney Franklin, son of the director; Marilyn Walsh, daughter of Raoul; Helen Parish, Ruth Nagel, Andy Shufford, who all attended his recent ninth birthday party, will be there along with the kids from the neighborhood gang.

Jackie's parties are like any other little boy's parties. Ice cream is a necessity, and chocolate layer cake a special request. In addition, fruit punch and salted almonds are on the party menu.

Here's a recipe for Jackie's favorite chocolate cake:

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 4 squares (4 ounces)
bitter chocolate | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup boiling water | 2 cups flour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening | 1 teaspoon soda |
| 2 cups sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk |
| | 2 eggs |

Put chocolate, water and shortening in mixing bowl, set in pan of hot water over fire until chocolate melts, beating until glossy. Remove from fire, add sugar, salt and flour, soda dissolved in sour milk, and mix well. Add eggs, un-beaten, and beat mixture vigorously for 2 minutes. Bake in two large or three medium layer cake pans in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

Two-Tone Icing

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoons vanilla |
| 3 tablespoons water | Confectioner's |
| 1 egg white | chocolate |

Cook first three ingredients in double boiler ten minutes, beating constantly with a wheel eggbeater. Remove from fire, add flavoring, let cool slightly and spread. When cold, pour melted chocolate over it.

And here's Jackie's Fruit Punch:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 quart water | 1 cup orange juice |
| 2 cups chopped pine-
apple and juice | 2 cups ice water |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lime juice |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed cherries and grapes |

Boil water and sugar together 2 minutes, add pineapple. Then add fruit juice, let cool and strain. Chill before serving, add ice water. Add pineapple pulp, if desired, and cherries and grapes.

Card Party Prizes

Gifts and favors that your friends will be sure to like may be made at moderate cost with the aid of our new method circulars

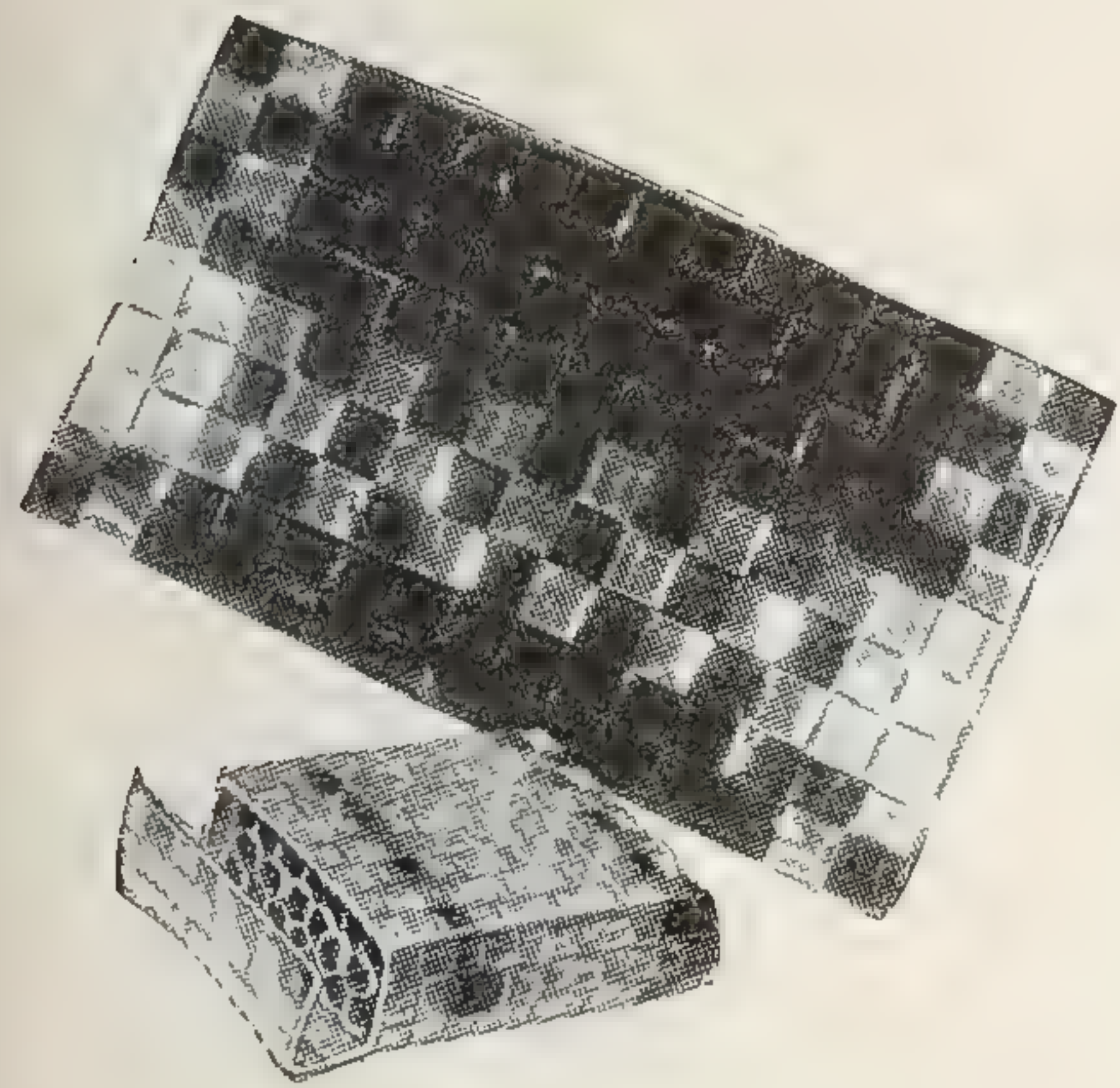
WE'RE never too grown up to enjoy receiving a first prize when we win the game—or a consolation prize when we don't. And the experienced hostess knows that guests are delighted with even the most inexpensive prize if it combines novelty and usefulness. If you have more money than time you can be sure to find charming little prizes at a nearby gift shop—but if you have time to spare you can make a variety of favors and prizes that are every bit as attractive.

In selecting your prizes it is a good plan to provide one for every four guests. Following this rule if you are giving a non-progressive bridge party there should be as many prizes as there are tables—to be given to those having highest scores at each table. If your party is progressive you should give first and second prizes or first and consolation prizes for a party of eight; first, second and third, or first, second and consolation prizes for a party of twelve, while for a party of sixteen there should be first, second, third and consolation prizes.



McManus

Ja187—(Above) A first prize worth working for—a crocheted jacket which can be worn for breakfast in bed or for a dressing jacket in cooler weather. You will find directions in this circular.

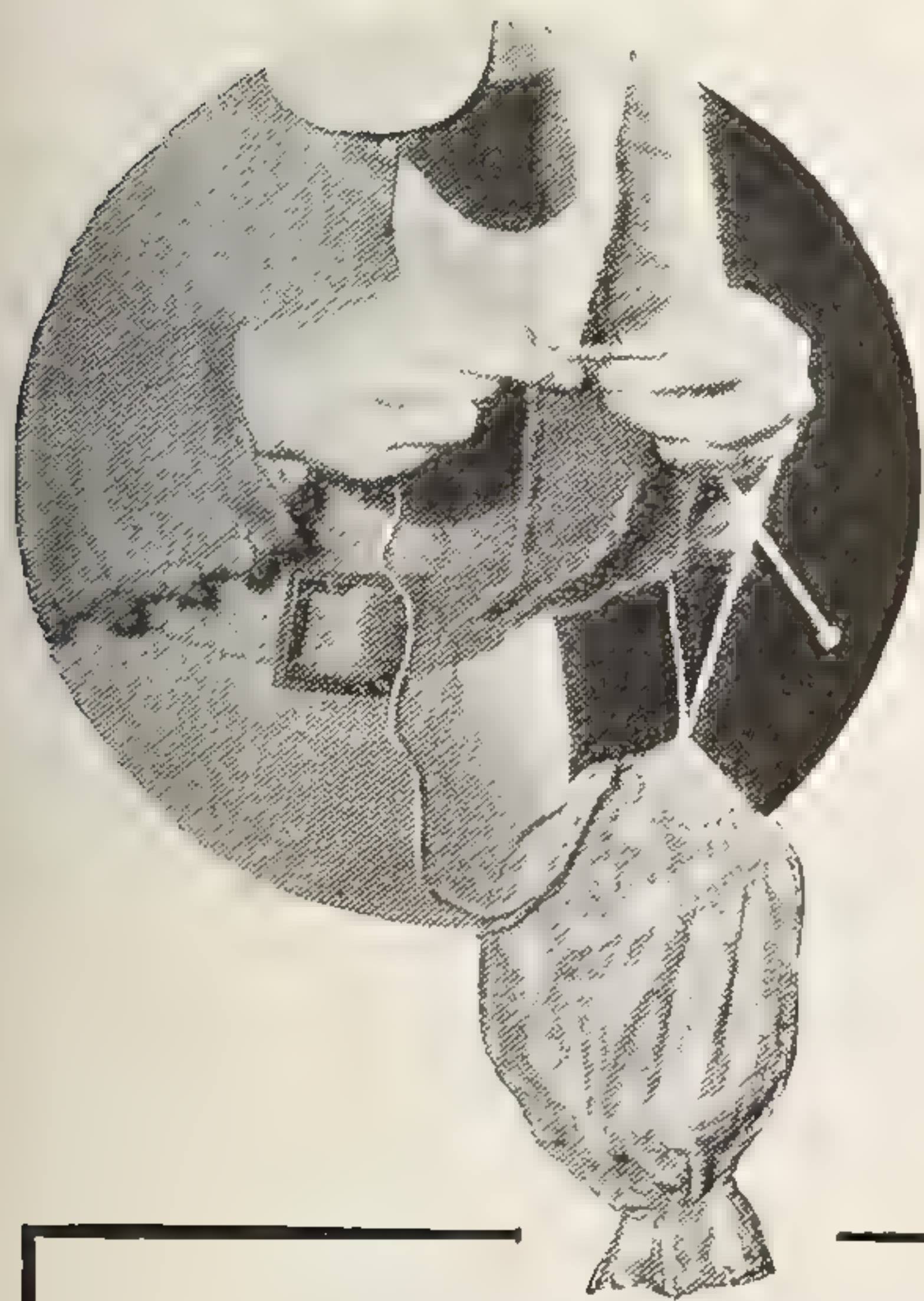


Ja184—(Left) Here's a cellophane handbag for the winning lady, and a cellophane cigarette case for the man with the highest score. You can make them both with the aid of this circular.

Ja185—(Right) Eight balls of darning thread in assorted colors, scraps and cardboard are the materials needed for this darning gadget. The circular gives directions for making.



Ja188—(Above) Crêpe paper favors and boxes for bonbons and nuts give a festive note to your refreshment table at small cost. The circular gives directions for making three cases and favors.



Ja186—Everybody is knitting and crocheting again—so everybody at the party will be pleased with this clever little yarn bag. Send for diagram pattern and directions.



Ja189—(Above) Coasters for glasses and pitcher made from heavy crochet cotton are sure to please.

Ja190—(Right) It's easy to take stitches in the kitchen when you hang one of these sewing kits on the wall.



For complete directions for obtaining patterns described here, please turn to page 80.

Meet the Vampire

(Continued from page 40)

time he opened his mouth I automatically reached for my hat—until the whole thing took on the aspect of a first-class shambles!

We sat in one corner of the spacious living room and eyed each other suspiciously. An innocent bystander would have concluded that we were playing a game, wherein the first one who said a word had to wash the dishes!

A temptingly beautiful grand piano graced the center of the room before the high French windows; and directly opposite was the enormous love couch, about which the mutual friend had told me so much (which isn't any of your business—so there!)

I was just beginning to be sorry I'd come when my unresponsive host was called to another part of the house by a respectfully insistent voice, and, excusing himself briefly, he strode out, leaving me to my own devices.

He was gone quite a while. But, as he hadn't taken any luggage, I knew he'd probably be back sometime. So I waited.

After about ten minutes of plain and fancy thumb-twiddling I began to look around for some other method of amusing myself.

It was a toss-up between the love couch and the piano. I could take a nap, or keep anybody else from taking one. The unerring penchant for making a nuisance of myself won out, and I sat down at the piano. Nobody laughed. I haven't clipped coupons all my life for nothing. (If you think you can clip coupons for nothing, you don't know your brokers.)

Now, I don't play good. Not good, but plenty loud. And my choice of selections included two Hungarian melodies, "Kis Angyalom" and "Lesz maga justzt is az enyem. . . ."

As the last note died away, I turned to face my host, who had silently returned. The change in him was almost unbelievable. His face had softened and the pale eyes were bright and suspiciously wet. The music of his homeland had turned the trick. From that moment, we were friends.

BELA LUGOSI is extremely sentimental about the land of his birth.

In his own element, at the Hungarian Club, I have seen tears on his cheeks, heard him sob like a child, at the haunting, bittersweet melodies of his native land, played with all the primitive fierceness of the Magyars, by the gypsy orchestra.

Temperamental—and with the keen sensitiveness of the true artist—he seems pathetically out of place in the mad whirligig of light and color that is Hollywood.

His natural reticence mistaken for unsociability, Lugosi is a lone wolf. And his very loneliness lends him an air of sinister mystery, upon which the ladies and gentlemen of the press have pounced with diabolic glee.

If you could know the real Lugosi—if you could see him as he romps with his beloved dogs; listen to him as he speaks, reverently, of the land that fostered him—you would be amazed at the gentle philosophy of the genius who created fiendish *Dracula*.

More than anything else, he deplores the fates that have destined him to eternal fiendishness.



Sally herself! Eilers is the last name, please, and one of Hollywood's social favorites. This is Sally, snapped by our own itinerant cameraman as he wandered about the Fox studios.

"In Budapest, he said, 'and in New York, I played nothing but romantic rôles, until *Dracula* typed me, apparently, forever.'"

BELA LUGOSI is one of the real actors in the profession. Innocently enough I made the horrible mistake of questioning his original intentions.

"What were you," I asked, "before becoming an actor?"

He drew himself up. "I am an actor!" he said stiffly.

"I heard you the third time," I assured him soothingly. "But, I repeat . . ."

"In Hungary," he relaxed a trifle in the face of my colossal ignorance, "we are trained for the profession from

childhood. We have academies that specialize in the art, and we study for it, as your American men study to be doctors, lawyers, etc."

Which isn't a bad idea at all. Although a few of our American contemporaries who served their apprenticeship behind the wheel of a truck, or on the business end of a shovel, are doing nicely, thank you.

Lugosi's love affairs have been many and varied—characterizing the emotional intensity so typical of the true Continental. But he prefers not to speak of them.

"That part of my life is my own," he explained, not unkindly. "My romances have been the subject of much publicity. Oftener than not, the press reports have been more fictional than otherwise. I prefer not to discuss it."

So—you nosey little mugs—if you would know the "lowdown" on his hectic romance with the Brooklyn Bonfire, or the truth about his two unfortunate marriages—you'll have to content yourselves with reading up the back numbers of the good old tabloids.

WHILE refusing to discuss his romantic adventures, Lugosi makes no secret of his love for his dogs. And it is a beautiful thing to behold. For they return his affection with a worshipful adoration, a faithful devotion, that the lonely man has not found in human relationship.

When he is talking they lie quietly at his feet, following his every gesture with approving eyes. But let him rise and move across the room, and they are on him like a flash, leaping at him, barking joyously, begging, dog fashion, for a romp.

Dracula, a beautiful Doberman—whose evil eyes and strikingly sinister appearance are strongly suggestive of the fantastic being for which it was named—is his favorite.

She had recently starred in a canine Blessed Event, and Lugosi led me down to the kennel to inspect the pedigreed progeny.

Perfectly marked, the eight puppies were identical, miniature carbon copies of their sleek, graceful mother.

Lugosi's approach was the signal for a mass attack. Yelping joyously, they surrounded him, tails wagging furiously . . . all eight of 'em!

Laughing happily, the Master Fiend went down on his knees, arms outstretched to encircle them all. And they mused his hair, tugged at his tie, left multiple dusty smudges on his immaculate white flannels, while they yelped madly in concert.

I watched the scene in amazement. And, as I watched, Lugosi raised a strangely transfigured face to mine.

"My family!" he cried joyously.

An unexplainable emotion gripped me. Where was the fiend in human form? . . . the diabolical *Dracula*? . . . Surely, not here . . . not this happy man who murmured gentle endearments to a flock of mauling puppies?

I left him there. It was a beautiful picture to carry away with me.

Mysterious? Sinister? Don't you believe it!

The evil shadows had fallen away, and I had seen the real Lugosi. Genial, sincere, and—sadly enough—misunderstood . . . and lonely.

What Will Happen to the Movies in 1933?

(Continued from page 25)

make up, and more of that splendid acting of which you are so capable.

THE problem of finding suitable stories for Ann Harding has become so serious at RKO that she is now being offered to other producers—but at \$9,000 a week. Whether she is worth that much to another studio is a matter of opinion. Certainly her box office value hasn't increased in the past year. The brilliancy of characterization that she displayed in "Holiday" has been smothered in such failures as "Pres-tige" and "Westward Passage."

Trying to give her a false glamor by dolling her up in the most ultra clothes hasn't helped either. She isn't the type. In desperation the studio has teamed her with Richard Dix in "The Conquerors," an outdoor epic, and have bought the Charles Morgan novel, "The Fountain," as a future starring vehicle. Her contract will be up this year, and then perhaps she will return to the stage.

Gloria Swanson is making a picture in England, and having her troubles as usual. Swanson's career is in a state of chaos, and ironically enough her picture, called "Perfect Understanding," will decide the fate of her future as a screen star. Tallulah Bankhead has had nothing but bad pictures. Her screen career so far has been a jinx. She has made her last picture for Paramount and has completed "Faithless" at M-G-M, in which she is co-starred with Robert Montgomery. If she doesn't sign a contract with M-G-M she will accept an offer to do a play in New York—but the bets are on that she remains under the banner of Leo, the Lion. Helen Twelvetrees doesn't stand up under star billing. Billie Dove lowered her colors when she accepted a subordinate rôle in "Blondie of the Follies." John Gilbert has done his last picture at M-G-M. Dolores Del Rio failed to make that big comeback in "The Bird of Paradise" and Ramon Novarro needs a strong rôle to redeem the weak ones that have been his lot.

ON the other hand good parts have helped to establish such players as Irene Dunne, Helen Hayes, Charles Laughton, Warren William, George Raft and Eric Linden as prime favorites for the new year. Irene Dunne, by her work alone in "Back Street," deserves to be among the great. A true artist. She should be one of the biggest stars in the business this coming year. Helen Hayes' march to screen fame with but two rôles to her credit proves the hold she has on the public already. This year you will see her in Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" with Gary Cooper and in "The White Sister." It is thought too that she will be awarded the Katharine Cornell rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." With such magnificent opportunities she will have established herself so firmly by the end of the year that she might become queen of the industry in 1934.

We have all, as a whole, tired of the sex and gangster cycle. Things are slowly swinging back to the normal,



Haven't heard much of Arline Judge lately, but you'll hear a lot of her during 1933. Because, being married to Director Wes Ruggles isn't going to stop a career that's virtually a natural. Keep your eye on charming Arline.

beautiful types of womanhood that Helen Hayes plays; Helen Hayes who is Mary Pickford become a woman. If only Miss Hayes will not permit the studio experts to make her too beautiful. Already stills of her are appearing in the magazines in which she is so beautiful that she is hardly recognizable. Her charm lies in her simplicity—in her great ability to project inner beauty. Fans, back me up, and tell Helen Hayes not to follow in the footsteps of Chatterton, who sacrificed ability to the god of vanity.

Charles Laughton, the English stage favorite, who plays Nero in Cecil De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross," is hailed as another Emil Jannings in Hollywood. Through his work in but one picture, "The Devil and the Deep," he has won the esteem of all the critics, and the deep admiration of a public that appreciates fine acting.

Warren William has already been elevated to stardom by Warner Brothers. When you see his pictures in 1933 you will find his name over the title. A vital personality, he is sure to build a large following for himself. George

Raft, signed by Paramount after his outstanding performance in "Scarface," stands in danger of being rushed into a stardom for which he is not ready. Raft, by his own admission, is not a great actor, unless the rôle happens to fit. In his first important picture, "Night After Night," those two old troupers, Alison Skipworth and Mae West ran off with practically all of the honors. A cobra-like person, he would do much better in supporting rôles. Paramount announces however, that they will star him in "Under Cover" with Nancy Carroll and in "Bodyguard." Eric Linden seemed at the time of the release of "Are These Our Children?" to be the best character juvenile of the talking screen. But repetition of rôles have retarded his progress. In "Life Begins" he again shows that brilliant promise of his first film. If he can learn to wear his laurels gracefully he might become a great young character star. But already he is losing his sense of balance, and a splendid career seems in danger of collapse.

AND what, you ask, is to become of such old timers as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Ronald Colman and William Powell, during 1933, when the honor rolls of screenland are crowded with new names, taxed to capacity with flaming new personalities that dim the lustre of the old? After all, there is only so much room at the top.

Mary Pickford is planning to make the long awaited "Yes, John" this year. Mary Pickford, to me, and to millions of others, is an ideal that will never die. I hope she makes the grade. God knows she deserves to. After all, the screen is her life. She has contributed more great moments to motion pictures than any other actress. There is talk that she will definitely retire this year, and that would be a sad loss, a void that can never be filled by any other actress. One Pickford and one Garbo!

Douglas Fairbanks will go to China to film a travelogue fantasy of the sun kingdom. He, too, has become a fixture—a part of motion pictures—and his absence would be like the stars without a moon.

John Barrymore is gradually drifting into character rôles. He seems no longer to care for the title of star. He would steal the picture anyway, even if it were only a bit. During the year he will alternate between Metro-Goldwyn and Radio pictures. For M-G-M he has completed "Rasputin" in which he shares honors with Lionel and Ethel. Later he will play Alfred Lunt's rôle in the picture version of "Reunion In Vienna" at this studio. At Radio he is scheduled to star in "Topaze" from the Broadway play, and in Somerset Maugham's great novel, "The Moon and Sixpence." "A Bill of Divorcement," which he made with Billie Burke, won't do him any harm either.

Norma Shearer, always a wise actress, and a competent one, fore-

(Please turn to page 70)

What Will Happen to the Movies in 1933?

(Continued from page 69)

sees the trend of the return to a more wholesome type of picture. Discarding the sexy rôles she has been playing for the past two years she completed "Smilin' Through" and will make other pictures of the same type. She may do "The Education of a Princess" before the end of the year. Her popularity is assured for another year. She always gives the fans what they want.

Charlie Chaplin is back in Hollywood after a long absence, but he doesn't seem to be doing anything about making a picture. At present all his activity is wrapped up in attentions to the "platinum-haired Paulette Goddard. Don't be surprised if they're married before the twelve months are up. If he does make a picture he probably wouldn't finish it before 1935 . . . so don't count on Chaplin for 1933.

Harold Lloyd's new picture, "Movie Crazy," will be playing your theater by the time this is in print. You will agree with me that it is one of his best. He will soon have another picture in production, and it is believed that he will become associated with United Artists, as he has already moved his offices to that lot.

Colman's new picture, "Cynara" is now being released, and his next picture, "The Masquerader," from the Guy Bates Post play, is ready for the cameras. William Powell's contract with Warner Brothers will be up this year. Warren William's success on that lot hasn't helped Powell. Maybe he'll accompany his pal, Colman, to England? Powell, like Adolphe Menjou, can always get a job in Hollywood—maybe not a starring job, but a two thousand dollar a week salary anyway.

SPEAKING of retirements, don't be surprised if Marlene Dietrich packs bag and baggage and retreats to Germany. She has only one more picture to make on her Paramount contract. When "Hurricane" is completed she will be free, and so will her director and discoverer, Josef von Sternberg, who has an offer from Ufa to go to Germany as the ace director for that company.

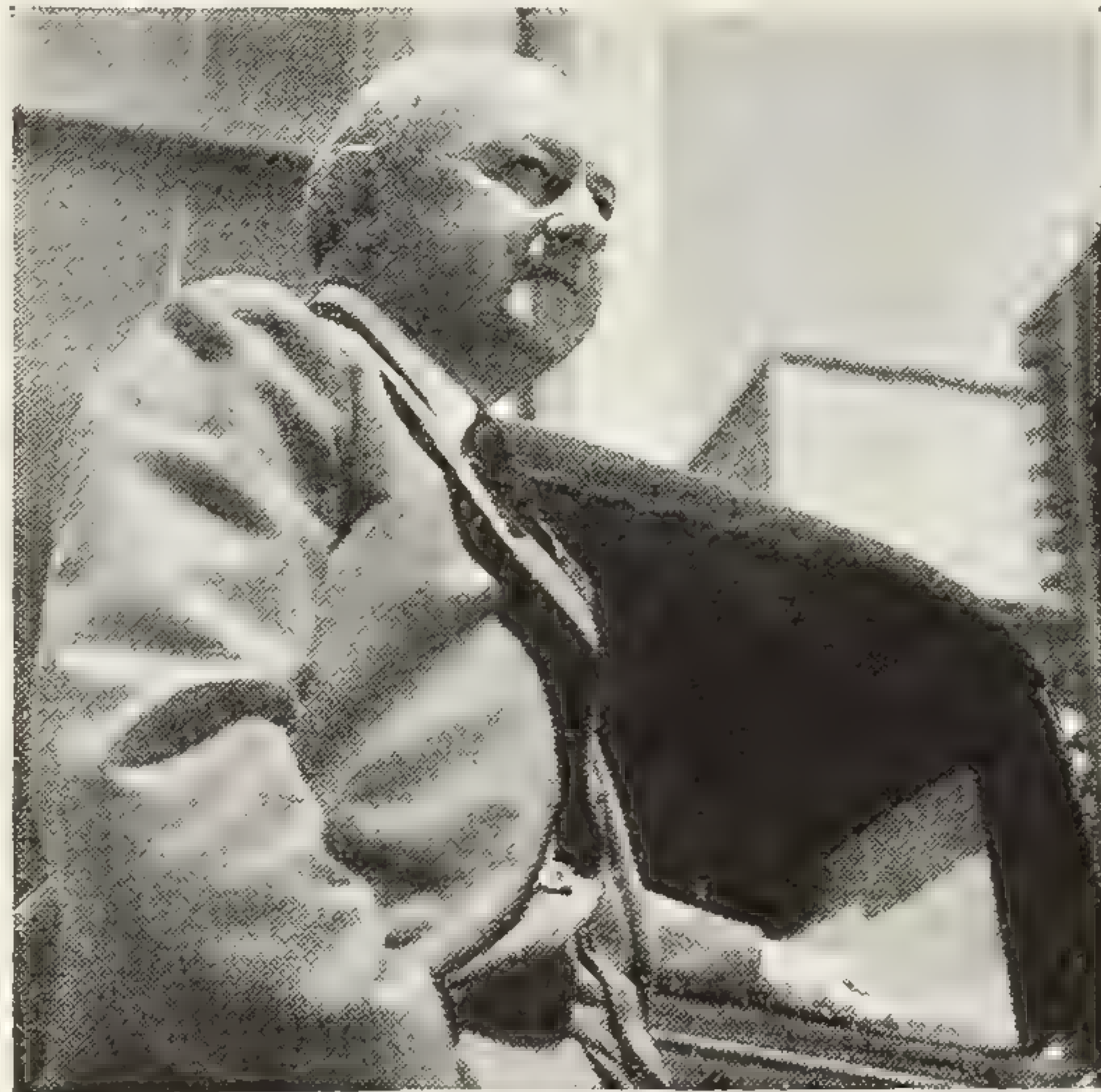
Whether Marlene will continue in pictures at all is a question. More so than Garbo she is really tired of it all.

Marie Dressler may be forced to give up her screen career because of the ill health she has been suffering. She hasn't worked in months. M-G-M has "Tug Boat Annie" scheduled for her and Wally Beery, hoping to repeat the success of "Min and Bill," and also a story by Frances Marion called "Old Girl." Millions of fans are praying for Miss Dressler's speedy recovery. Her pictures are awaited probably with more eagerness than any other star's. By an exhibitors' vote she has been acclaimed the most popular box-office star in the United States.

Constance Bennett, too, talks of retirement to a villa on the Riviera with the marquis. Her contract at RKO will run out by the end of the year. And it appears that her popularity may do likewise. The sameness of her pictures is boomeranging against her. Ernest Hemingway's popular novel,

"The Sun Also Rises," will be one of her pictures.

If there are to be retirements there will also be comebacks. In fact 1933 will be a year of comebacks for old favorites. Clara Bow will perhaps stage the most sensational comeback with her first Fox picture, "Call Her Savage," and her leading man in this, Gilbert Roland, will regain the secure standing that was once his. Colleen Moore has an M-G-M contract. She may do "Peg O' My Heart." James Murray has been made Ruth Chatterton's leading man in her new picture, "Frisco Jenny." Al Jolson is back in a big way. Anna Q. Nilsson is making tests at Metro-Goldwyn. Buddy Rogers is reported signing there too. Renee Adoree, her health recovered, is shopping around for a great comeback part. Barry Norton is testing at RKO for a big rôle that may yet reestablish him to that high place he so richly deserves. Alice White has a new First



Cecil B. DeMille directing "The Sign of the Cross," probably the hardest directorial assignment of the year because of the massive settings and great crowds of extras involved.

National contract. Bow and White! It's like old times. Alice Joyce, lovelier than ever, is around. Pearl White is coming from Paris. Nita Naldi is in New York, and reported headed for Hollywood. The more the merrier!

EVERY year has its dark horses. Last year there were Karen Morley, Ann Dvorak, Dorothy Wilson, Gloria Stuart, Eric Linden, Clark Gable and Boris Karloff. Shooting out of nowhere to fame, three of these fortunate players have already achieved stardom, and the others are on their way to the starry heights. Who will be the dark horses this year?

Looking into my crystal I can tell you to keep your eye on Katharine Hepburn and Julie Haydon, both under contract to RKO. Both of these gifted girls are potential stars. Miss Hepburn is from the New York stage. She plays John Barrymore's daughter in "A Bill of Divorcement," and is a sensation. Julie Haydon who played around

the Little Theaters of Hollywood waiting for a chance at pictures is without a doubt the greatest undiscovered actress of this year. She has the same flair for dramatic acting as the late Jeanne Eagels. I can safely predict for her one of the most brilliant futures of any girl in Hollywood. She's going places—high places—and nothing can stop her.

Claire Dodd is a surprise package. I caught a few glimpses of her as the snobbish society girl in "The Crooner" and came away impressed with this unknown. Now I understand Warner Brothers have bought her contract from Paramount, and she will be groomed for stardom.

Diana Wynyard! There's a name to remember. This English beauty who scored so successfully in the New York play, "The Devil Passes," is John Barrymore's leading lady in "Rasputin," and is playing opposite Clive Brook in the Fox spectacle, "Cavalcade." She returns to M-G-M, where she is under contract, to play opposite Barrymore again in "Reunion in Vienna," playing Lynn Fontanne's rôle. Lyda Roberti, the Polish blonde, who appears opposite Eddie Cantor in "The Kid from Spain," is going to skyrocket to stardom.

Boots Mallory at Fox has astonished the executives with her ability in her first picture, "Walking Down Broadway," and seems destined for an important place on their roster of stars.

Kathleen Burke, Paramount's new "Panther Woman," looks as though she is going to cause quite a stir . . . And there will be others—many others, coming from everywhere and nowhere, to be transformed by that magician, Hollywood, into motion picture stars.

Because of the new foreign quota laws there will be many importations from Europe. Lilian Harvey has signed with Fox. Charlotte Susa will emote for M-G-M. Anna Sten is Samuel Goldwyn's trump card for 1933. This young Russian is going to duplicate the success of Garbo. She has everything. Kathy Von Nagy of the Ufa company is reported signing with RKO. Gwili Andre has failed to materialize into another Garbo. Lil Dagover may be back. Pola Negri and Vilma Banky are likely to sign with Universal. Miss Banky is now making a picture for them in Germany.

Then there will be the unusual cycles. Last year we had a Gangster cycle, a Doctor cycle and a Grand Hotel cycle, which is carrying over into the new year. This year expect a Fashion cycle, a Rural cycle and Novelty production cycle with modified horror pictures.

In the Grand Hotel cycle will be "Employees' Entrance" at Warner Brothers, with a flock of stars. At Paramount they will make "If I Had a Million," also with a large cast of stars, and Fox is doing "State Fair."

You may expect the return of the vogue of The Latin lover. New Valentinos will spring up by the crop; dark-eyed youths with shiny ebony hair and olive skins. George Raft, Cary Grant and Ricardo Cortez lead the parade—

but some unknown will capture the crown. There's going to be a new screen lover. Where he is coming from only heaven knows. But he'll be here.

NEW independent producers are going to add a vast total to the number of pictures made in 1933. It's going to be the greatest year the independents have had since the old Biograph went busted. Such men as Jesse Lasky, B. P. Schulberg, Edward Small, Sam Bischoff, Felix Young and Charles Rogers have thrown their hats into the ring. It's going to be the kind of competition that means great pictures.

Among the major producers the one who made the most progress during 1932 is Carl Laemmle, Jr., who, by clever daring and keen foresight, has brought his father's company to a position of prestige it has never before

had. A year ago Hollywood thought he was just a kid who had inherited an envied position. Today he is respected and feared. He sets a vogue and others follow. No one knows what he has up his sleeve. Maybe a "Frankenstein" or a "Mummy" or an "Airmail" or a "Once in a Lifetime." Universal is something to be reckoned with in the new year, thanks to the young Laemmle. Then there is David Selznick who has lifted Radio pictures to a new high standard, Daryl Zannuck, still making successes for First National—and Irving Thalberg of Metro-Goldwyn, who remains The Master.

Things you may be sure of: Janet Gaynor's continued success, the sensational debut of Ethel Barrymore in "Rasputin," a lovely performance from Sylvia Sydney as "Madame Butterfly," more musicals from Maurice Chevalier,

Johnny Weissmuller doing more "Tarzans," the stardom of Clark Gable, and last but not least, a new, sensational star in the person of Mae West, the "Diamond Lil" of Broadway.

AND so, Fans, we bury the old year in a shroud of forget-me-nots, for it has taught us much that is worth remembering; given us a new sense of values and a new insight into the heart of Hollywood. We have seen the mighty fall and the courageous triumph. We have witnessed stars in Rolls Royces, without contracts, and not a slice of bread in the cupboard. We have seen much—and were it not so tragic it might have been comical. But that is all over now. That prosperity corner is winding itself right around our necks. Leap-years were always a little upheavalish anyway.

The Success Blues

(Continued from page 27)

Babe Ruth of the pie-throwers, the Lindbergh of the mud-hole, the Michelangelo of the whitewash. With a pie in one hand, a bucketful of whitewash in the other and a mud-hole in front of you—you are at home. But, remember, Slim, 'Kismet' is not a comedy; neither is 'Secrets.' There isn't a mud-hole or a pie in either picture! Skinner is a great actor—one of the greatest—and Pickford is 'America's Sweetheart.' You'd be in fast company. And if you didn't make good they'd tie the old comedy-lot ball and chain around your neck and there it would hang forever. Better wait for a rôle you are sure about."

And all that night I sat up and worried with my success.

The next day the first casting office called. "If the salary I named yesterday isn't right, perhaps I can stretch it," said a voice. "Drop in and see me."

That evening I walked away from the first dinner I had missed in fifteen years—when I had the price. I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep. Surely, thought I, success was great. Here was Slim Summerville, pie-heaver extraordinary, given a chance to reform and be a real actor, trying to referee a hot argument between the door-knocking Opportunity man and the hard-fisted, truth-telling prophet of Hardluck, and—

"The successful man is the happy man," so the copybook read.

I was afraid to accept—too much of a coward to refuse.

I SOUGHT two good friends. "Play with Skinner," advised one. "Pass 'em both—be smart and don't get in fast company until you've had a few more outstanding rôles," counselled the other. "Opportunity will knock again." I interrupted to say that that would be two times more than my copybook credited him with calling.

Then I had an idea, nothing short of an inspiration! Important and successful actors had nervous breakdowns. I was an important and successful actor—two offers in one day proved it—and I was entitled to one breakdown if I never had another. Anyway, it would save me from the

psychopathic ward, where I was about due. My wife phoned the studios that my health was the first consideration; that I was in no physical condition to be funny; that the "Western Front" had been very trying—sorry and thanks for calling. And then, under the cover of darkness, I ran away from the two best opportunities I had ever known, and I thought, "What Price Success?"

I sought the kindly ministrations of a convenient hot-springs, enjoying my first nervous collapse. Not that I hadn't collapsed before, but never north of the Mexican line.

Three weeks later the highly successful actor, Mr. Summerville, sneaked back into Hollywood, greatly improved in health—a most remarkable recovery, said the doctors. Eddie Carewe called. "Would I like to play *Slapjack* with Gary Cooper in 'The Spoilers?'" The part was open for me.

And again the three-figure salary. Old Man Opportunity was hot on my trail with Hardluck nowhere in sight. Truly, the successful man was the happy man. I had seen Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi make most of the original "Spoilers"—and *Slapjack* was a rôle I knew I could play. I accepted and the picture started.

The old Hardluck heard I was back in town and rushed to the studio. He shoved the script right into my hands, open at the very page that described *Slapjack's* pathetic death at the end of the picture. Everything turned black.

I have always had a horror of death. I had never died. No one dies in the comedies; they just suffer and live on. For fifteen years I had suffered in every way the script department believed a man could suffer, but this was a new experience—I was a condemned man—I might just as well have been in the San Quentin death-house, with the final thirteen steps in front of me. I was numb, the most miserably successful man in Hollywood.

The remainder of the picture was a haze. As the days progressed, with that death scene staring at me, it seemed likely I would pass on at any moment. I hoped there would be a camera handy . . . they could photograph my last moments, call it a scene

and send for the funeral committee of the Motion Picture Relief Association. But I lived, successful me—how, I have never known.

At last came the great moment. The studio was a blur of twisted, lurking shadows. From a distance, I heard my name called; I tottered forward.

What I said, what I did, I never knew. Then someone handed me a glass of water. I heard another far-away voice say the scene was "O. K." I know now how the man feels who is just starting the death march up the gallows steps and someone rushes in with the governor's pardon. I tried to remember the copybook slogan and be happy.

In happy days before I was successful I could wander about Hollywood without fear of offending friends. A nod was all that anyone expected of me. If I didn't see them, it was O. K.—I just didn't see them. But today, if Slim Summerville, successful actor, doesn't see an old friend, an old pal of the comedy lots, it's just another high-hat gesture. Where I once wandered around in childish freedom, today I miss half the sights while I search the street corners lest I overlook an old friend. You see, I've been high-hatted in my time, and while I can't remember all I said at the moment, I still recall the fundamentals of the speech and I don't want the same things said about me, particularly when I'm not gaited that way.

In the old comedy, unsuccessful days, after the monthly payments had been met, I could, for thirty days at least, throw back my shoulders and walk boldly out of the front door. But can I do it today? I'm too successful. I have to wait until Mrs. Summerville goes out and flushes the front yard and shrubbery for bond salesmen, oil promoters, realtors, rug salesmen, auto purveyors and then make a run for the Detroit automobile. If I'm in a big hurry I sneak out through the garage. Another reward of success.

And so it runs. Successful? Perhaps. Happy? Occasionally. But always with the knowledge that "just around the corner" lurks Old Man Hardluck, awaiting his chance. Seemingly, I can't escape him.

When I Had a Crush on John Barrymore

(Continued from page 35)

this story of the younger Barrymore.

John (Jack to me) was my first real love. I was quite a kid then and you can't imagine the thrill I experience when I look at him today and realize what a good judge I was. I started where I should be delighted to finish. Need I say more? I don't need to, but try and stop me!

When I say he was my first real love, I can't blush, on account of low blood pressure or perhaps slow conscience, but I can hear a lot of nice boys whom I had known prior to 1909 saying, "Well, she always could give a pretty good imitation of most anything!"

Jack was playing in a musical concoction called "A Stubborn Cinderella," which fully justified its title by remaining in Chicago until even *Cinderella* got weak-minded and they moved to Broadway. It was Jack's first musical comedy and I presume his last, though I wouldn't gamble on it, for when you realize that since I first knew him Jack has made the average leaping tuna look like an anaesthetized snail—from cartoonist to dramatic bits, over into musical comedy, into farce, back to strong drama, into silent pictures, *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*, into marriage, out of it, more drama, *Peter Ibbetson*. Regeneration—another marriage, out of it—more drama. This time Shakespeare, the best *Hamlet* of anybody's time—back to pictures, *Moby Dick*—*Don Juan*, another marriage, the real one—talking pictures—a daughter, the best yacht for miles around—more talking pictures—the place on the hill in Beverly—a son is born, only male scion of the House of Barrymore . . . How can you say what a guy like that is going to do next? I wouldn't be surprised to tune in on the radio some night and hear him doing a combination of Vallee, Crosby and Columbo—and he'd probably sing "Time on My Hands!"

I had met him before 1909, but just as Ethel Barrymore's little brother, and I may say, considered by most people a bad boy—fascinating but bad—a natural combination! He drank, he loitered, he loved lots, but not long. He had bizarre ideas and didn't care who knew it. This was most unusual in those days, when to call a spade a spade was considered daring but to call one a blankety-blank "derrick" was the privilege of a few; and the Barrymores were then, as now, of a distinct "fewness." Jack's wit was as keen as a razor and even more "ever ready." He was a natural co-respondent because he possessed practically everything the average husband checks at the door of the marriage license bureau.

From the above description you can imagine what a perfect and desirable companion he was thought *not* to be for a young, unbelievably inexperienced and closely guarded star such as the Janis 1909 model. Friends, enemies, managers, relatives and even my pseudo suitors warned Mother of the danger of losing my head (not to mention heart, etc.) over Jack Barrymore, but my mother had definite ideas about motherhood. One was to try and understand the feelings of an offspring before starting to crush them; and so she promptly fell for Jack with a thud that could be heard all over Chicago.

There was not the opposition of the machine gun in those days, but the ele-



A group of chorus girls being rehearsed for the Eddie Cantor picture, "The Kid from Spain." Looks simple, doesn't it? But just try to do a buck-and-wing or a tap dance to slow motion.

vated trains made quite a racket—Jack was adopted. Mother it was who gave him bromo-seltzer if he needed it, castor oil whether he needed it or not and invitations to all meals at all times.

I DON'T know what made Jack trail around with us, to special matinees, supper at Rector's, for a ride in our Thomas Flyer, supper in our rooms after the show, sitting reading aloud with me the lovely books that he gave me. I certainly had nothing much to offer him except perhaps a change from the beautiful and sophisticated women he had known. I believe now, looking back through the beautiful shimmering mist called years, that his motive was entirely unselfish. He sensed that I needed education in the beauty of things. Books! "The Ancient Mariner," with its wonderful illustrations by Dore. I can hear him explaining their values from the artist-corner of his heart. Music! "Lolita," a favorite record of his, sung by Caruso. Through Jack's love of it I wanted to hear Caruso and so on to a love and knowledge of opera. Romance! His delicate approach to it with, I know now, only a desire to put me on the right road. The whimsical little stories of a master to a rather dumb but sensitive pupil. I was (he used to say) a little white house with green shutters and pink geraniums in the windows, surrounded by a high hedge. He was the gardener; the little house was locked, but he was also a sort of caretaker and though no one was allowed to open the door he was proud and happy outside, keeping the flowers blooming and the lawns green. Look out, writers! Here comes Barrymore,

and he has done a lot of thinking as well as gardening in twenty odd years.

When Jack left Chicago I was still playing, and if love laughs at locksmiths, contracts laugh, even louder, at love. So there I remained and thought *Juliet*, *Heloise*, *Cleopatra*, and other "gals" who in other years had thought they knew a bit about "This Thing Called Love," were just over-rated amateurs.

I came into New York two months later and we met as we've been meeting ever since—as great friends, laughing at things which seem silly to others or perhaps sharing a tear over some tiny thought others might crush under the heel of ridicule. We never have recaptured the "schoolroom" atmosphere, but I'm sure there is no book I might open which he couldn't help me to understand more fully.

When he said, over the phone, "I'll be right over," I sat quite still thinking of the consistency with which he has sauntered in and out of my life, always as a contributor.

THE night before his first marriage, he arrived unexpectedly and made me very proud by confiding his plan for the following day.

Shortly after the honeymoon he moved into the apartment beneath us in Gramercy Park, New York, and made me very happy by presenting me with a new and dear friend, his bride, Katherine Harris.

Time passes and with it some emotions. I go to see him in his current great success, "Peter Ibbetson." I sit in the second row waiting for his entrance. For sheer masculine beauty he cannot be surpassed as he walks downstage. Dreamily, ethereal, *Peter Ib-*

betson is speaking. His eyes meet mine, the Barrymore eyebrows shoot up, Jack says, "Elsie!" a well-nipped chuckle, and *Peter* is himself again!

The pendulum swings on, and I with it, back and forth across the sea, one season playing in London, the next in Paris. I return to America to find John Barrymore appearing as *Hamlet*. From witnessing this masterpiece I acquire the most sensational imitation I have ever given. He replaces Sister Ethel, Will Rogers, Beatrice Lillie, Fanny Brice and others as favorite "impressions" in the minds and plaudits of my audience.

He goes back to London to do *Hamlet*. I follow shortly (I was going anyway). In my new attack on London I am in need of more ammunition. John Barrymore supplies it. They cheer when I assume his expression. He saunters into the Carlton Hotel apartment. This time Mrs. Barrymore is "Michael Strange" nee Blanche Oelrichs whom I have known since her debutante days. Another charmer—but the Barrymore is still sauntering.

Los Angeles the Orpheum Theater He saunters into my dressing room. He is unmarried Ah! hope revives. He sees my imitation for the first time, and afterward remarks, "My God, Elsie, you actually look like me!" Then as an added compliment he twinkles, "Did your Mamma ever know my Papa?" We walk back to the Biltmore Hotel eating popcorn. Will he come upstairs for a drink?

He doesn't drink at the moment but he would love to come up for awhile. Hope revives further and then—Dolores, Dolores, Dolores, Costello, Costello, Costello!—"The Shrimp" as he pet-names her, probably because she is about as much like a shrimp as he is like a tadpole. But again I am the

lucky and happy friend to hear, not about his great success in pictures, not about the hundreds of thousands of dollars that he is headed for, but that The Shrimp means life, and life means The Shrimp.

More time passes and my perfect Mother joins it in its unending journey. Jack is in Alaska on his boat. His wireless helps a lot, for it says, "Carry on, as she wants you to."

I carry on and find myself very soon at the christening of The Shrimp's first baby, a charming but somewhat bored-by-the-whole-procedure young lady. The Shrimp is looking beautiful and acts as if she hadn't really done anything at all, and Jack is, I find, just a bit coy, trying to look as if christenings of his babies were as commonplace as opening nights of his pictures. But he "gives" as he takes me to my car. He confides in me that it's all pretty wonderful and you will be astounded to read that he began raving about The Shrimp just as if I hadn't found out for myself what a lucky devil he is.

That was the last time I had seen him, until he said he would be right over. In the meanwhile I have married and he has become the father of a son—two great events in our respective minds. He stood in the doorway looking at least fifteen years too young.

Barrymore—Elsie!

Janis—Jack!

Barrymore—You look divine!

Janis—You haven't looked so well in years! Is this the effect of having a son?

Barrymore—It's The Shrimp more than anything. Elsie, she is the most wonderful—

Janis—Yes, I know. What's the boy like?

Barrymore—Like her, thank God! He's not the least bit like a Barrymore.

You know, Elsie, he's got her—
Janis—(Somewhat wearily) Now about this article. I want to get some up-to-date stuff about you. What do you think of—

Barrymore—(Vaguely) Elsie, you look divine!

Janis—Thanks! What are you going to tell in your articles?

Barrymore—(Rising casually) Where is your husband?

Janis—(Brusquely) Working. Are you really writing them yourself?

Barrymore—(Sauntering around the room) Is this his picture? Um-m—good looking guy. I want to meet him!

Janis—Yes, you must. Are you going right back to your early experiences in your articles—?

Barrymore—(Looking very literary) Oh, yes, I'm shooting the works. It's quite a serious business this writing! And I—you know I would never believe you'd been ill. You look marvelous—

WELL! Now I know I need say no more. You're way ahead of me. For the first time that sauntering so-and-so refused to contribute. He has become a writer, and "we authors," you know, have to protect our ideas.

We talked for some time, about the Olympics and The Shrimp, his last picture and The Shrimp; and his exit line was: "Did I tell you The Shrimp sent her love?"

"Give her mine," I said, and tell her that if I could marry a boy twenty-six at forty-two I might marry one twenty at sixty-two. Anyway, file my application and intentions anent John Barrymore the second."

Between us, I'm sure there will never be another like Jack. To quote his famous sister's most famous line:

"That's all there is. There isn't any more!"

Colleen Moore

(Continued from page 29)

deep marks which the crows of time had made.

It was Grandmother Kelly.

Colleen, which in Irish means girl, was the old lady's pet name for the granddaughter who had inherited her strength of character.

"What is it, my colleen?" she asked when they were alone.

Colleen hurriedly told her grandmother of her chance to go to Hollywood, and of the opposition of her father.

"And is that all the trouble you'd be havin'?" asked the grandmother. "Let me think it over till the night, and then we shall see." Colleen hugged her grandmother.

The old lady said quickly, "I brought yere mither up well—to fear God and the Saints. *What does she say?*"

"She's on our side, Grandmother," answered Colleen.

That night the unprotected father fell into a trap set by an old lady, her daughter, and a young girl who knew exactly what they wanted.

As the second course of the dinner was served, Grandmother said happily, "What lovely news I hear about our Colleen being a movie star. Indade, the Lord is good to thim that kape His commandments."

The efficiency engineer looked won-

deringly at his wife and daughter.

They looked intently at the grandmother, who resumed, "Indade—I wish I was a girl—how lucky young folks are nowadays—the good St. Bridget is watching over thim."

Mr. Morrison frowned, while his wife entered the battle.

"Yes, indeed, Grandmother—Kathleen is overjoyed. She will never be happy until she goes to California." Then slowly, "However,—I'm afraid—*Father objects.*"

The three determined women looked with pity at the helpless man.

"What's that?" asked Grandmother, bewildered. "Surely not her own father—with all he knows of the big world."

"That's it—" returned the father, his foot ready for the trap. "I object because *I know the world.* Kathleen will be better off to remain at home and marry happily in due time."

"All time is due when you git married." Grandmother said the words out as if they began a funeral sermon.

The two women and girl still looked at Mr. Morrison.

Grandmother talked again. "It's a mortal sin you're committin'—you who're the only man in the world good enough to marry me own daughter—Colleen would be a big movie star under such a man as Mr. Griffith. Sure,

he mist be Irish." Then Grandmother added, "I want to go to California—I can look out for Colleen."

Late that night another man surrendered, on two conditions. If Colleen was not successful within two years she was to return and take up another career. The second was that the grandmother should be Colleen's chaperone at all times.

The grandmother, agreeing to the terms, said to her daughter and Colleen, "Indade, ye can't whip an Irishman all at once."

In two weeks Colleen Moore, accompanied by her seventy-eight year old grandmother, reported for work at the Fine Arts Studio.

At the end of the six months trial stipulated by Mr. Griffith, there was a great deal of anxiety in the hearts of Colleen and her grandmother. During all that time the girl had played small comedy rôles, and did not know whether or not Mr. Griffith had even noticed her.

They opened a letter from him with trembling fingers.

She was retained, and given a raise from five dollars a day to fifty dollars a week.

Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Morrison received the glad news by wire.

(Please turn to page 74)

Colleen Moore

(Continued from page 73)

In sunshine or rain, on location or on the set, early morning or late at night, Colleen's grandmother was with her.

If buttons or braids were to be matched or costumes selected, they were attended to by Grandmother Kelly.

The future looked bright for Grandmother and the girl at the end of the first year and a half in Hollywood. Colleen had played one leading rôle, which resulted in her being chosen to play the lead opposite Robert Harron.

Her salary had been raised to one hundred dollars a week.

Suddenly all the employes of the Fine Arts Studios were given a blue note. The company was to close its doors for lack of money.

Colleen was told in the note that the company regretted parting with one who had such genuine artistic ability as herself.

She showed the note to her waiting grandmother.

"How smart they are," exclaimed the old lady. "Indade, ye can't fool thim. They said ye had genuine artistic ability. Bless their sweet shrewd souls."

"But, Grandmother," said Colleen, "all the other girls got notes. They all read alike."

Sadly her grandmother looked at Colleen.

"Surely it would not be ye to fool yere grandmother. They meant what they wrote ye. They were only taysin' the other poor girls—God forgive thim."

Five months of dreary weather passed. Colleen made the rounds of all the studios. The money which she had earned in Hollywood disappeared. The grandmother dug into her small inheritance. It too was rapidly vanishing. The pride of the Irish kept them from writing home that all was not well.

One heart-hungry day, Colleen returned from her futile quest and said to her grandmother with deep emotion, "Grandmother, I'm not beautiful—nearly all the girls who were laid off at Fine Arts with me are working. I must be the Ugly Duckling."

The grandmother rose in wrath.

"For shame, Colleen. There was niver an ugly ducklin' without a silver feather. Yours'll be shinin' whin all the rest are dull."

She modified her speech. "Of course, I'm not one to be praisin' one of me own, but I'm nayther blind nor dumb." She held up an ancient prophetic finger. "Wait and see."

When another month passed, Colleen, with slight confusion said, "Grandmother, our two years are up. What shall we do? We can't admit failure."

The grandmother took the girl in her arms. "Me dear child, we not only can't admit failure, we don't ayven know how to spell it." She smiled, "Doesn't the Bible say, 'Blessed are thim that don't lie, but kape quiet in the cause of truth.' That's what we shall do." She paused. "Besides, two years isn't long enough. It took six days to make the world."

Another month passed and then Colleen was engaged to play in "A Hoosier Romance" and "Little Orphan Annie."

Her work was of such excellence

that she was engaged to play with Charles Ray in "The Egg-Crate Wallop."

To sustain the high mood of comedy which these pictures demanded was quite a strain on so young a girl.

She was still to learn that nothing was certain in the most uncertain business in the world.

In the midst of the new happiness of success came another alarming predicament. Her comedy work in such films as "A Hoosier Romance" had stamped her as a hoyden. The future emotional



My, won't this make William Powell's face red? Just out of High School, collar, curls and everything . . . An old picture of the star that a fan friend sent us just to show us what a difference a little stardom makes.

actress of "So Big" found it difficult to obtain consideration for more serious rôles.

By a superhuman effort she managed to get a leading rôle with John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eaters." Her fine performance was wasted as the picture was a dismal failure.

Rupert Hughes, remembering her earlier work, gave her leading rôles in "The Wall Flower," "Look Your Best," and "Come On Over."

Even after sterling performances in all three films, Colleen was unable to find further work for twenty-two weeks.

She then met John McCormick.

Though she had unquestioned ability, it was his faith that made her a world famous film actress.

After nearly a year he persuaded First National to give her the lead in "Flaming Youth." When released Colleen Moore became internationally famous and established the flapper vogue.

She then followed with "Painted People" and "The Perfect Flapper," and when John McCormick sensed that the vogue for flapper pictures was passing, he took the most daring chance with the future of the

girl whom he had married.

The producers were again decided that she was a "type." He made the same hard fight over again to have her cast as a woman of sixty in "So Big."

Miss Moore studied the mannerisms of her grandmother in this picture. That lady, at eighty-three, went to see the film. Hurrying home, she exclaimed to her granddaughter, "For shame—to put yere old grandmither up there for the payple to stare." And she laughed through tears.

Once in a film the villain attacked her granddaughter. Forgetful of where she was, Grandmother stood up in the theatre and shouted, "Stop it, stop it, hands off, ye son of Satan!"

All in the audience looked at her. The film rolled on, remorselessly.

"I could have died for very shame," the gray lady said.

When Colleen appeared in "Irene," she wore many gorgeous gowns. Grandmother watched her work, seated next to the designer.

By way of conversation, the designer said to the grandmother, nodding toward Colleen, "Isn't she beautiful?"

Grandmother's mind was moral that day. "Indade—but what's beauty? She's a good girl—and may the Saints protect her."

When Colleen signed a contract with First National at \$10,000 per week, Grandmother appeared indifferent.

"Indade, and ye're worth twenty." Then as if the amount staggered her—"Oh the ayvil heart o' me."

Time and styles often mean nothing to Grandmother.

Recently in a test Colleen wore a "Merry Widow" hat of twenty-five years ago. As large around as a barrel, it was red and blue, with yellow flowers.

"How bee-utiful," exclaimed Grandmother. "Niver let thim take it back. Buy it yerself."

When her marital break-up came with John McCormick, Miss Moore was adrift for many months.

Her million dollars could restore no stone to her house of dreams. It looked as though her cinema sun was in a lasting eclipse.

After two years she began to fight back by appearing in a stage play. It soon failed and left her in physical collapse.

It had been three years since she appeared on the screen for the last time. Then something happened.

A long time before she had promised a Hollywood stage producer that she would appear in "A Church Mouse" should he ever bring it West.

The play opened in Hollywood with the half forgotten girl as the lead.

She made one of the biggest hits in years. Within twenty-four hours she had offers from five film studios.

She accepted a "long-term contract" with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

On the way home she turned to the gray-haired lady with her and said,

"What a marvelous come-back, Grandmother."

"Come-back!—Where have ye been? Ye must be away before ye kin come back! You've niver been gone!"

The limousine rolled on, while the two conquerors of Hollywood and an efficiency engineer, gazed straight ahead with smiling eyes.

Invest in Yourself

"Listen to me, Bill. No money investment you can make is so important to you as an investment in yourself."



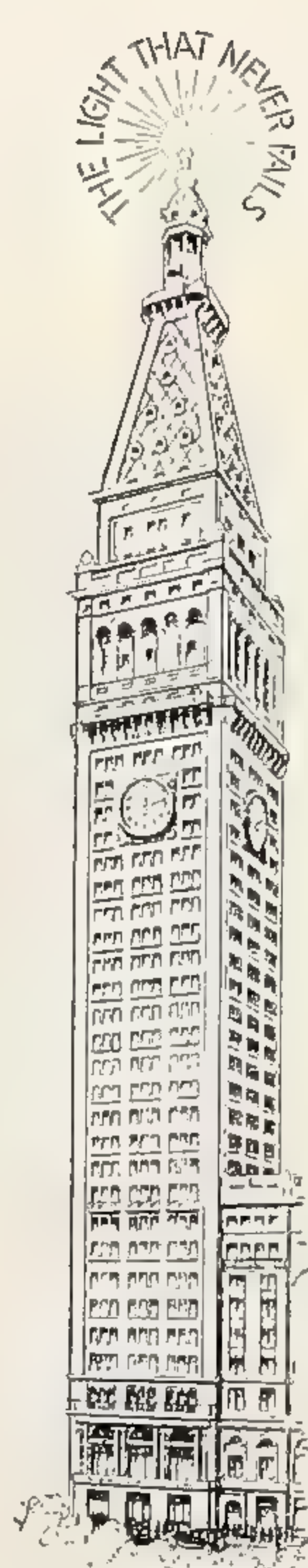
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

YOU can make a wise investment in 1933—whether or not you have money to invest. It is one which should bring rich returns, added health and comfort and, more than likely, extra dollars.

Invest in yourself.

A complete physical examination—a thorough health audit—costs but little in time and money. An investment in yourself should be the foremost investment you make in 1933.

If you are mentally and physically fit, you will be ready to take advantage of your opportunities in 1933 and the years to follow. If you are sick or run-down, you will find it very difficult to think clearly and to decide wisely. If your doctor should find something wrong which can be corrected, you can profit by the timely warning.



If, however, he reports you to be in good physical condition, you will be glad to know it. It will be a tonic to your spirits and give you added confidence in yourself. You will tackle your problems with keener interest and greater capacity.

After you have done everything you can do to become fit—keep fit so that your dividends from health will be uninterrupted. Send for the Metropolitan booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life" which tells simply and clearly the fundamental rules of intelligent living habits.

It discusses such subjects as Sleep, Fresh Air, Rest, Sunlight, Exercise, Posture, Cleanliness, Water, Food, Comfortable Clothing, Work, Play and Good Mental Habits. Your copy of Booklet 133-B, will be mailed free on request.

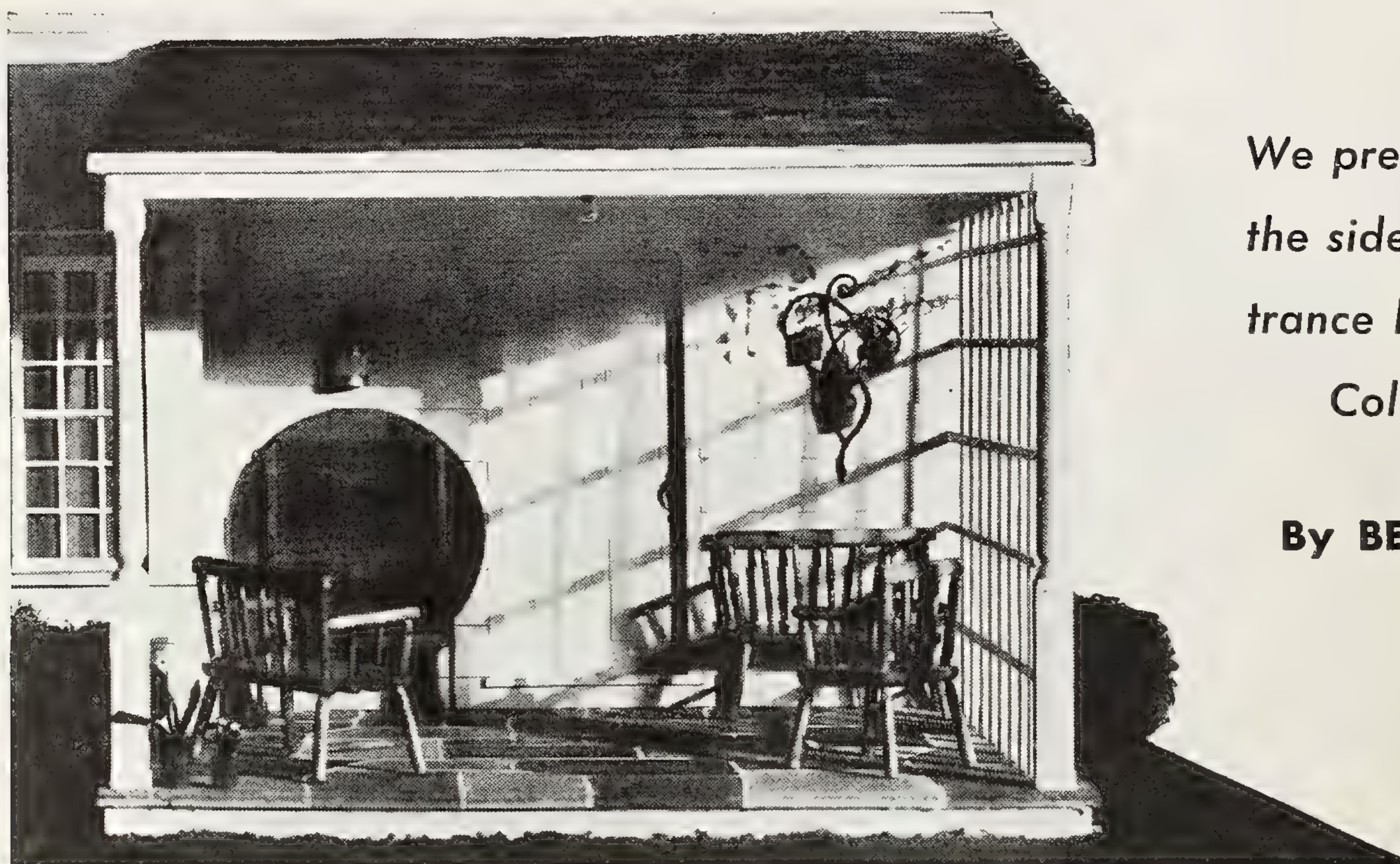
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The ENTRANCE is Important



*We present in miniature
the side porch and en-
trance hall of our little
Colonial house*

By BETTY LENAHAN

BECAUSE of the tremendous interest shown in the development of our little Colonial house, we are reproducing it in miniature for our readers room by room. Last month we presented the living room of the house, completely furnished and decorated in the authentic Colonial manner. This month we present the entrance hall and side porch of the house, which we have furnished and decorated as simply and as attractively as possible.

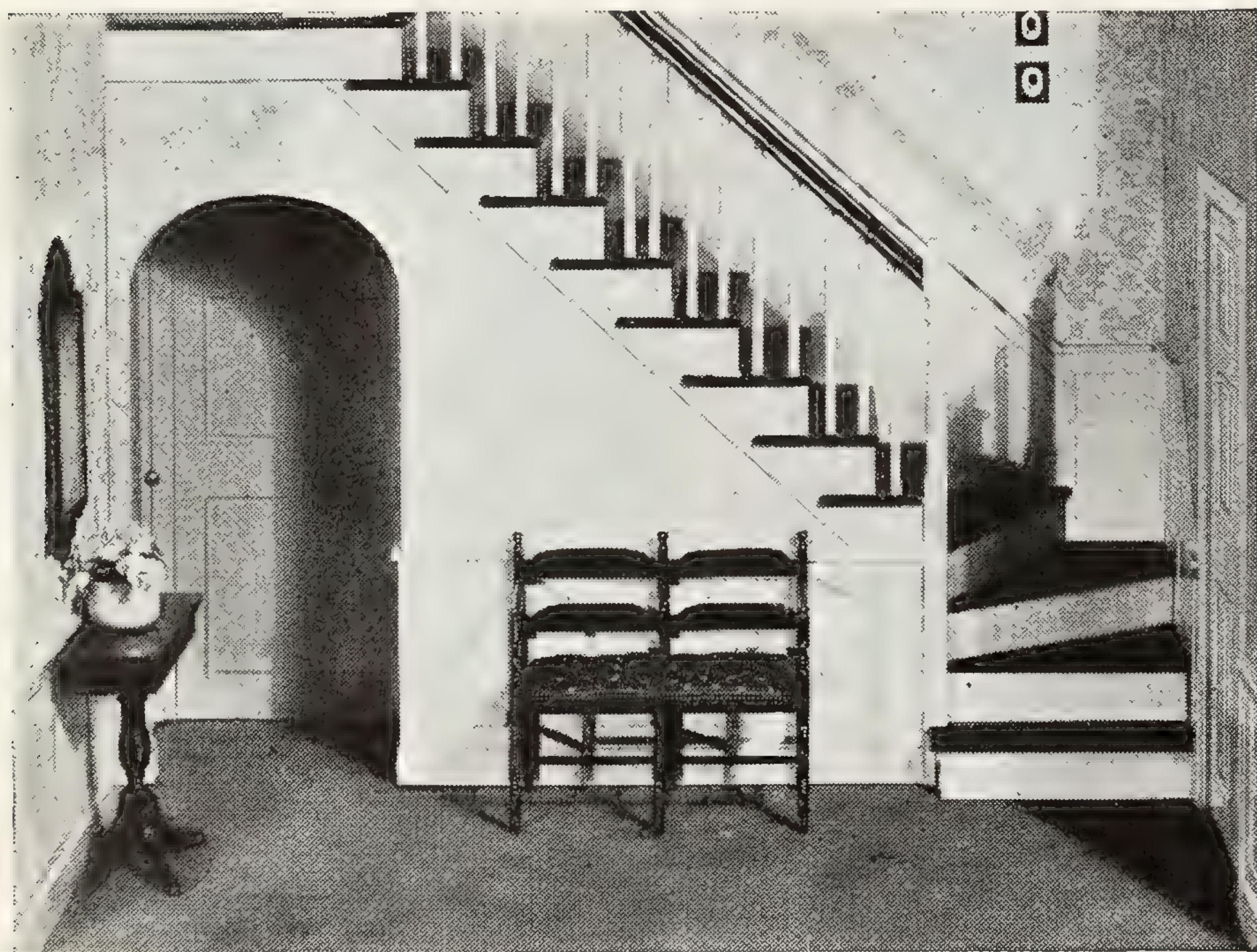
THE entrance to a house is ever an important feature. The charm and good taste of the entrance invariably suggest the charm and good taste of the entire house.

Though the entrance hall of our little Colonial house is small, we have given careful thought to its decoration

and furnishing. The walls to the dado are of paneled wood, painted a mellow antique ivory. Above the dado the walls are papered. The background of the paper is ivory, with a scenic design in shaded green. The staircase is very simple, painted ivory with the treads and hand-rail stained mahogany. The paneled ivory doors are typically Colonial. The floor is completely covered with broadloom carpeting in a lovely shade of blue-green.

The furniture is in keeping with the background and each piece was carefully selected because of its simplicity and usefulness. The quaint little mahogany settee under the staircase is particularly interesting, the severity of its lines is offset by the padded cushion on it of a bright glazed chintz with a small floral design on a blue-green background. (*Please turn to page 81*)

(Below)—Reproductions of a Duncan Phyfe console and a small Colonial settee are interesting notes.



Hitchcock chairs with rush seats are placed on either side of the entrance to the living room.

**Models by
HERMAN C. KNEBEL**

Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago*. Her skin lovely now as then —How does she care for it?



CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.



CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."

Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,
the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of
two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just
how she keeps her youthful freshness.

"I HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.

As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin *clean* . . . And *protecting* it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective*.

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . .
Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.



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127 Hudson Street New York City
Please send me (check choice):
Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythmied for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

a health warning

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OF PUBLIC SAFETY

Winter ills attack more easily those systems which are weakened by intestinal poisons.

Keep your system clean! If Nature needs help—take a good laxative. But avoid the wrong kind! Violent laxatives do more harm than good.

Ex-Lax is the right kind of laxative. It is mild, gentle, effective; doesn't gripe; isn't habit-forming.

The only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a scientific laxative agent widely prescribed by physicians—combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

Not every laxative that ends in "Lax" is Ex-Lax. There is only one Genuine Ex-Lax—the world's largest-selling laxative. Beware of imitations!

At all drug stores in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or send for free sample. Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B-13, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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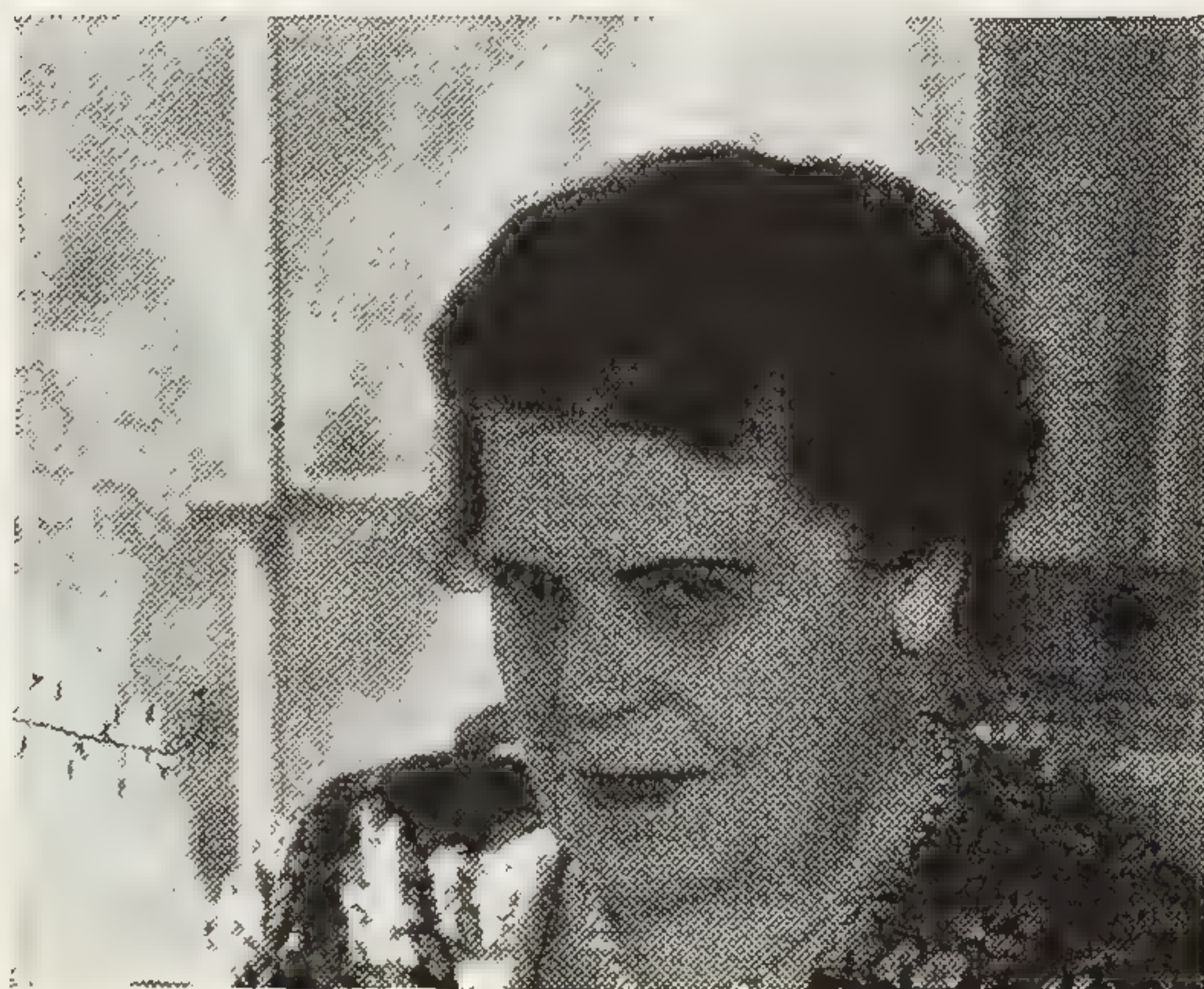
Marie Scores Again

San Francisco, California

We are fed up on giggling ingenues with simpering smiles, affected manners; flappers with ultra-modern ideas, daring escapades; tomboys, with boyish bobs, hoydenish ways; sophisticates with sleek hair, sinuous forms; tragediennes with mournful eyes, mournful dress, mournful voices; country maidens trying to remain good in big wicked cities; we've had our fill of gushing Gerties, hipless, flat-chested females!

We thank heaven, for a woman with a real waistline, plenty of curves, and a sense of humor—Marie Dressler, with her clever repartee, mirth-provoking antics, and genuine acting!

Bernice C. Bowne,
890 Geary Street, Apt. 31.



Dot—Dash

South Bend, Indiana

Being a commercial wireless operator, there is one thing that I have noticed in a number of pictures where a wireless operator is required for a scene, and that is, the radio operator will send some code signals that don't make sense, or rather, he will not use the proper procedure in calling other stations; and sometimes the code that is transmitted really isn't anything that one could understand.

To those who are not interested in this side of radio, and don't understand the code, the scene would appear to be all right and very real, but to the experienced radio operator—well he knows at once that the proper method is not being used where ship-to-shore traffic is concerned.

It seems to me that a wireless scene should be reproduced exactly as it is done on ships, and in this way the scenes would be alive with reality.

Francis Bock,
857 S. Marietta St.

Remember the Quota

London, E. H., England

Have you no plain girls in America? You have plenty of ugly men, but all the girls seem to be visions with faces like tooth-paste advertisements and forms like Venus.

We have plenty of girls in England who are not so good-looking. You might

import a few and give them a break. You know it's so unconvincing to find the part of a lonesome little girl, without a boy friend in the world, played by one of your beautiful blondes.

Edward J. Jarvis,
360 Hale End Road, Chingford.



Her Star

Tacoma, Washington

All hail to Fredric March! He's clean-cut and intelligent-looking, and puts over his portrayals with a superb naturalness, grace and ease.

His voice has a fine quality, and his face is illuminated by an expression of charming, refined intellectuality. His greatest asset lies in the fact that he is never conscious of his attractiveness.

You can have all your glamorous, urbane-mannered heroes and mysterious backgrounds, but I'll choose an unaffected, typical American boy for my prime star any time!

Mary Schubert,
4515 North Orchard.

Shearer Fan

Waterbury, Conn.

We certainly owe congratulations to that one famous actress, Norma Shearer.

She was as sweet as a June morning and as thrilling as your first kiss, in "Smilin' Through."

She has beauty, charm and talent.

Miss Shearer certainly heads the actresses for me.

Miss R. Eggleton,
Buck's Hill.



THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THEY'RE *Real* HOME FOLKS and HOW They LOVE to COOK



Mary Brian admits
that California oranges
were the inspiration for
her "Orange Circles"



Warner Baxter has
some pretty hot ideas
on Chili con Carne

SOMETIMES when you see the screen stars in those exciting, glamorous movies that you love so well, you forget that they have home rôles too. Hollywood Cook Book shows that side of your favorite stars . . . as home folk who like to cook and know a lot about good food. In this one gay little book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars", you'll find intimate, homey pictures and grand dishes that you'll want to try.

*Favorite Recipes of the
Movie Stars is only ten
cents postpaid and fifteen
cents in Canada.*

TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated

55 Fifth Avenue, New York City



A peppy supper item
is radish sandwich
a la June Clyde

"PERFECT SOAP FOR WOOLS"

Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 52)

started a series which will feature Phil Harris, orchestra leader and crooner of the famous Hollywood Cocoanut Grove, where most of the stars play. This is the place where Bing Crosby made a hit and Duke Ellington played.

AND now for some of the most popular new records of the month.

"I Found a Brand New Sweetheart" is played for us by Elliot Everett and his orchestra. I think we have heard this before under another name but the boys play it very nicely. There is some good vocal work by James Harkins and George Stone.

The other side is "Moon," James Harkins singing the vocal.

"WAS I?" is the next one. You know: "Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome?" This is played by Elliot Everett and his orchestra. This isn't so bad if you like it but I doubt if you do. The other side is by Elliot also, "Little Nell." Not so good either. (This is a Victor record.)

GEORGE OLSEN and his orchestra are with us again with "Say It Isn't So" Irving Berlin's new hit tune. This is a very beautiful number and the boys play it very smoothly. However I can't get excited over Olsen as most of his work is too dragging and lacking in flash. Paul Small sings the vocal. "Love Me Tonight" is on the other side, also by George Olsen. This is about on a par with the first tune. (This is a Victor Record.)

ALL the admirers of Isham Jones will welcome the news that you may now hear this popular leader and his orchestra on Victor records. I think that this is Jones' first record for Victor since he made his sensational comeback. "Everyone Says I Love You" is the tune he plays from the Marx Brothers picture "Horsefeathers." A nice easy-running number and the orchestra's work is all that could be asked for. The other side is also by Isham Jones and his orchestra, "Always in My Heart," as good as the first. (This is a Victor record.)

"HOT and Anxious" is the next played for us by Don Redman and his famous orchestra, a real dance tune played in just the right bounce tempo with plenty of swing. I think Redman has one of the best outfits today and I always enjoy his records. There is a little vocal in it by Don himself. The other side is called "If It's True," more on the order of a sweet tune offering an agreeable contrast. (This is a Brunswick record.)

To obtain circulars described on page 67, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

INSTANT PURE SUDS WITHOUT USING DANGEROUS HOT WATER

One of the worst things you can do to lovely woolen fabrics is to get them by mistake into *too hot* suds. IVORY SNOW is perfect for washing wools. *It dissolves instantly in LUKEWARM WATER!*

Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as snow. As quick-dissolving as snow!—yet each tiny particle is chock full of rich suds that take up the dirt without the harsh rubbing that stiffens wools.

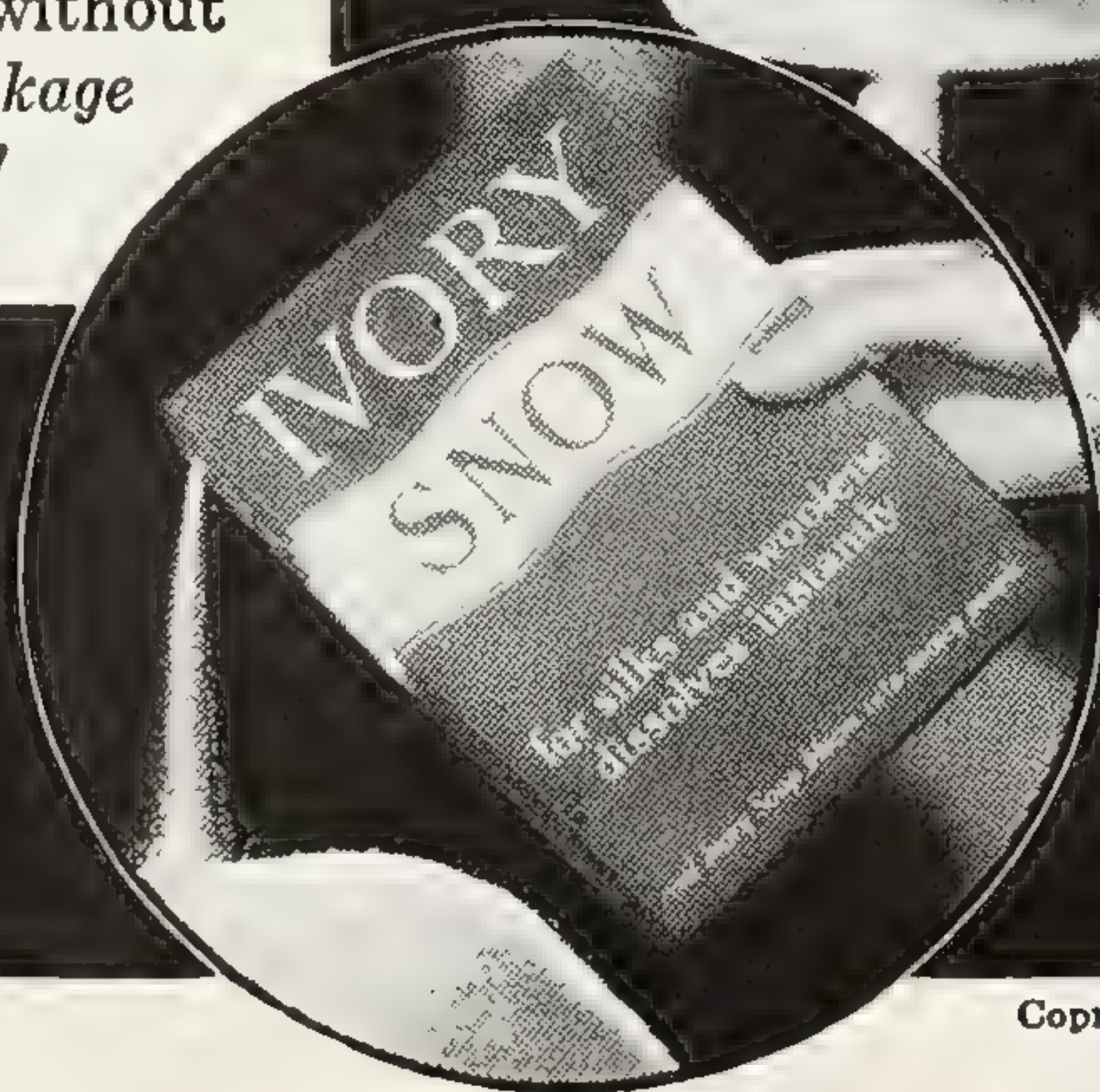
Melts completely . . . no soap spots!

Ivory Snow has no flat particles which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. Your sweater, baby's little woolen shirts, blankets—all come out of lukewarm Ivory Snow suds as evenly fluffy as when they were new.

Pure enough for a baby's skin

Ivory Snow is the same pure Ivory Soap doctors advise for bathing little babies. It is safe for the tenderest skin—extra safe for your finest silks, for woolens, rayons, delicate colors, nice cottons and linens. You'll like the beautiful suds it makes for dishwashing, too, and the fact that you can use this nice soap to protect your hands without being extravagant. *A big package of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!*

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ %
PURE



Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

The Entrance is Important

(Continued from page 68)

At the far end of the hall is a Duncan Phyfe console table also in mahogany with a white pottery bowl filled with garden flowers on it. Above the table is a mahogany Chippendale mirror. On either side of the door leading to the living room are Hitchcock chairs in mahogany with rush seats.

The side porch of the little Colonial house can be entirely enclosed with glass or can be used as an open porch. Because it is built close to the ground and is almost level with the terrace we decided to have an open porch. At one end which faces the front we built a trellis to insure more privacy. The porch like the rest of the house is painted white with a dark green shingled roof supported by two simple Colonial pilasters. The door leading into the large living room is typical in design and is equipped with simple wrought-iron hardware. The floor is made of green and rust and grey flagstones irregularly laid.

We selected simple sturdy furniture, almost rustic in appearance, that the weather will not affect, a pair of small pine benches with arms and back rests, a pine armchair to match and a bench that can be easily converted into a table.

There are two lighting fixtures, the center light which is a simple globe and the wall light which is a copy of a lovely old ship's lantern in antiqued brass. The hanging fernery on one side of the door, with its bright pots containing trailing ivy, adds a delightful spot of color.

If you are interested in watching the development of our little Colonial house you will be glad to know that the decorating and furnishing of the dining room will appear in miniature in the next issue of this magazine.

DINNER BEGINS

Plans for dinner usually begin with the choice of the meat, and dinner with meat is usually easier to plan and more acceptable than dinner without.

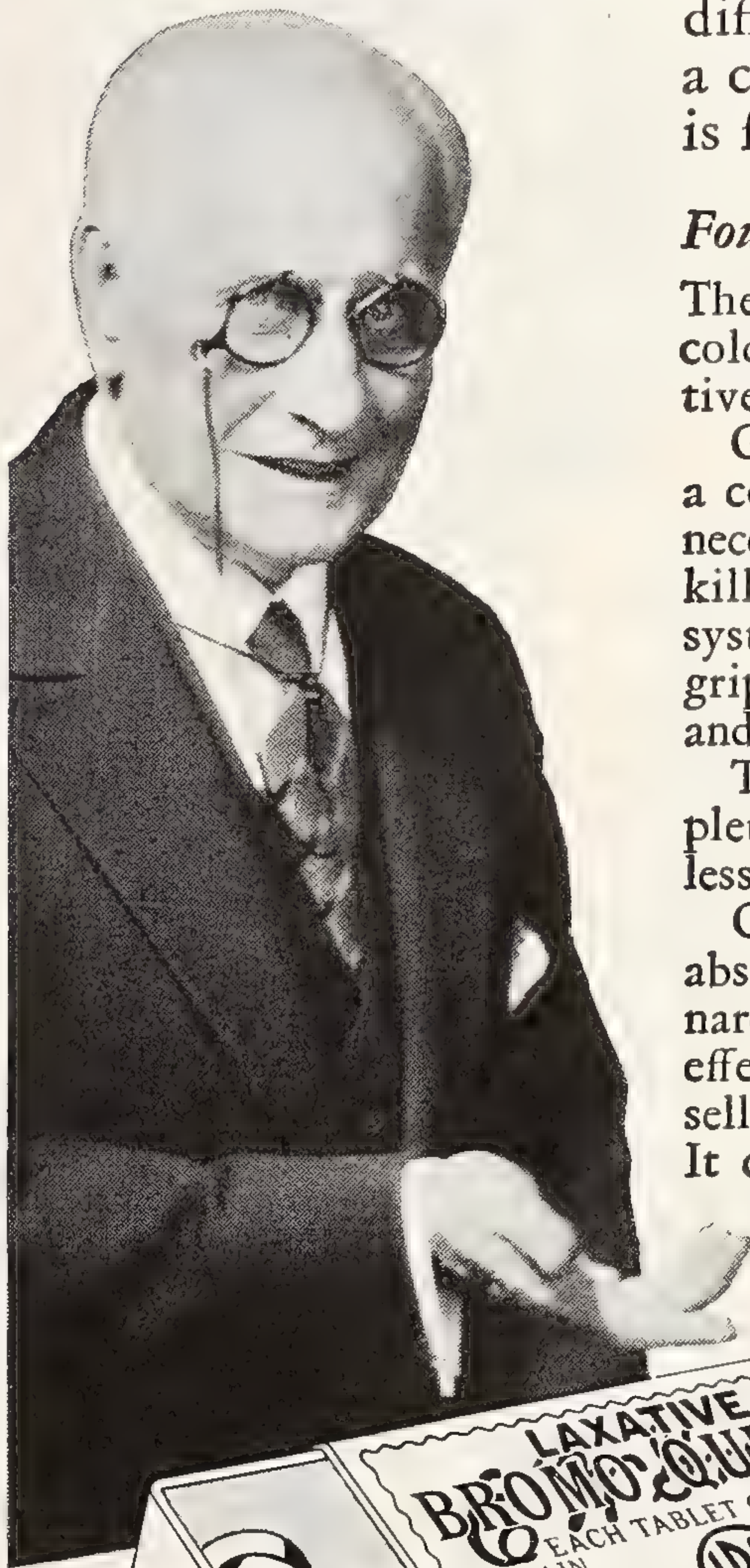
Our circular, MEAT AT ANY PRICE, will help you to choose your meats, and gives numerous recipes that will help you to make use of less expensive cuts and to cook the more expensive ones in the right way.

Just send your request to Rita Calhoun, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A COLD Passes Thru 3 Stages

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.



Fourfold Effect for Immediate Relief

The wise thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is absolutely safe to take. It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It comes in a handy, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get a box today and keep it handy as the "stitch in time."

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress
(or any other dark-colored
article) and are pining for a
lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely
and speedily take out all trace
of color (including black) from
any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be
redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints
and Dyes in any new shade to suit
yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

The MAKE-UP BOX

WITH so many new and exciting
beauty angles to chase down we're
kept busy going from cosmetic counter
to cosmetic counter and don't we love
it! For instance we



Two new creams brought
out by the maker of a
favorite hand cream.

we were all of a flutter
over two new creams
brought out by the
maker of a hand
cream we had always
liked. One is a lemon
cream, good particu-
larly for those yel-
lowed elbows, and
hands that have a
work-worn look, wheth-
er or not they are. Of
course you'll want
to try it on
your face
and neck as
well. It's an
attractive
bright lem-
on yellow
and it has
the pun-
gent aroma
of the fruit.
The other
cream is a
new lique-
fying cleanser identified by a silver
sprinkled wrapper. Both come in vary-
ing sizes from little jars that will fit
in your purse to large dressing table
containers.

WE'RE getting hair-minded, and
we don't mind admitting that it's
the new hats that have done it with
their large exposure of hair area. If
you're wise you'll get
yourself a new coiffure
first before you choose
your hat. And finding
how important its re-
sults are you'll proba-
bly be interested in
the new lotion
which acts as a
perfumer
and beauti-
fier as well
to your
coiffure. This
lotion is planned
to be used
after the
shampoo,
before be-
ginning the
wave. It
adds sup-
pleness and sheen—a finish to make the
coiffure softer and keep longer in addi-
tion to the fragrance it imparts. It
may be had in any one of twelve odors.
Each flacon contains just enough loti-
on for one satisfactory application.



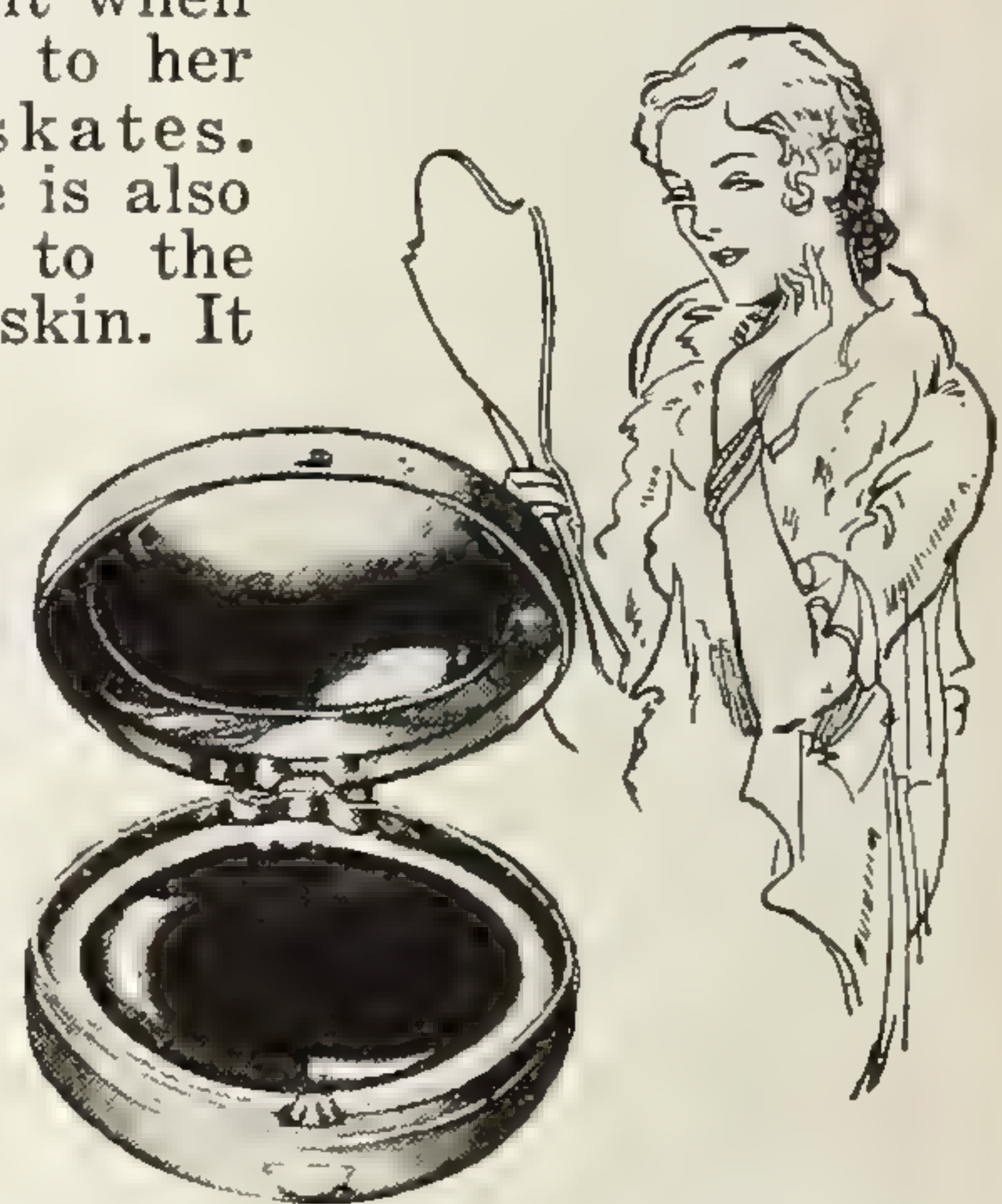
A new hair lo-
tion that is
both perfume
and beautifier for the
new coiffure.

NOW—a tiny lipstick, bullet-shaped
in an appropriate gunmetal case
comes to our desk. It's a smaller edition
of the stick you've used and liked be-
fore and is small enough to fit into your
coin purse. Another argument in its
favor is that you can apply it without
attracting attention. It's available now
in a new shade—theatrical—for pro-

fessional or night make-up. The full
size stick can also be obtained in a
handsome gold and black enamel case
which is refillable.

EXPERIMENTING with eye-shadow
is always fascinating and now
there's a new tone to add to your col-
lection. We've had green and blue,
brown and black and lavender—now
there's purple. A purple without a red
look to it, planned for both blondes and
brunettes who are seeking the unusual
in eyeshadow. It's particularly good
for heavy eyelids that do not take
kindly to other shades of shadow and
has a most subtle, glamorous effect.

THE same house is bringing out a
new tan-toned powder created for
the woman whose skin still shows
traces of summer tan—and for those
who like to keep that healthy outdoor
look all Winter. We recommend it for
winter sports along with a glowing
rouge for the girl who doesn't want to
look like a hot-
house plant when
she takes to her
skis or skates.
The shade is also
flattering to the
very dark skin. It



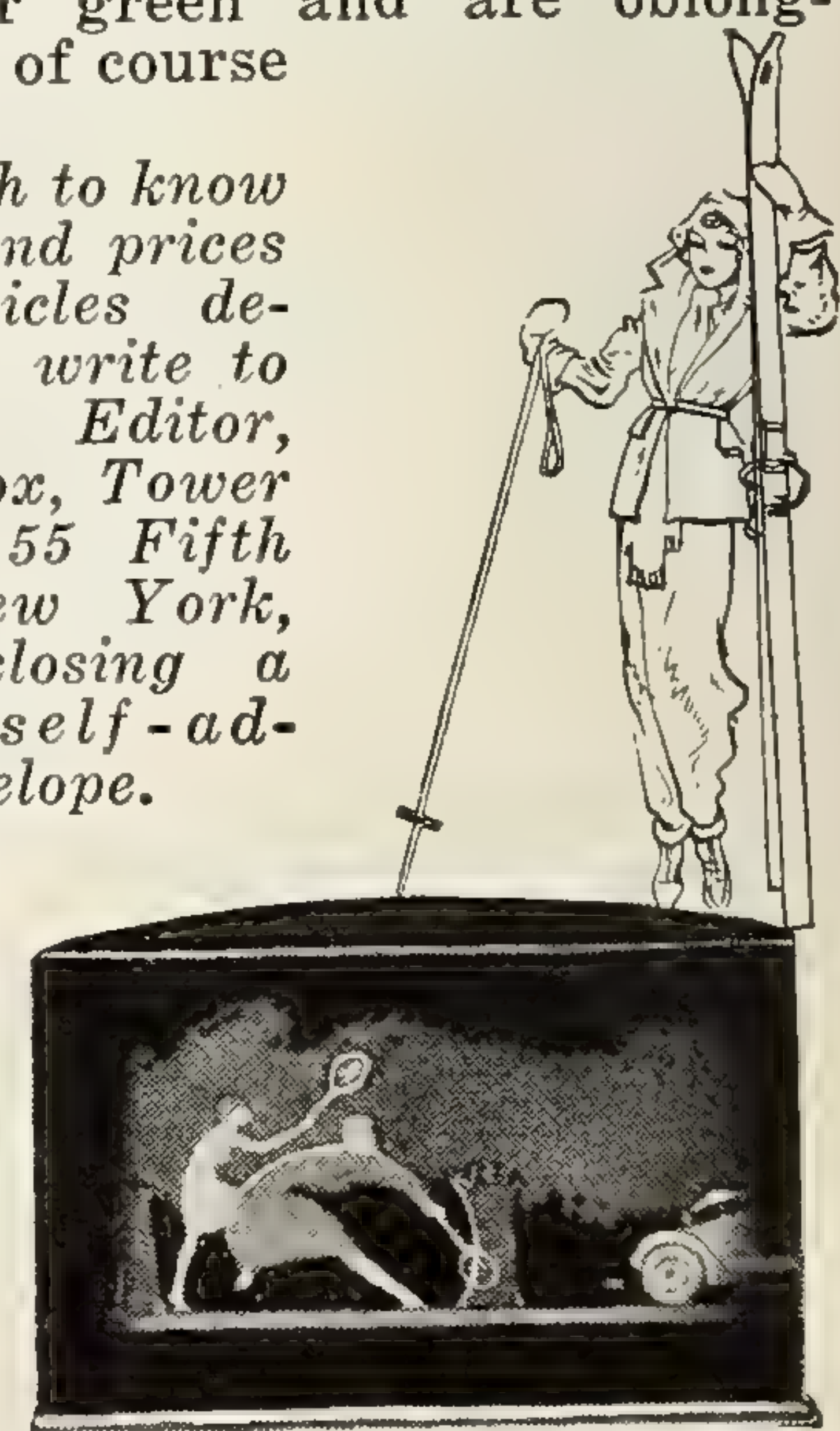
Eye shad-
ow now
comes in
an unusual
purple
tone.

has the distinct advantage of not turn-
ing streaky, after it has been on a
while.

If you're shopping for last minute
gifts or looking for a good way to
spend some of that money Uncle Frank
gave you for Christmas, hurry down
to take a look at the new quadruple
compacts. A comb—boon to the pres-
ent precise hairdresses if they are to
be kept precise—is included right in the
case along with powder, rouge and lip-
stick. The cases are done in enamel
in the color of your choice—yellow,
blue, red or green and are oblong-
shaped—and of course
up to date.

If you wish to know
the names and prices
of the articles de-
scribed here write to
the Beauty Editor,
Make-Up Box, Tower
Magazines, 55 Fifth
Avenue, New York,
N. Y., enclosing a
stamped self-ad-
dressed envelope.

A new win-
ter tan-
toned pow-
der for
sports or
darkened
skins.



The 5 Most Dangerous Women in Hollywood

(Continued from page 37)

danger in music. How many young bachelors who thought themselves impervious to love have discovered it to the sound of soft melodies! There's melody in Marlene's voice, dance magic in her every step. She is the enchantress who beckons while she repulses.

ELISSA LANDI has this same trait. She has a strange power over wild animals—and over men. I have seen her tame a horse that even the cowboys considered an outlaw unfit to be bridled. I have seen her captivate a man completely in less than five minutes. She does it with a queer ducking of her head as she peers at him with her startling green eyes. But this isn't all. There's something mesmeric about the way she does it. Something very pleasant and exciting and quite indefinable. She, too, is not easily understood. She, too, comes under the Garbo type.

AND now we arrive at the second classification—the one that Joan Crawford heads. Six years ago Joan was about as dangerous as a pretty, bouncing doll. Today she is dynamite. She spells Fascination in capital letters a mile wide. A superb woman-of-the-world. Dashing, smart and awfully knowing. And how did she get that way? By studying the fine art of love, my dears, until she has it at her finger-tips. When she throws back her head and laughs up at a man he might as well surrender right then and there. It saves time. You never really know whether it's her eyes or those startlingly red lips that flash the danger signal—that haunt a man.

She is just the opposite of those who come in the Garbo category. Instead of that feeling of suppression about her there's something spirited and vigorous. The contrast was decidedly marked in "Grand Hotel." One couldn't help but notice. She has become a vivid and colorful woman. Clark Gable says that she is the most intensely, magnificently alive person he has ever met. She inspires a man. And that, coming from him, puts a stamp of approval on Joan's type.

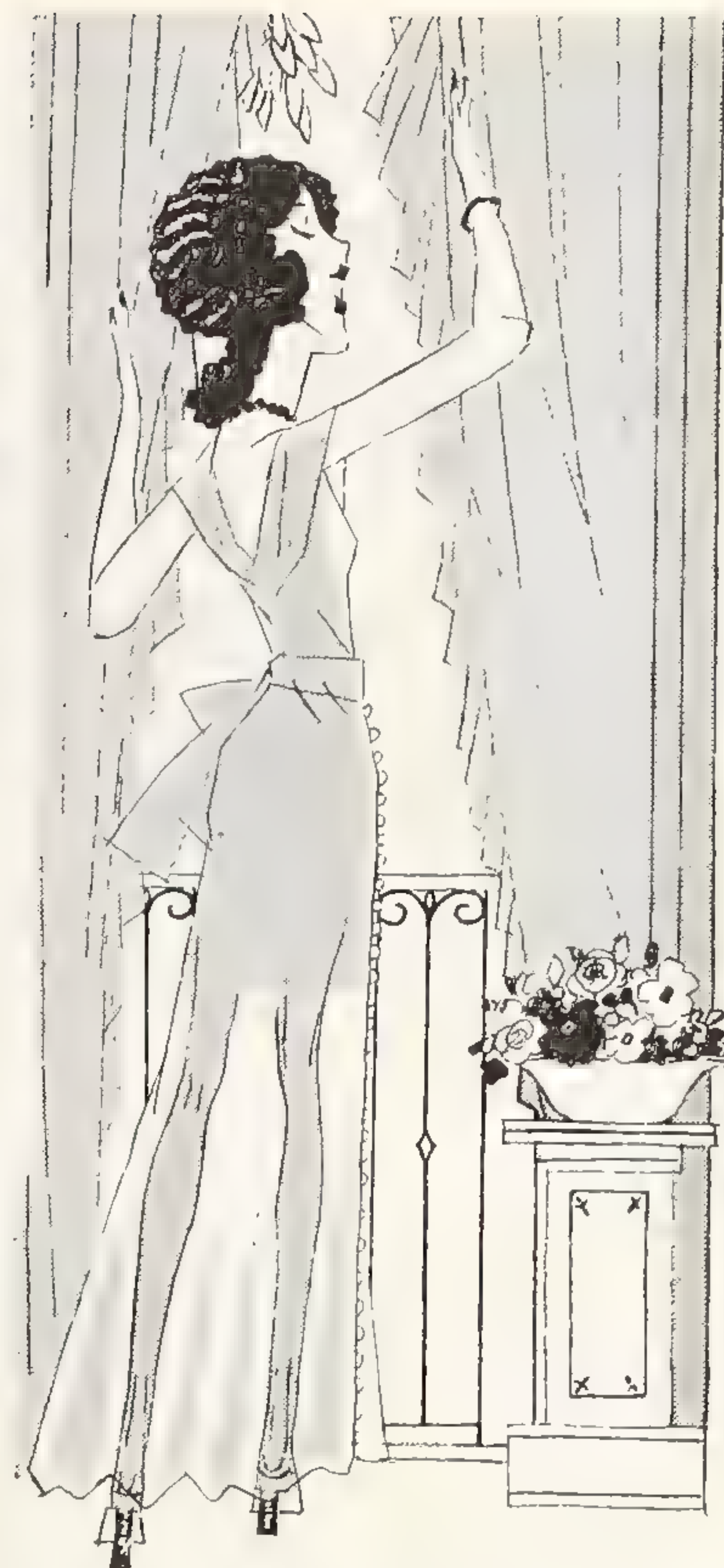
THE "Beware" sign for all masculine eyes to read was posted on Constance Bennett long before she was out of school. And naturally that's the reason they sought her so eagerly. A music teacher fell desperately in love with her before she was fourteen and at sixteen she had subdued a French cadet to the point where he strolled past her academy twice a day in hopes of getting a glimpse of her.

Constance is molded along the same lines as Joan. They have the same deep, throbbing note in their voices and the same tantalizing expression. Connie can be, oh, so dazzling, so ultra feminine. Cupid blows his whistle for the next round every time she raises her eyelids. Wide blue eyes she has that can storm in anger as easily as they can smile sweetly. She is the kind who takes the initiative in a love affair but she is wise enough to make the gentleman think that he is taking it.

(Continued on page 84)

Today—Color-Smartness and Economy Demand Tintex Tints and Dyes!

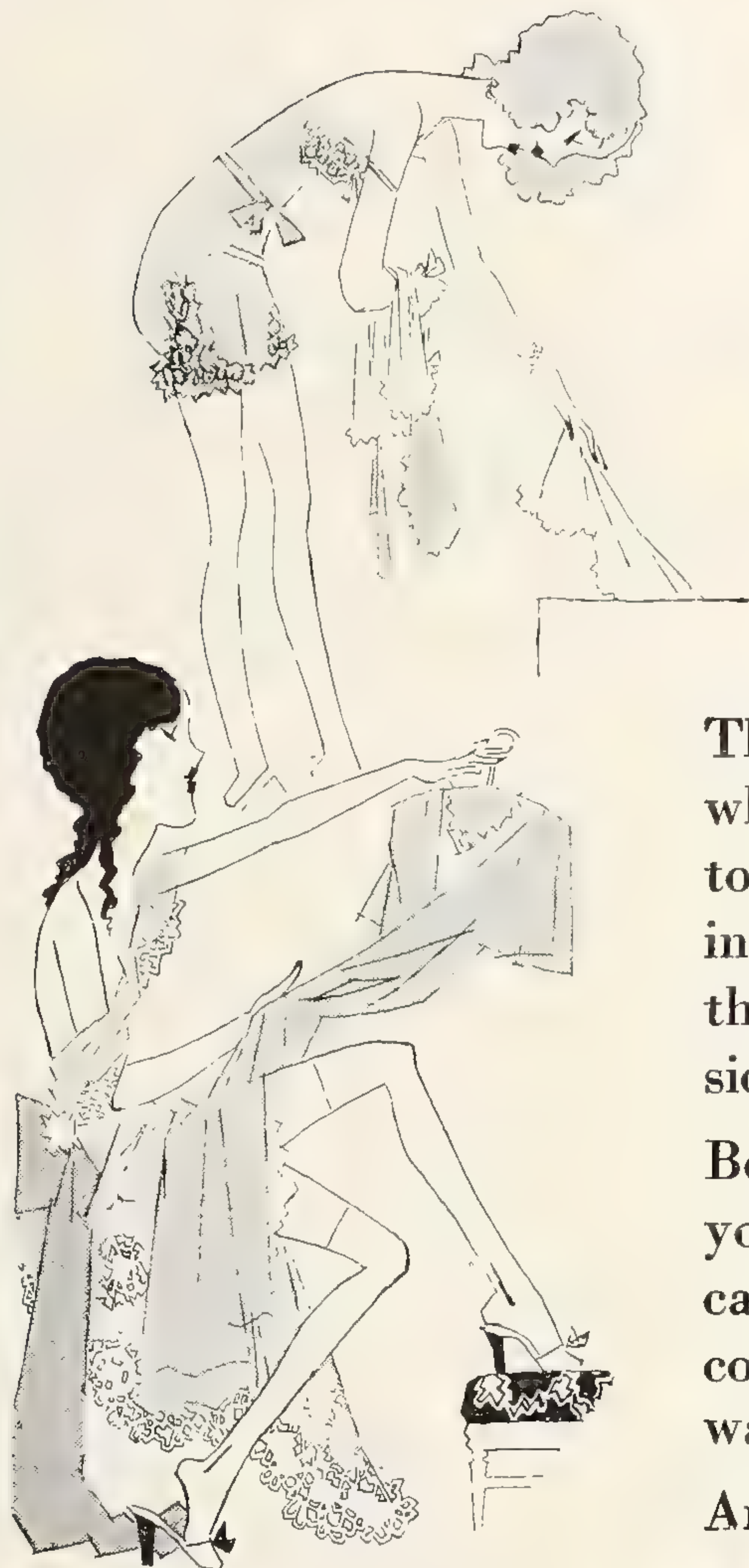
So easy to use—equals Professional Results on
Curtains • Dresses • Sweaters
Underwear • Table-Linen, etc.



"WHY spend dollars on professional dyeing when a few cents for Tintex will give exactly the same results!"

That's what millions of women say who know how amazingly simple it is to do successful home-tinting and dyeing with Tintex. They have discovered that it enables them to equal professional work—in everything but the cost! Begin to use Tintex today. Prove to yourself how quickly and perfectly you can restore original color—or give new color—to every faded article in your wardrobe or home decorations.

And save dollars!



John Reed h



35 Fashionable Colors

ON SALE AT DRUG STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Real **QUALITY**
requisites for complete
EYE MAKE-UP
now in 10¢ sizes



**Maybelline
EYE SHADOW**

An extra large quantity of rich, fragrant, smooth, creamy shadow contained in a modern gold finished vanity. Accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes. Colors: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



**Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL**

Here's the pencil you've always hoped for. Very smooth, and clean marking. Extremely easy to use. Full standard length. Made of the purest, imported ingredients and capped with a snug-fitting, gold finished protector. Black and Brown.

**Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER**
A pure, colorless, effective preparation which when applied nightly keeps lashes in soft, healthy condition and stimulates their growth. Generous supply in attractive, convenient tube.



**Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER**

The largest selling mascara in the world because it is tearproof, non-smarting, and easy to apply. Instantly makes lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant. Black and Brown.

These famous preparations now in 10c sizes mean simply that you can enjoy complete, satisfactory eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them. See how they'll make you more attractive to others. But—insist upon genuine Maybelline preparations—for quality—purity and value.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The 5 Most Dangerous Women in Hollywood

(Continued from page 83)

(That, girls, is technique!) If my memory serves me right it was she who arranged the meeting between herself and Gloria Swanson's marquis at a tea in Paris one fine summer day. And what did Constance do? None of the usual coquettish tricks, you may be sure. She simply led him into a lively discussion of music—of which she knew he was very fond—and let that rather defiant, cool air of hers do the rest. It intrigues a man to be defied, no matter how slightly, by a girl with Constance's piquant charm.

WITH Norma Shearer the sparks fly out in all directions. She, also, is a member of the Crawford class—scintillating and, as an electrician on her set put it, "a darned good scout." Gentlemen worship "good scouts," especially when they're glamorous as well. Norma has taught herself the trick of being a fifty-fifty woman—the kind men want to protect and to be protected from at the same time. That's why her marriage is so successful. There's an element of daring, of speculation about her. She's exciting. And even though she's scheduled to play a sweetly romantic rôle or two you can depend upon it we'll never lose sight of Norma, the siren, again.

PERHAPS you're astonished at anyone calling Janet Gaynor a "dangerous" type. Ah, but she is! There's nothing so deadly to peaceful bachelorhood as fragile, appealing femininity. And Janet is all of that. The limpid look in her eyes tugs at a man's heart-strings. Her small clinging fingers, the wistful curve of her lips, make him want to shield her with his life. Her very smallness and girlishness stir his chivalry so that he doesn't heed the thin ice he's skating on. One adorable, pleading pout and he crashes through and sinks down.

Of course the minute Janet steps out of her own special sphere she ceases to be a peril. As a tiny sophisticate she awakens no sympathetic interest and the spell is broken. She would be lost in the Crawford group. In her own way she can sway a heart of stone. Janet could win over the most hardened misogynist. So could Dorothy Jordan and Marian Nixon to name just a few who come under this third type.

LILI DAMITA tops the fourth division. For sheer vitality, joy of living and subtle romance there is none to equal her. The wise man puts on his guard the moment he sees the gorgeous Lili. He raises all his defenses for he feels instinctively that here, indeed, is an antagonist of note. Whether she casts tender glances at him in the moonlight or swims beside him in sun-swept waters it is all the same. She certainly captivates and sometimes quite involuntarily.

It was on the beach of the Lido that she encountered Prince Ferdinand. The prince, as you may remember, is the son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany. He set every royal circle in Europe agog over his ardent courtship of her. Lili proved dangerous to a dynasty.

William K. Vanderbilt also fell prey to the Damita smile. To say nothing of Sidney Smith, another millionaire playboy, to whom she was reported married. Now it's Gilbert Roland who has succumbed. And what is her charm, her singular charm, which proves so destructive to male hearts? *Challenge*, my dears. It's in her eyes that dare to play the game of love. That's the secret of the Damita power and of her danger. Just as it's the answer to Lupe Velez's particular brand of witchery.

With Lupe you might as well ring bells of warning the instant she enters a room. Ah, that Lupe! A twirl on her toes, a snap of her fingers under his nose and the most sedate of men drops on his knees before her. She pinches his cheek . . . caresses him . . . taunts him a little . . . and he loves it—and her.

FIREWORKS—flaming poppies—a flamboyant sunset—that's Clara Bow.

The danger that Clara presents is perfectly obvious. She's primitive, elemental. Far removed from the repressed Garbo, the sophisticated Crawford, the dainty Gaynor and the alluring Lili. She gets her man by direct, forceful methods. No hedging about or artful by-play. She'll have a whole bag of new tricks up her sleeve in "Call Her Savage," for this new Clara is twice as "it-ish" as the last time you saw her.

She is essentially a child of nature. Her moods vary so that she is a thousand persons in one . . . and men do like variety! She can be the demure maiden who looks languishingly at her lover, the gay little gamin without a care, a sulky small girl whose very petulance is attractive, and a stormy-eyed miss with rage that sears like a flame. Oh, Clara is right up in the front ranks of dangerous ladies, certainly. And Jean Harlow is not far behind her.

Jean with her moonbeams-on-water hair. She too, is primitive in her emotions. She has none of the reserve that civilization fosters. A white goddess of Africa she might have been. One can almost hear the tom-toms of the jungle that quicken your blood and make you draw in your breath fast, when she is near. As perilous as a gorgeous lioness—and as lithe and sinuous.

HAZARDS of Hollywood—these women. It's because they are dangerous that they're sensational successes. And don't forget . . . the brave man courts danger!

OUR "ON SALE" DATE GOES AHEAD!

This month and hereafter, the new issue of this magazine appears at WOOLWORTH'S on the 10th of the month

You Can Change Your Personality

(Continued from page 62)

if a girl is determined enough to take on a new personality she must go to a great deal of trouble and pains—or it will be a pathetic farce and she will be the laughing stock of her friends.

"A transition of character and make-up should be a rather gradual thing.

"There are two or three essentials. One of them is that the bone structure of the face should be framed by the hair line. In other words, the hair should be drawn back from the face, whether it is allowed to fluff about the ears or whether it is drawn in a smooth severe line back of the ears. The bone structure of any face is what makes it interesting and distinctive.

"If the hair is worn straight off the face and back of the ears, the features should be very regular and rather finely chiseled. The make-up for such a head-dress may be as heavy and individual as the person thinks becoming. Personally I favor a soft natural powder finish for the face, with deep red lips, and mascara on eyelashes and brows, with no eye-shadow or rouge.

"If one wishes to be the soft, appealing, feminine type, she should assume a shiny skin surface. This can be accomplished by cleansing the face with a light cream first, and then patting in cold water, until the face feels smooth and dry. Pat in a bit of paste rouge to give a natural glow to the cheeks and apply a natural lip line with a natural shade lip stick, a touch of mascara to the lashes, a slight penciling of the brows, and light application of eye shadow—and this girl will be fresh and appealing. Of course no one should try this sort of make-up without a naturally healthy and beautiful complexion.

"If the desire is to be a complete individualist—then it is a matter of practice, and more practice, and still more practice; this hair line, and that hair line, this make-up effect, and that make-up effect, this profile view and that full face view.

"The only advice I can give to the girl who desires individuality beyond all else is that she should be willing to sacrifice beauty for distinction and striking effects. To me, a girl who is different and striking, regardless of her natural beauty, is ten times more interesting and fascinating than the girl who is just a beautiful picture.

"Even an ugly picture has more strength and appeal and fascination than just a pretty one. There is something magnetic and forceful about things that are not beautiful, but have distinction.

"A girl may enter a room full of glowingly beautiful women, exquisitely gowned, immaculately groomed, and yet be outstanding because she is different, even if she be ugly in the accepted sense of beauty. Such a girl is to be envied over and above those artificially beautiful women, because she has found herself. She will attract more attention than the most strikingly beautiful woman in that room!

"So, girls who have not good features, who have angular figures and snub noses, cheer up, you can make yourself so much more attractive than the prettiest girl in town, that the boys will not even notice that beauty is in the room—if you get busy!

(Please turn to page 86)

What is your FAVORITE DESSERT?



TOWER MAGAZINES wants to give you just the sort of information in our food pages that will be most helpful to you. Right now we are planning our dessert articles for 1933 and we want to give you the kind of recipes you really want. Not the kind we think you'd like to have. Won't you indicate to us on this list the kind you and your family prefer

and with the information on hand our Home Service Department can go surely to planning new and delicious ways of serving your favorites.

What kind of dessert does your husband prefer?.....

.....

What kind of dessert do your children prefer?.....

.....

What kind of desserts do you prefer?.....

.....

Which dessert do you serve most frequently?.....

.....

Further Comments.....

.....

.....

For your courtesy in answering these questions you may select any two of the following circulars:

One Course Refreshments	Holiday Parties	Fruits for All Occasions
All Purpose Menus	Meat at Any Price	Foods Men Like

Send to Food Editor

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue

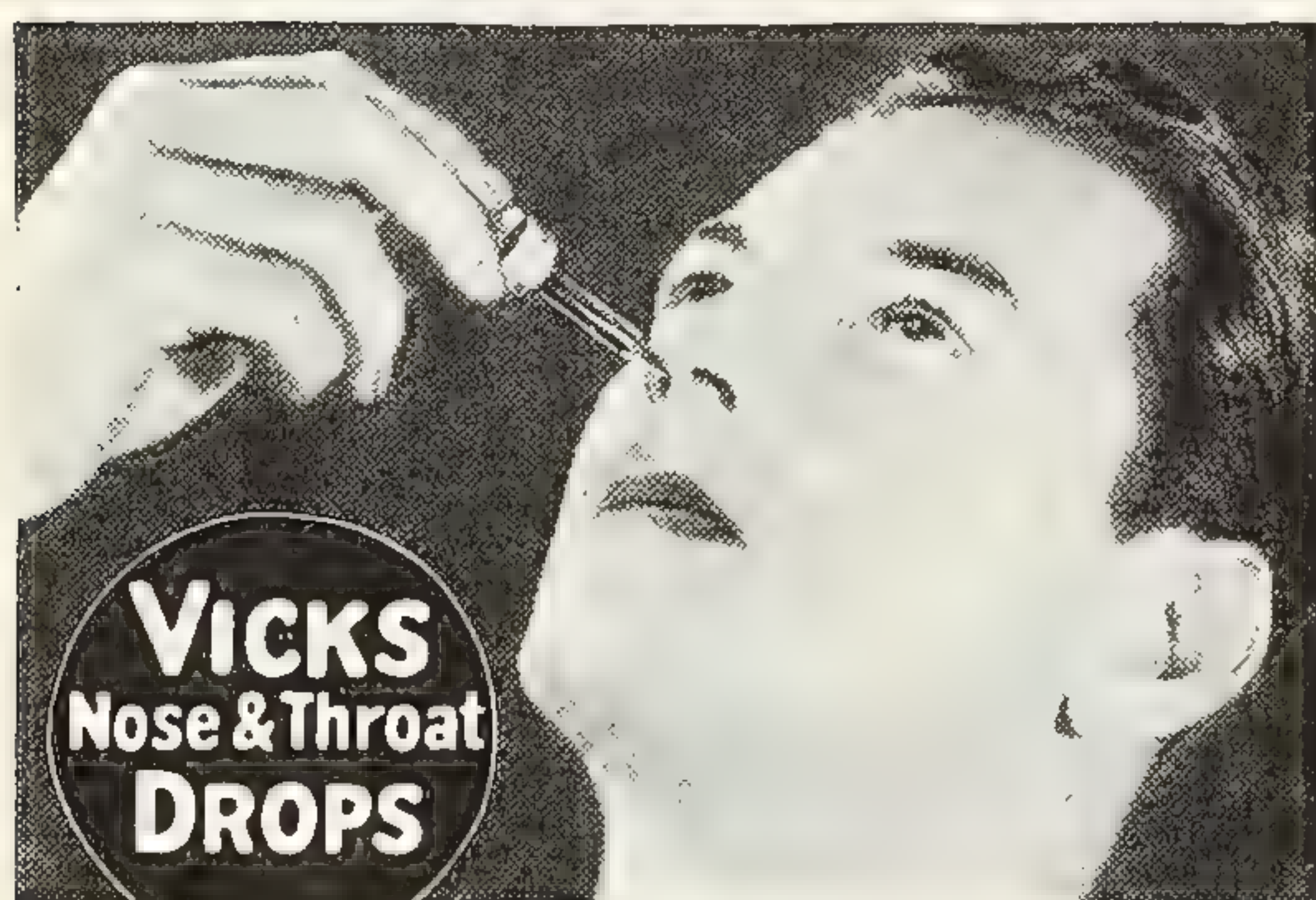
New York City

Find Way to Cut Costs of Colds More Than Half

YEARS of research by Vicks Chemists resulted last year in development of a new aid in *preventing* colds—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. It is the ideal companion to Vicks VapoRub, the modern way of *treating* colds. Together with certain simple rules of health, these preparations form Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds.

Vicks Plan was thoroughly tested and proved last winter. In carefully supervised clinics, in schools, colleges and homes, results showed that the Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half—and cut their costs even more. These results were confirmed by the practical experience of thousands of people all over the country.

To WARD OFF Colds



...just a few drops up each nostril at that first feeling of stuffiness or nasal irritation. Aids Nature's defense in *preventing* many colds.

To GET RID of a Cold



The family standby in *treating* colds. Its direct double action means *quicker relief*. And it's now available in Stainless form—if you prefer.

You Can Change Your Personality

(Continued from page 85)

"Don't try to perform sudden miracles! Don't suddenly start out with a glaringly new make-up and an obviously 'put on' new personality. Give yourself something to live up to—and then begin to grow into that personality which you should feel when you have that make-up on.

"For awhile I would advise only using that make-up in the privacy of your very own room. I wouldn't tell a soul what I was doing—until I'd done it—and then I'd let them find it out for themselves. I'd strut around in front of the mirror and study myself from every angle. I'd learn how to talk as I looked. I'd learn how to walk as I looked. I'd learn to be as I looked! All this by myself, first!

"Then, before I obviously changed my make-up I'd pretend to myself I had on that make-up in front of people. I'd practice this new personality constantly, and when I began to feel as I looked with that make-up on, more than my old self, I'd little by little change first this thing and then that! Soon you would find people talking about how you've changed, but they would not know just why or how, for the change in this way has been so gradual and natural.

"Friends will help you by criticising

you as you go along. I will never forget the lesson I learned when a man once said to me, 'Why do you hide your face and cover the contours of the bone structure of your face! That's the only really interesting feature you possess! Pull your hair off your face.'

"I was horrified. I said, 'Oh, I couldn't! I'm just ugly with my hair off my face like that!' He walked me over to a mirror. He pulled my hair straight back off my face. He showed me what he meant, and I have never covered my forehead from that day to this.

"I realized that I did not look so 'pretty' with my hair that way—but I definitely knew I looked better! It gave me a certain air I liked, it made me feel breezy, self-confident, efficient. You wouldn't believe how different you can feel by just changing your looks.

"Try it, girls, experiment with yourself! Make yourself an individual. Take advantage of the unusual feature about yourself. Don't try to be just pretty—try to be interesting.

"Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean put on an exotic, different looking make-up and go on being yourself. Give yourself a make-up to live up to—and then live up to it! ... That's all."

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 51)

the amputation of her legs. But we feel sure that Ben Bernie is happy in the knowledge that from his radio success—and Mrs. Anna Ancel never missed one of his programs—his mother got more genuine pleasure than he could have given her in any other way.

We think NBC ought to put up a plaque in Studio A to George and Ben with the simple comment: "TUESDAY, OCT. 15th.—THE SHOW WENT ON."

Who's Stage Struck? Not satisfied with broadcasting six afternoons a week on NBC, plus one evening appearance on WOR and two on his own station WEVD—according to our arithmetic, a grand total of nine broadcasts weekly—Mr. Heywood Broun is working on a musical show. Heywood, who once experimented with a co-operative Broadway revue, says he's through with the charity angle.

By the way, Finis Farr, who writes those radio mystery thrillers and crime dramatizations, has a new invention—sound-proof pockets for panhandlers.

According to the genealogists who have been investigating Phil Spitalny's family tree—the dance band leader's family have all been musicians for the past two centuries. This gives Phil 160 to 180 years head start on most of the boys on the networks.

The King's Wife and Men: Margaret (Mrs. Paul Whiteman) Livingston comes down to the Biltmore almost every night, now.

"I thought I was going to have it easy when I married Paul," she told us, "but he makes me work. When I stopped showing up here nights, Paul said people would come in and ask him, 'Where's Margaret?' and when he told them, 'She won't be here tonight,' they'd turn around and walk out."

Paul Whiteman fathers his band as well as leads it. The boys come to him with all their troubles no matter how small. One even woke him one morning to ask if he couldn't do something about the paint on his chair. It was rubbing off on his suit.

The proof of their liking and loyalty, though, came the day when he told them he would be forced to give them a cut. Some of the boys—and Mrs. Whiteman swears to this—drew him aside and said, "Listen, Paul, we have money. If you need any say so, and we'll let you have it."

His players think he's the grandest man they've ever worked for. If one of the girls receives flowers he buys flowers for all the others. One night when we were there, Irene Taylor had a headache. "But I wouldn't let Paul know," she told us. "He'd insist that I go right home."

Naturally the spirit of consideration spreads through the band. So recently Jack Fulton turned down a choice 9:30 singing spot on N.B.C. because it would have cut into the band's

short enough 9 to 10:30 recess. (Paul's own band, you know, accompanies Fulton on his solo programs, though it does not share listing with Fulton, lest it detract from his billing.)

Random Tales: Jack Denny comes back from Washington the proud winner of \$50 on a ten-to-one shot at the Laurel track. He collected on a lost ticket he found in the gravel near the paddock. Before that he had lost for four days straight on horses he picked by the use of his wits.

Train-Catchers: The Funnyboners have decided to become suburbanites. Bunny Coughlin has already followed Larchmontman Dave Grant's lead and given up a penthouse on New York's Park Avenue for a bungalow in Bronxville, and Gordon Graham is searching for a home in Westchester to change for his apartment in Greenwich Village.

Funny people: Al Boasberg, who writes funny things for comedians to say on the air, accompanied Burns and Allen on their last trip to Hollywood. While passing through Chicago, George and Gracie celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary. The Goodman (Easy Aces) Aces were in their party and Gracie told them about the time she bid ten spades and made it.

"But that's impossible!" cried Goodman.

"No it isn't," said Gracie. "It took me three hands, but I made it."

Later that night when they were in The Dells, a roadhouse just outside of Chicago, the master of ceremonies called on them. Gracie rose and said: "Please excuse us. We feel at home on the stage, and we aren't afraid of the mike, but we . . . we're only farmers in The Dells."

Eavesdropping: Between programs at Columbia. Bunny Coughlin of the Funnyboners squelching Nat Brusiloff who scoffed at trios: "Batons are waved by fools like you. Oh, but only God can make a trio."

A friend at the New Yorker Hotel listening to Mrs. Ethel Shutta Olsen chiding George (about his diet): "With all the insurance he'll leave, why should you worry about what he eats?"

Arthur Jarrett between songs at the Hotel Lexington: "I play golf with Gene Sarazen. He plays better than I do. But that's nothing. I sing better than he can."

Times Square: Pretty Peggy Healy, Paul Whiteman's youngest find, dropping a package and beating three men to the pick-up: "Don't bother, I need the exercise." Liar!

Barris Likes the Wild Life: Harry Barris, who re-created his Hollywood Coconut Grove at the Park Central Hotel in New York, was doing prop falls with Fatty Arbuckle the other day and almost broke his back while Fatty got away without a bruise. Since then Harry has been wondering what the old saying—"The bigger they are, the harder they fall"—means.

The pain recalled the night on the Coast when he and Bing Crosby went horseback riding after closing at the Grove. Bing, after riding for a block, asked Harry to wait and rushed back to the hotel. He came back with two pillows.

The two horsemen ended their ride at the police station house trying to convince the police that they were riding for fun.



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These New Yorkers

(Continued from page 39)

Armstrong-Carleton came next. That was in the pre-autograph era before fans missed lunch to see their idols going for it. The Come-On-Inn closed recently. Armstrong-Carleton faded long ago. Musso-Frank still thrives but not on star appeal.

Montmartre was the first restaurant to capitalize on stellar trade. It had a dance floor canopied with silk and hovering balloons, cushioned divans edging the walls and a head waiter who had studied salaaming abroad. Stars swarmed there for luncheon and the peasants goggled outside if they didn't have the price to gather within. The Embassy Club was opened next door. It was designed for film folk exclusively. The proletariat was permitted only to gape without. I predicted its collapse. Players want an audience at all times. The Embassy has passed away and the Montmartre has been replaced by the Café Boulevard featuring kosher delicacies.

The Brown Derby on Vine is now the chief masticating spot for royalty although Al Levy's across the street, Henry's on the Boul', the Gotham Delicatessen, Stark's on Wilshire and The Brown Derby in Beverly Hills have their draw. The Vine Derby attracts the star-hunters every noon hour. Celebrities descending from their chariots are sure of spectators. Camera men are always there to photograph them before, after and during lunch. You're sure to get publicity with your bowl of soup if you're anyone at all.

But The Brown Derby may be dented shortly. Brandstatter who conceived Montmartre has opened a place on the Boul' around the corner. It is called Sardi's after the theatrical rendezvous in Nooyawk. I understand the stars will be photographed with sound effects here. You'll not only see them at soup, you'll hear them. What a wonderful age we live in!

WHEN the news at length percolated into Mexico that Sir James Cagney and the Infanta Lupe Velez—who, you may recall, were unanimously elected my favorites—were back in Hollywood to stay I dropped my *tequila* and *banderillas*, leaped a passing plane and returned from my self-imposed exile. I felt that Screen Pal Jimmy and Sweetheart Lupe would supply more excitement than the bullfights and cactus licker of Ensenada. Imagine my dismay on alighting to hear Lupe screaming that she was through with men and, what's more, proving it by resorting to adoption to obtain a baby. Lupe should never have gone to New York. Those loathesome New Yorkers!

Pal Cagney says his first picture will be "Bad Boy," but he's been East, too, and I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be a version of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Chameleons are true blue compared to players. Stars whose specialty is rescuing heroines in distress eventually want to slug them while experts in moll-booting yearn to go Galahad with guitars. I can't stand being disillusioned much more. At the very first rumblings of the rumor that Jimmy Cagney will do that famous old favorite, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" I'm going back on the pulque.

A FAN writes that I have lost all standing as a critic by electing Mr. Cagney my histrionic favorite. He says Cagney will never be a Mansfield. To which I retort, "Nor will Mansfield ever be a Cagney."

MR. CAGNEY is more than an actor. He is a pattern for the modern amorist. Already his technique is being adopted by our local knights. Approaching a cavalier the morning after a Neronian party, a blacked-eyed blonde cooed reproachfully, "Say, big boy, you gave me a sock last night I could marry you for."

SPEAKING of blondes—incurable habit—I'm subjugated by Madge Evans. Reversing an old saying, she's something more than an actress. I sat with her on an M-G-M stage not long ago. People kept coming up to compliment her on her gown—blue velvet flowing over her body as caressfully as water.

"It's divine," exclaimed a young actor. "Of course, there's no creator like Adrian."

"Seems to me the Lord deserves a little screen credit," I shot gallantly and was rewarded with a murmured, *merci*.

GEORGE COHAN socked Hollywood roundly after his experience here doing "The Phantom President." So he'll probably be offered a new contract. There's nothing Hollywood loves so much as a good socking. She's just a Cagney sweetheart.

GARBO'S regular salutation is: "Hello . . . Vell, vat's news?"

The answer is: "You are."

The man biting the dog wasn't news like a movie star going to Europe and not dancing with the Prince of Wales. Greta couldn't be tempted to a night place in Stockholm where the Prince and brother George were ready to dance. I'll bet Greta is one star the Prince admires.

My idea of a big news event: Greta and Lindbergh doing a public exhibition of the rhumba in the Los Angeles stadium.

MORE News: According to a society personage on board boat with Greta, our film favorite was gracious to everyone except a reporter who was taking the trip to observe Garbo.

Greta feels toward reporters as Ethel Barrymore does. Overhearing a studio employe ask a man if he was a reporter, Ethel murmured, "Don't you smile when you call him that?"

HAVING been both reporter and press agent I can see both sides. Some of our "interviewers" surpass the stars in egotism. An actress recently told me she made a great hit with an interviewer.

"What did you tell her?" I asked.

"I didn't tell her anything," said the star. "She talked all afternoon about herself."

BELLE BENNETT, during her recent fatal illness, should have found satisfaction in her prodigality as few stars can. When she was receiving twenty-five hundred a week she bought

a yacht and entertained lavishly, it's true, but she also went back into the hills of her native state and pored over records until she had found all her poor relatives. She took them, a hundred or more, out of destitution and placed them on plots of ground in San Fernando valley, gave them rare comforts and saw that their children were sent to school. Movie fame too often gives license to the qualities we don't admire but often, too, it is the opportunity for greatness of soul.

ZASU PITTS, kind mortal, seems to be coming into her own. I'm one of the chorus that always starts chortling the moment ZaSu droops into a scene as if shoved on, wringing her hands and gasping "Oh, my!" In the past we have never got enough of ZaSu. It seems to me she should inspire a writer to wrap a whole story around her. Critics long have raved about her. They say her hands are as eloquent as Duse's. I'm too young to know about that. They remind me of Oliver Hardy's, or vice versa; her weebegone plaintiveness, of Stan Laurel. ZaSu seems to be the Laurel-Hardy-Duse, or, in other words, the Bernhardt of the screen.

VIVIAN DUNCAN said she and Nils Asther hadn't separated; they just weren't living together. Ah, the nuances of the Hollywood language!

HOLLYWOOD seems to put the reverse on romance as a mirror on handwriting. Our folks marry and go their separate ways, divorce and are seen everywhere together.

THE best way to screen and social success in Hollywood is by becoming a champion in another line. Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champion, is causing movie heroes to pale. Bobby Jones, the golf champion, has a contract and salon entree. Hollywood is not provincial. It is quick to recognize genius in all pursuits. Station in life, color or species do not matter. Only success. Thus I predict that when "State Fair" is released the histrionic ability of Blue Boy, the Iowa prize hog, will be quickly recognized and we'll have a pig in our parlors.

JOAN CRAWFORD talks to herself when viewing her rushes. Many people talk to themselves but only a screen actress can talk back to herself. That reminds me of Jim Cagney's one about the actor who consulted a doctor in the hope of being cured of self-oratory. The doctor said, as I do, that lotsa folks talk to themselves. "But what worries me," said the actor, "is that I bore myself."

CHARLES LAUGHTON, who is likened unto Jannings in "The Devil

and the Deep," feels no relationship in his screen image and thus can be his own impartial critic. Pola Negri also seemed lacking in self-consciousness. In viewing herself in the rushes Pola would break into spontaneous applause, exclaiming, "Gott! how marvelous!"

Pola is one person who never bored Pola.

HELEN HAYES is back in Hollywood with more pictures offered her than she can do in a life-time. She says she quit Hollywood because her confidence was destroyed by overhearing remarks a sailor made of her acting at a theater. But, Miss Hayes, suppose you had criticized that sailor's nautical talent and he had gone A. W. O. L. for two years. Or suppose you had said something about the navy as a whole—and some people do—and our coasts had been left without defense. No, Miss Hayes, we must stick to our posts, be true to the flag and to our sweethearts in every port.

Talking to Myself:

I think Rochelle Hudson the prettiest girl and Matty Kemp to best-looking fellow I've seen on the screen recently.

I doubt that George Raft will prove the sensation predicted, though I like him.

I find that men favor the artlessness of Janet Gaynor, women the artificiality of Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford.

Dorothy Jordan seems to be the most popular sub-star right now.

Chevalier, who entertained me so much at first, is becoming monotonous.

I'm anticipating Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage" and Jean Harlow in "Red Dust."

I walked out on John Gilbert and the belching "sophistication" of "Downstairs"... Too Hollywood.

Why don't women care for Jeanette MacDonald as men do? ... her voice at least.

Richard Arlen seems to me to be improving with each picture.

I think it a mistake to star Helen Hayes in "The White Sister" because Lillian Gish in that rôle was incomparable.

I believe Greta Garbo will grow steadily as an actress.

Ramon Novarro will fade because he hasn't a grasp on his unique qualities.

The most winning people of Hollywood are those who rebel against it: Pola Negri, Clara Bow, Jim Cagney, Lupe Velez, Ethel Barrymore, Leslie Fenton, Greta Garbo.

I'm tired of the do-re-me-so-fa acting of Marlene Dietrich and wonder why she does not get away from the Prussian dictation of Director Joe Stern.

Why do producers pay actors so much money, since any of them would work for nothing or pay for the privilege?

Broadway vs. Main Street

(Continued from page 47)

It operated at first with a definite plan which the producers had endorsed informally and which looked perfect in theory. In every studio, Colonel Joy was given an assistant, as much a part of its working machinery as the director and the electrician. This functionary consulted with the

manuscript experts when they bought books and plays. He read the finished scenarios. He watched the film develop in rehearsals and takes; if it stood in danger of giving offence, he consulted and advised. Over all this decentralized system sat Colonel Joy, the Court

(Please turn to page 90)

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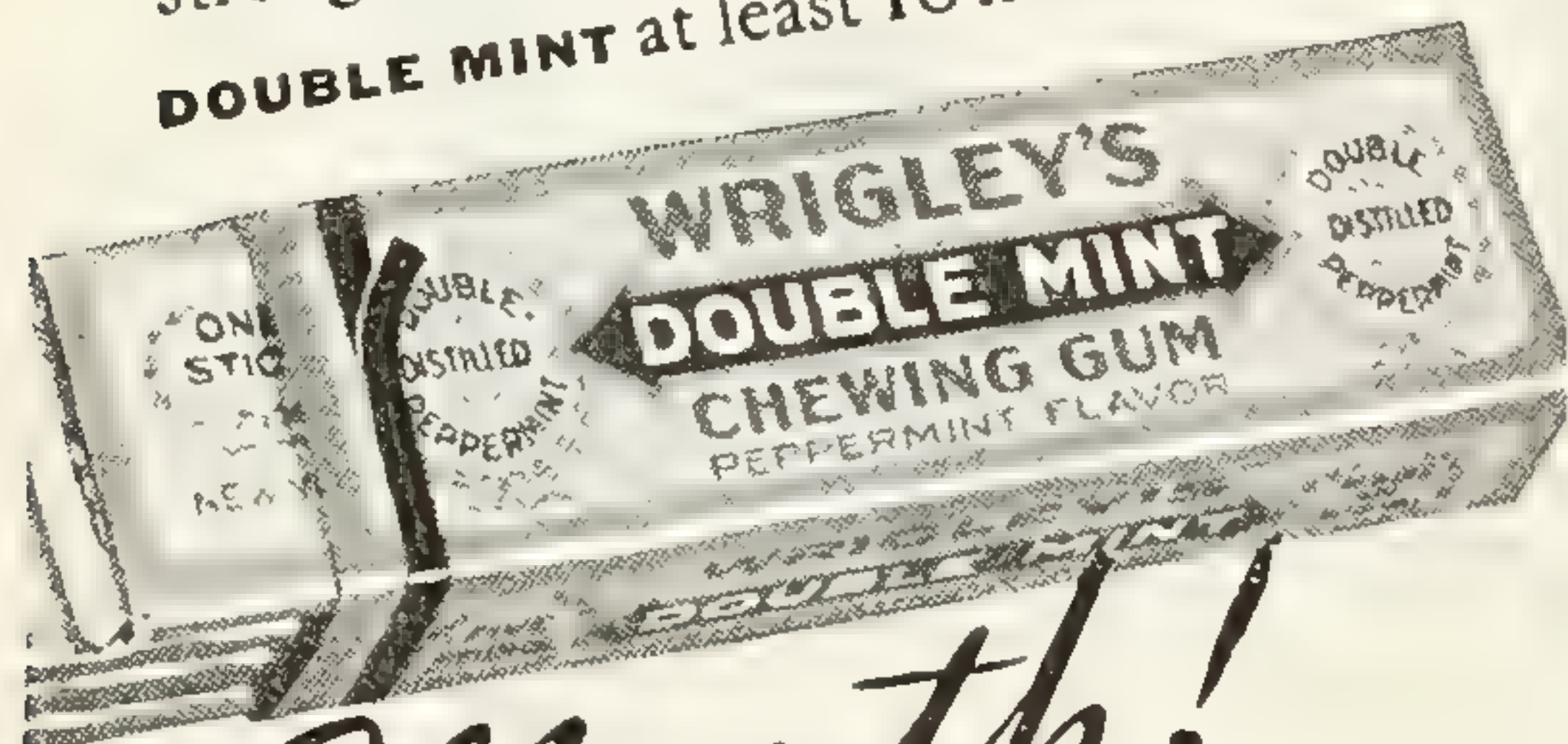
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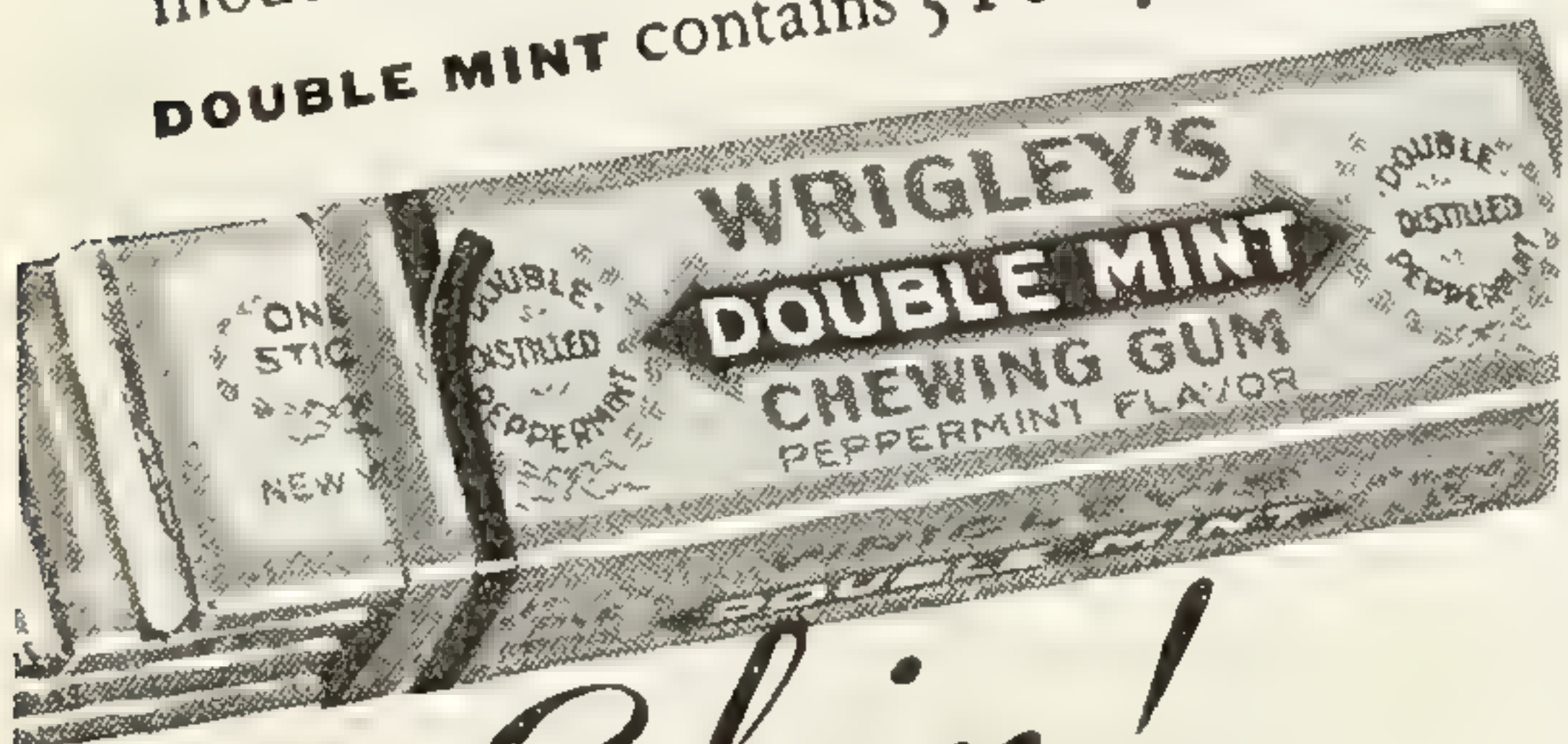
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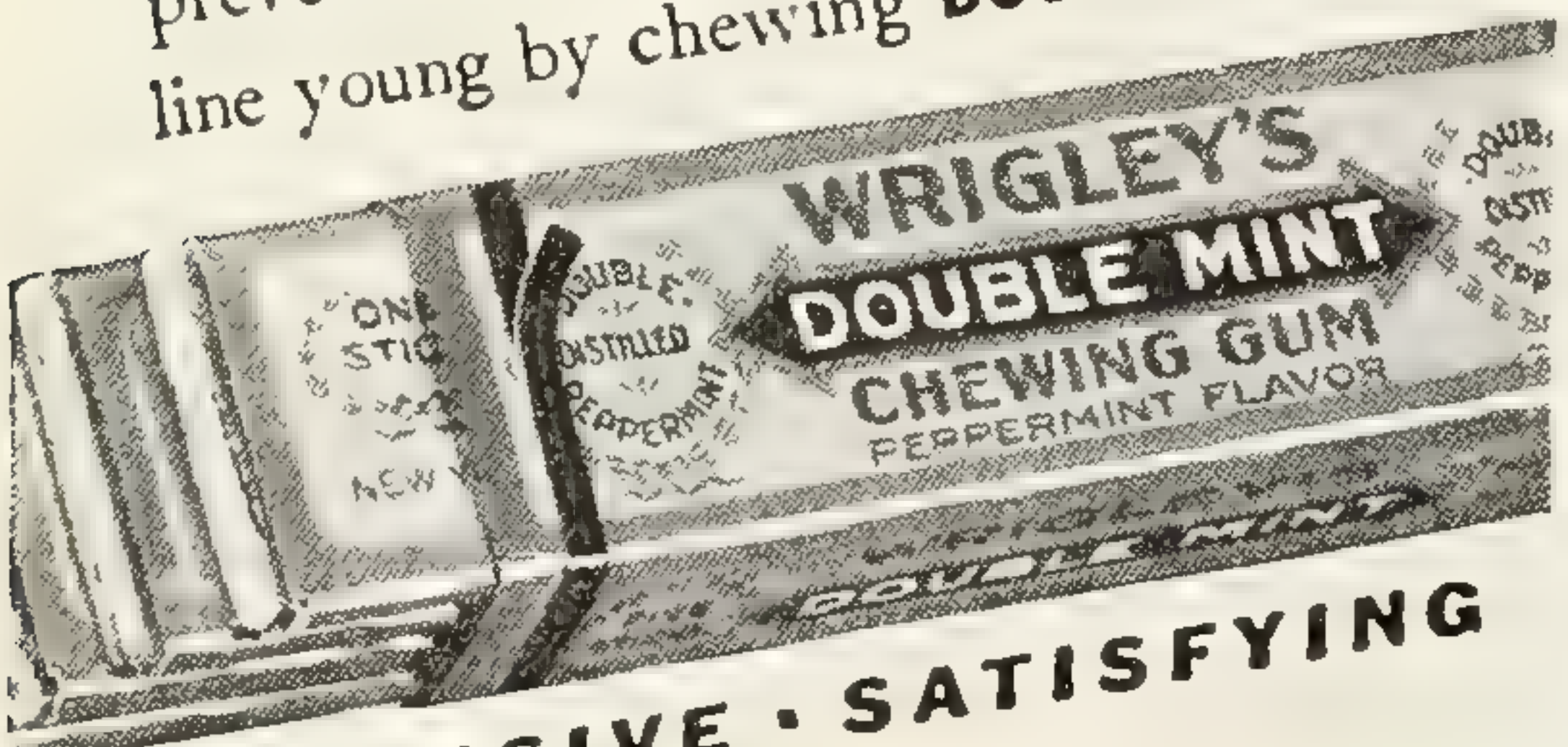
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Broadway vs. Main Street

(Continued from page 89)

of Appeals, as Hays was the Supreme Court.

But like many another plan which reads well on paper, it worked imperfectly. This representative in the studios was after all an underling. Directors, scenario writers and actors have in common the artistic temperament. An idea always strikes an artist with the force of a cosmic explosion. It is perfect; alter it in the slightest degree and you ruin his life.

Also, the very point which an adviser chooses to criticize becomes at once, to his mind, the most important strut in the whole structure. Every editor knows that; and guides his life accordingly.

When Colonel Joy's assistants found anything to criticize in a film, they met this attitude. They could not speak with full authority. Indeed, the director was himself an underling; the all-powerful producer stood as the only person who could finally approve or reject a suggestion. And certain producers resented this arrangement; when they did business, they said, they wanted to talk with the head man.

SO in 1929, just as Hays was moving all his forces toward the final and thorough system of regulation from within, he changed the scheme of the Studio Committee. Joy became responsible head, in fact as well as name. Under its present workings, all scenarios are read, before they go to production, in the Hays office. The great majority, of course, cause no perplexity or anxiety; they are either harmless or rubber-stamp. He was called upon to consider only those which "endanger public relations"—whose dialogue or situations or general attitude stood at variance with what he knew of American tastes and causes of offence.

When an issue arose, he dealt directly with the head man. In the matter of production he could not, of course, watch the development of every film from script to celluloid any more than he could read every scenario. Assistants did the scouting work for him; and he himself made constant rounds of the studios.

Since 1930 he had enjoyed in all this work the invaluable assistance of Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, once president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs; she expresses that element in American life perhaps most intimately concerned with motion picture novels—the mothers.

However, Joy and his committee had sunk their influence even deeper than that into the structure of the industry. Joy made it his business to talk things over confidentially and in advance with the presidents and general managers; to know their plans. This is a highly competitive industry; few men carried about more business secrets than he.

Yet without breaking confidence, he found ways and means to curb one troublesome habit of the business—the tendency to overdo a successful form, to ride a wave until it breaks.

The gunman film affords the latest example. When "Underworld" went over so largely and unexpectedly, all the producers hurried to imitate this proved, certain success. But they overdid it badly. And so, not only did the ultra-righteous hold up their hands in horror at these awful examples to our

children, but the public suddenly grew tired of this highly-seasoned fare. A few gunman films would never have stirred up the animals; after all, the wolf of the slums is part of that American scene which the cinema tries to mirror. In 1931, the interest suddenly flopped, to the loss of some producers. "Scarface," an underworld film in the grand manner, was coming to completion just when the bubble burst. The producers called in "Scarface," toned it down, emphasized the moral lesson, "it doesn't pay," even to showing the shrinking quiver of the gunman's feet as he stood, at the end of his career, on the drop of the scaffold. Not in vain so far as commercial success went, but all in vain when it came to the good reputation of the motion picture.

As I write, local censors are quarrelling with it, reform bodies are denouncing it, extremists are using it as an example to point the necessity for political censorship. Had Joy sat in his newer position when the gunman craze began, he might have curbed these excesses.

And he has during the past year put the soft pedal upon a tendency which might have led us heaven knows where. Taking a cue from certain German films like "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," producers began to work the "horror-theme." The old classic, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," filmed with sound, proved a success; the chase started.

It seemed a fair chance that before long we should be wallowing in the morbid; a dangerous phenomenon in these times. Joy's committee, working with a background of general knowledge which no other man or body of men possessed, nipped that tendency in the bud; held the "horror story" down to its proper ratio in the scheme of the American film.

JOY himself underwent a strange and interesting transformation. He was born with social instincts; did his bit in the Army and as Executive Secretary helped demobilize the Red Cross to peace-time status. He had, therefore, even before he went to Hays, the "social outlook" and skill in handling men.

Into the Hays scheme of management—slow, sound progress; no step until you are sure of your ground—he fitted like a hand into a glove. He proved, also, a patient, forbearing diplomat. One needs that quality above all when dealing with artists.

Dr. James Wingate, his successor, now that Colonel Joy has joined Fox Films, is much the same type.

Joy could sustain a sympathetic smile in face of a raving director or producer whose heated imagination saw his best idea completely wrecked; could continue the processes of sweet reasonableness until the dissenter cooled down and admitted that there *was* something in what Colonel Joy said, after all. But no one suspected, until he settled into the system at the studios, that he himself had the makings of an artist.

According to Hollywood testimony, he proved himself not only a critic, but a constructor. When he insisted that a passage, a situation or a fundamental idea conflicted with the spirit of the code, he had usually an alternative suggestion. "Why don't you try it this

way or that way?" he asks.

Sometimes these constructive ideas were peculiarly ingenious; and according to neutral observers at Hollywood, more often than not they improved the film.

Some of this preceded and some followed that definite act which set its third landmark for the Hays organization—adoption of a new and final code. This document, signed, witnessed and sealed on March 31, 1930, by all the great producers, confirmed the old list of "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls"; even added a few prohibited items. "It was written," Hays said, "in the studios"—fruit of long experience with what the public will stand for and what it abhors. But the important addition was a statement of broad general principles which bears the same relation to the "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls" as the American Constitution bears to the state police laws. Here they are, in all their significant brevity.

"1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

"2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

"3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

THERE you are. General and even vague; and so intended. What "lowers the moral standard"? What, in any given instance, violates "correct standards of life" and what does not? It all comes down to a matter of good taste, which cannot be formulated in any hard-and-fast laws.

The specific prohibitions of the new code dealt generally with themes, situations and stage business—like nudity, actual details of hangings, brutal killings, white slavery, pointed profanity—which common sense and trade experience had confirmed as causes of public offense.

Setting them into the code merely got them out of the way. The general principles with which the code began—these were the struts and framework for the new method of motion picture control and regulation. They gave the studio committee as much scope as it needed to use its taste in criticizing or altering films.

Scarcely less important was the "agreement for uniform interpretations," signed at the same time by all the high contracting parties.

This put teeth into the Studio Committee. It provided that any producer might submit to it any script or scenario upon which he had any doubt; might ask criticism and advice for any film in the process of production; and that he must submit every completed film before its final printing.

If the Studio Committee objected to any passage, the producer must make appropriate cuts before releasing the prints—subject always to the right of appeal. In case of appeal three disinterested members of the Association, sitting as a board of arbitration, would render judgment.

If the decision went against the producer and he remained dissatisfied, he might take his case to the court of highest resort—the Directors of the Association, which means in practice Will Hays. And that judgment was final.

Then in 1931, the high contracting parties granted to the Studio Commit-

tee the same right of appeal. It was provided at about the same time that all scenarios, without exception must go to Joy for his criticism or approval.

Nominally, Joy's constant, watchful inspection of films in the making had no place in this Great Charter of the Motion Picture. But given the fundamental situation, Hollywood accepted it as plain common sense and ordinary foresight. Better thresh out the difficulty in the beginning when ideas are forming, than risk the delay, the expense, often the abortive product, consequent upon cuts and retakes after the film is done.

And the system worked. Joy and the production managers settled their differences as they went along. Seldom has either side used the right of appeal.

AS Hays says, the Studio Committee resembles, more than any other human institution, the editorial board of a newspaper. Only it serves a circulation of such size and scope as no newspaper ever dreamed of; and it works not for one company, but all companies.

Dr. Wingate—as did Colonel Joy—edits the American film with the devil before and the deep sea behind, with Scylla to the left, the Charybdis to the right. The devil is constant pressure from a few individuals toward following the recent course of the novel and the spoken stage; toward making films broad and nasty.

Aside from the purely moral question involved, this course would be one certain way of killing the film business. For censorship would follow—municipal, state, national—and clumsy political hands would wreck the machinery.

The deep sea, much admired by a few extreme reformers, is mere pap-pictures—repetition of innocent, uplifting themes until audiences go stale on the motion picture.

Scylla is Main Street; Charybdis is Broadway. And here, we come to a deep perplexity; to the root of most troubles involved in voluntary control of the film. By Broadway, I mean not only the literal avenue of bright lights in New York, but all those big city districts where first-run motion pictures have supplanted the spoken drama—Washington Street Boston, State Street, Chicago, Canal Street, New Orleans, Market Street, San Francisco.

By the same token, Main Street means not only Canandaigua and Galesburg, but Seventh Avenue, New York, and Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago—the second-run and third-run houses.

Broadway pays high prices to see the latest features. Its audiences include few children. They are sophisticated, and by that sophistication vaccinated against moral harm or shock in case the film wanders a little way into fields forbidden by the code. Indeed, they like it.

Main Street audiences consist largely of family parties and of children. They are unspoiled and comparatively innocent in their tastes. They take offense far more easily than Broadway at raw sex or overdone crime.

And here comes the anomaly and perplexity; Broadway yields to the motion picture business, seventy per cent of its domestic revenue, while furnishing only thirty per cent of the spectators; by the same token Main Street pays in only thirty per cent of the receipts and furnishes seventy per

(Please turn to page 92)

LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS



LOTUS Sanitary Napkins are cool, inconspicuous and non-chafing under any costume. ☞ High standard in quality. ☞ Sanitarily manufactured. Close fitting and comfortable. ☞ Unusual low price without sacrificing quality.



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15¢ in the far West and Canada

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F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.



MRS. JONES: My husband's throat is dreadfully sore. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Musterole! Rub it on his throat at once. It's a "counter-irritant."



MRS. JONES: "Counter-irritant," what's that mean?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, a "counter-irritant" is something that draws soreness to the surface, stirs up circulation.

SORE THROAT?

*Here's relief . . .
quick, sure, safe!*

● Sore throats, chest colds or muscular rheumatic pains—all these ailments quickly yield to Musterole. It's just like a mustard plaster, only lots better, because it won't blister, and isn't messy to use. This pure, white ointment gets results—bringing ease in 5 minutes, relief in 5 hours—because it's NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant*—a famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other valuable ingredients. Easy to rub on—penetrates, draws out pain and infection. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. All druggists'.

To MOTHERS: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Broadway vs. Main Street

(Continued from page 91)

cent of the audiences.

Therefore, the human and natural tendency of producers is to make big, quick clean-ups by furnishing the sort of things that Broadway likes.

But Main Street has the voting power. From that quarter come those waves of disapproval which, but for the Hays organization and its quiet, steady pressure for films better suited to old American moral ideas, might have ruined the business long ago.

SO much for the "moral" aspect of motion picture regulation. I have spent five articles in sketching its history and its attitudes. Perhaps the professionals of Hollywood would say that in view of many other Hays activities toward coordinating the business, I have drawn this subject out of proportion.

But that is the point of vital interest to the picture-mad public—the kind of films we are going to get. And before I close with this topic, I must tie up one loose end which, in a previous installment, I left dangling in the air.

The gunman picture has gone its way. Like the Western, it will reappear now and then; but in its proper proportion to the regular fare of the screen.

What, after all, was its moral effect?

That species of reformer who always suspects any pleasurable human activity answers at once, "Bad, vile, awful!" On this point, the testimony seems at first a little contradictory.

A Chicago organization, above reproach for its scientific attitude, found that the average delinquent boy attends the motion picture far more often than the average model Boy Scout. That, however, may be an effect, not a cause. The delinquent boy is usually already a thief; he has the receipts of his crimes in his pocket; and he spends them on jags of motion picture attendance. He is more prone than the Boy Scout to all forms of juvenile dissipation. Probably he eats more candy.

On the other hand, Dr. William

Healy, child psychiatrist of Boston, who started with the impression that the motion picture was a cause of juvenile delinquency, has wholly abandoned that idea. And whatever Dr. Healy says on his specialty deserves respectful attention; he is probably the highest authority in America.

At the height of the "gunman craze" newspapers over all the land reported cases of boys caught in crimes, such as murder, burglary and arson, who "learned it from the pictures." In the Hays office works Frank Wiltach, good, sound reporter. Hays sent him forth to investigate these instances. In the light of truth, they faded away.

The most shocking delinquent among these young criminals had never even seen a motion picture. Usually, it appeared, the motion picture detail in these news stories proceeded from the limited imaginations of unskilful reporters. The boys of my generation read "Treasure Island," found it thrilling, and began at once to play pirate. But none that I ever heard of turned pirate.

The juvenile mind does not very often make the connection between play and practical life.

It is just as fair to assume that the underworld craze had one decided moral value. It was an unconscious piece of muckraking.

With the unmatched vividness of drama, it brought home to the average American an abominable situation which underlay the splendor of our cities.

Five years ago, crowds in the poorer quarters of Chicago used to cheer Al Capone. When, a year ago, he made his final public appearance in Chicago, the same crowds booed him.

About the time that audiences tired of this highly seasoned fare, America began for the first time effectively to move against the invisible government of machine-gun and automatic pistol. Perhaps the motion picture was responsible for that.

Almost certainly, it played its part.

Frightened Lady

(Continued from page 63)

"You're just as lovely as you look on the screen," we said truthfully. She was wearing a wine-colored costume of peculiar woolen weave with puffed sleeves at the shoulders.

"I brought back a lot of new clothes from Paris," she said slowly, thinking about every word and finding it safe. "People liked the clothes I wore in 'A Bill of Divorcement,' so I decided to show them some more smart things in my next pictures. I think people appreciate real Paris fashions and can recognize imitations, don't you?"

BUT immediately after she had spoken, she set her mouth again and we could have sworn the ghosts of Coolidge and the Sphinx settled near her. A long time ago a wise old man told us that when a person is frightened, the best way to get him over that fright is to find out what is the cause of it and expose the cause to the

light of simple and sane reasoning.

"Why are you afraid to talk about yourself?" we asked, boldly attacking something that might be the cause of her fright. "Have you something to hide?"

"No," she came back quickly, worrying the cap until it was out of shape, "only when I get started I talk too much. Besides, a lot of things have been given out about me by the publicity department and they're—mistakes," she said, tactfully. "The papers got me all mixed up with another Katharine Hepburn who is a society girl, and now I don't know what to do about it except keep my mouth shut. If I do make an innocent statement, it looks terrible in print. The best thing to do is not to talk. I'm new to the screen, and nobody's really interested in me. Why don't you wait until I've become famous?"

We almost swallowed our tongue in

the rush to explain that she had become famous over night with her performance in "A Bill of Divorcement," and that every one was interested in her amazing rise to stardom. "The piano-playing scene with John Barrymore—you remember—when you played the duet—that was enough to stamp you as a star," we blustered.

She laughed. It was a pleasant, rippling laugh, and sincere. She said in that cultured voice of hers, "Oh, that scene. I can't play the piano—you know, but the scene was so cleverly done that no one knew the difference. Somebody doubled for me. John and I had loads of fun doing that scene with doubles."

She popped her hand over her mouth and stared at us. "You see," she said breathlessly, "I'm talking too much. I wasn't supposed to tell that."

Before she had a chance to retire completely to silence, we asked, "About that society girl business. Aren't you really a society girl—and didn't you graduate from Bryn Mawr, and didn't some one die not long ago and leave you a few million dollars? That's what the papers said—and that's what your press agent said in Hollywood."

SHE shook her head sadly. "It's all true—but about the other girl they got me confused with. Of course—you can pay to get into the social register and get known as a society girl. But why should I do that? I'm just an average American girl—twenty-three, white, and scared to death. Can you blame me? Every one thinks I deliberately gave those stories out about myself—so what can I do? If I deny them, people will say I got scared and I'm trying to cover up things. If I talk about them and tell the truth—"

She paused, and we burst out, "And if you tell the truth, people will forget the stories and know the real you."

Katharine considered the statement. "All right," she said, grinning, and looking about seventeen, "I'll start from the beginning."

"My father is a surgeon and a darned good one. He's a wonderful man. He came from Virginia where his father was a minister. Is that enough about my dad?" She was really at ease for the first time since we met. We could see her relaxing visibly, stretching her long legs out in front of her and settling into the swivel chair. We remembered that those long legs had caught the attention of a motion-picture scout when Katharine was playing in "The Warrior's Husband."

"Eh?" We came back to the interview with an effort. "Oh, about your mother and the rest of the family."

"Well," she was still grinning, like a kid. "Mother's really a brilliant woman. She's an excellent speaker. I remember when the fight for woman suffrage was on. Mother did a lot of fine speaking for the cause. Now," she leaned toward us, actually frightened again, "don't go and write that I'm a believer in feminism. I didn't say yes—and," grinning again with satisfaction, "I didn't say no."

"I'M one of six children—three boys and three girls."

"No one in my family was ever connected with the theater before," she said by way of conversation.

"About that Bryn Mawr graduation——?" we wanted to know.

Katharine turned beet color. She folded her legs under the chair and

wriggled in embarrassment. "I never went to Bryn Mawr," she said in a low voice. Then, as if she felt she had been silly without cause, she said defiantly, "But I had as good an education as any one could want. I was tutored at home. My education was complete in both practical and cultural subjects."

"What about the millions you were supposed to have inherited? Any basis at all for that story?" we asked.

"No, no, no," she was emphatic. "My people are not wealthy. They're an average family in good circumstances. They've done everything they could for us children, but all parents do that. The only difference between my family and others is—well—they're eccentric. I mean—they're all artistic and—musical. All except me. I can't play any instrument. But"—her eyes shone with sincere feeling—"I'd like to be a writer. My ambition is to write something good. Something that will live."

After hearing and seeing Katharine talk about wanting to write something that will live—we don't doubt that she will. She is not only determined, she is intelligent and ambitious. She proved her strength of character when she fought her way up in the theater. It wasn't as easy to gain fame on the stage as it was in the movies.

SHE did a lot of walking around from producer's office to office before she managed to get a part in "The Big Pond." And that engagement lasted only a week. Then, glory be! She managed to get the work of understudy to Hope Williams in "Holiday." The play was a hit. It had a long run. But in all that time, do you suppose that Miss Williams took the title of her play literally and took a holiday so Katharine could play her part? She did not. She remained hale and hearty from beginning to end of the play's run—and Katharine remained hale and hearty—and unseen and unheard—as understudy to the healthy star.

Katharine's next work was in "Death Takes a Holiday" while the play was on the road on its way to Broadway. Something went wrong—Katharine didn't arrive on Broadway with the play. But she didn't sit around and brood. She declared a holiday for herself and used it to advantage. She took lessons from Mordkin, noted ballet master. She studied voice and developed the beautiful diction that was so evident in "A Bill of Divorcement." She worked so hard that when a producer needed a leading lady for "The Warrior's Husband," he signed Katharine.

We were about to gather up our rags and tell Katharine that she might be a frightened lady—but she was an interesting one—when a matter of importance plopped us down in the chair opposite her.

"Some one, an old friend of yours," we whispered, "said you were married. Is that true?"

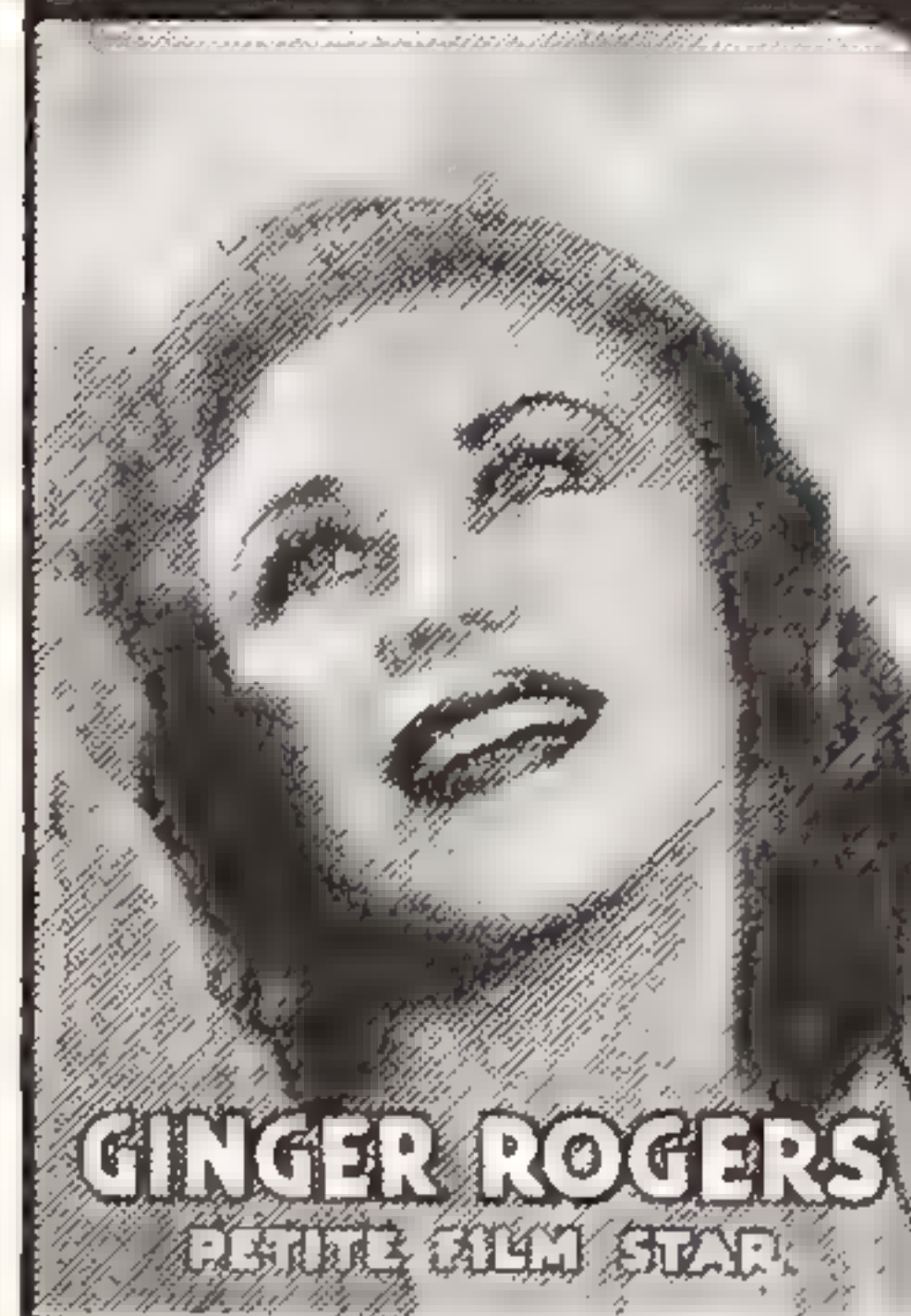
She turned as deep a red as the color of her costume, and evaded our eyes. She drew a deep breath.

"Now, don't you go and write that I said, 'Yes, I'm married—'" she warned. We got up to leave and reached the door when her voice stopped us. "And don't you write that I said, 'No, I'm not married.'"

"Oh," we nodded, "frightened again?" Her lips were set in the straight line once more. Her demeanor was strained. She nodded. "Yes," she answered.

Well—we still think Katharine would be lots of fun in a haunted house.

BOBBED



OR LONG



HOLD-BOBS

suit every hairdress

STAGE beauties, screen stars and fashionable society leaders keep their coiffures beautiful with HOLD-BOBS... and you, too, may have a more beautiful hairdress with these world-famous bob pins!

HOLD-BOBS have smooth points that cannot scratch the scalp, and there's never a worry about them showing, for the small, round heads are invisible in any hairdress. The flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, hold the hair securely in place.

HOLD-BOBS are the choice of beautiful women everywhere. They're furnished in colors to match all types of beauty... blondes or brunettes with long or short hair.

You may secure HOLD-BOBS in the new curved shape style or you may get them straight as before. Use HOLD-BOBS—always—and be sure of a beautiful coiffure.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE SUPPLY

Send today for sample card of HOLD-BOBS (specify color) and new booklet "The Quest for Beauty"... FREE.

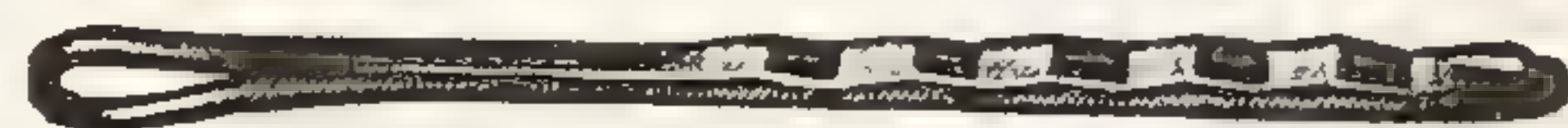


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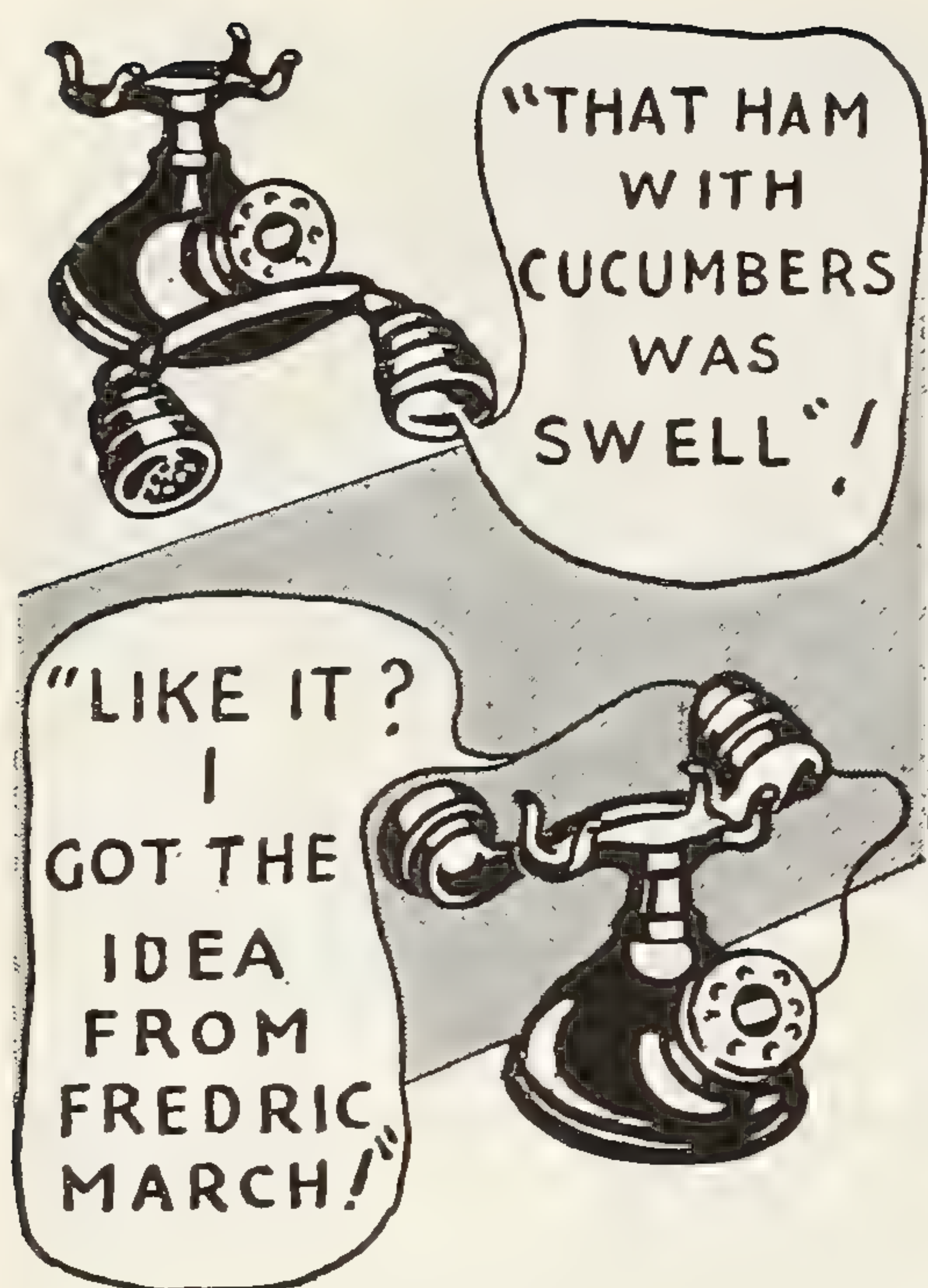
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Togo in Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)



YOU'LL feel as though you've been talking with the stars themselves when you read this Hollywood cook book. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., tells you how he likes his brown bread. Kay Johnson demonstrates the making of her favorite chocolate pie. The Gleasons tell you there's no dish more delicious than their own home-made brand of hash. There are new dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner—every one the favorite of a famous star. Besides the recipes there are interesting snapshots of the stars at home.

(Canadian Orders 15c)



**Send
10c
for your
copy**

**FAVORITE RECIPES
of the MOVIE STARS**

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue New York

"Which sort of fun?" say all.
"We are going to be photographed!"
"O, goody!" they scream and yell joyly. "We knew we would have a surprise. We are going to be photographed!"

Then down to Beach come Warner Bros, Marx Bros, RKO, and Saml. Goldwine with every sort of camera invented by Chris Columbus. Gentlemen with blue-berry caps commence turn cranks. Hon. Ogre got very het, running forth and back.

"Be mirth and jolly," he yell. "Get free from care and filled up with lazy summer day. Carouse your arms & legs with happy smiling in your eyes. Snapp into it. Title of this film will be Hollywood Cutting Up, Away from Camera's Watchful Eye. All ready. Get joyful!"

Tag-play, girl-romp, frog-leap, everybody happy. Camereas nearly broke, they was so busy.

"I should hate to live in a place like this," say Cousin Nogi, "where somebody photographs every word you say,"

But Hon. Ogre were hooping loudly through megaphone.

"Now, go swimming. Frolick in saltish water. Splashes and Australian creeps in waves. All ready? Ha ha. Pleasant time enjoyed by all."

Then I see what was. From top side of sky a airoplane come snooping down with label News Real Photo Flim. It do so right over Hon. Con. Bennett, Delerio Del Rio and Hon. Kneel Hamilton. More emotion piction artists jump into wet; more airoplanes drop out of sky. 2 of them got wrecked, but who shall notice that? Hollywood were having fun away from noisy world which give poets a headache.

WHEN lunching were served on a tissue paper table, nailed prettily to the sand, who should come there but Hon. Frank Buck with his baby eliaphant, Senator Borah.

This Hon. Buck have made a annimle picture called "Bring Home the Alives Ones," so you can ummage how happy that lunch was to have this enlarged mammal there, reaching for sanwiches with his prolonged nose.

But when people commence jabbing forks into food Hon. Ogre dictate, "Stop eating! We will now take a picture of Senator Borah with his trunk around Jone Blondell while all others stand in circles making whoop. Aw ready? Shoot!"

Hon. Camereas shoot rootlessly. Then everybody set down to eat pie, iced chicken & ginger Yale while Hon. Nils Asher report, "If I do not get some nurshment pretty soonly I shall stop being Hollywood's greatest lover."

"You have stopped that already," corrode Hon. Rich'd Dix.

"Who are greatest lover now?" negotiate Hon. Nils.

"The baby eliaphant," snuggest Hon. Dix.

At this joke-talk everybody make such sound of laughing Ha that 5 scientists with sound-manufacturing machines step up and fotograf the noise.

Pretty soonly the food was all ate off the tissue paper table and those Jollywood happy-go-lucks set around appreciating their digestions. Pretty soonly Hon. Wallace Ford, who had not hitherly spoken, report with his

best Saturday-off expression.

"Sippose we play some sort of game, just to pastime?"

"O goody, goody!" Shoutz by all.

"What are favorite game for all?" require Hon. Robt. Young.

"Postoffice," pronounce Hon. Ralf Bellamy, because he were setting benext to Hon. Helen Lee-High, the Paramount Pretty.

"No & No!" say others. "Let us play rock-on-a-duck."

"Not to do!" snagger Hon. Allah Namivosa. "That are no amusement for persons beyond 40. See advertisement."

"Feetball games are fun," decrop Hon. Jno Weissmuller with Tarzan the Ape expression.

"I will not play football for fear of hurting somebody," say Hon. Jant. Gaynor. "Let us play gessing games. I are It. Why are Clark Gabble like the Erie Canal?"

Everybody look very sheep.

"Why are Clark Gabble like the Erie Canal, Mrs. Bone?" require Mylvyn Duglass.

"Because he are so famus in Bufalo," negotiate Hon. Jant Gaynor with Sonny Brook Farm expression.

"Farely good. Farely good," say Hon. Clodette Colebar. "But why can't we find some sorta game we all like eckwally without getting our brows so high."

Some snuggest marbles, others pink-pong, yet others hide-and-go-peep. Nobody look axited. Then in spoke Hon. Klyve Brook, fixing his knecktie so it would look very British Army.

"I got an I. D.!!!"

"What is?" This from all.

"Let's all get photographed!"

"O, Klyve, you are a genius! Hur-ray for Klyve! He always think up some new game that will be fun and everything."

Joy-squeaks heard on all sides. There were not a idle lipstick in that whole congregation. They crouch together in family groops with studio expression.

"Camereas this way!" holla Hon. Geo. F. Ogre.

So they was photographed.

WHEN me & Nogi was going homewds in firniture vann to tuck away the clothes Miss Caramel Sweet did not ware, my depraved Japanese Cousin say disjointly:

"Why are humman nature so humman?"

"Are this another gessing game?" I ask to know.

"It are," he nudge. "But there are no answer. Yet I ask it: Why should Photo Folks go to a picknick just to get in a fotograf?"

For this I report, "Why should a plumber spend all Sundy in a bath-tubb?"

"I ask to know," say Cousin Nogi. "But most of those Famus Folks we saw today have got so many pictures of theyselves they could not sell them for 500% of what they cost. Byt look at me," dement Nogi.

I do so.

"And look at you."

I attempt to do so.

"We shall never get a picture took of us in this life and the next," he corrode. "Today when all those photo machinery filled up the sea & ocean I

stood there looking ezactly like Hon. Robt. Mungummary till they all yall at me, 'Disappear, please. You are wrecking the Cumposition.'"

"When you got Nothing," I dib, "you always keep it."

"I got a pain in the heart about a yg lady in Los Angels," mone Cousin Nogi." Her name are Miss Suzi Oki, and I would give 10c to send her my face with passion-motto, 'Regards from Hollywood, Sleeping Under Blankets.'"

Just then, while passing road, we see one stingy small house with sign be-front of it:

SWEETHEART PHOTO STUDIO
WE TAKE TIN TRYPES
PRICE 10c

"Oh what chance for me!" holla Cousin Nogi while jumping.

"Pumitt me to help you," I snarrel & put pants-kick on him; thusly in one (1) bounce he almost reach Sweetheart Studio. When lastly I saw him he were looking at smallish sign on door, CLOSED TILL XMAS 1945.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly,
Hashimura Togo.

Radio City

(Continued from page 33)

Washington to her plump bosom to save it from the pestiferous British, those same twelve acres were the wonder of the times.

Upon them flourished the first botanical garden in America, with plants from everywhere, and a sight to see.

The Elgin Botanic Garden—only a legend now—was the creation of a celebrated citizen, social light and unselfish patriot who, like Rockefeller, dreamed his dreams.

But Dr. David Hosack wasn't blessed with the Rockefeller millions, nor did he have an Owen Young nor a Samuel Lionel Rothafel at his call.

He went broke, stout fellow though he was, and the State took his garden and handed it over to Columbia University forever and a day.

And from Columbia Rockefeller takes his lease clear to the year 2015. Much of the income that the great university on Morningside Heights will draw well into the 21st century will come from the group of eleven buildings of business offices, theaters, foreign retail centers, restaurants, government bureaus, radio broadcasting studios and more than a mile of glittering shops.

Every square foot of it, every brick piled upon brick, is a ringing challenge to the future—the bravest of defiance to hard luck and hard times—a wager of two hundred and fifty million dollars that the ten thousand devils of mischance and misfortune can't put a crimp into American courage and enterprise.

* * *

Roxy tells me—and I think he prophesies well and truly—that the two theaters are the most significant part of the whole stupendous enterprise, and that they and the new and brilliant entertainment they will supply comprise the very heart of the bold, brave bid which these gallant captains I have named are making for a new prosperity, Rockefeller, Young, Harbord, Sarnoff, Aylesworth, and Roxy—six redoubtable spirits that won't be licked and can't be licked.

Their bid for better times—and it's just that—is the finest entertainment that the world ever saw on the grandest and most elaborate scale the world ever saw and in the most luxurious and beautiful quarters the world ever saw.

Said Roxy, all aglow, "We have got to hit 'em in the eye! Quickly! With a terrific punch! Dizzy 'em, dazzle 'em—make 'em comfortable, make 'em happy, make 'em laugh. Their hearts are our target! Watch us go!"

On the twenty-seventh of December Roxy's International Music Hall, with its sixty-seven hundred seats, and Roxy's RKO Photoplay House, with

its thirty-seven hundred—and each as astonishingly restful and intimate, for all of its splendiferous, modern glories, as some neat little Broadway playhouse, will go into throbbing action, with the greatest master of entertainment in all America, yes, the greatest in all the world, breathing his spirit into both.

* * *

WHO on earth is this amazing fellow who is hailed 'round the world by one name, like a king or a camera or a flivver?

Into his fifty years he has crowded baseball playing, bartending, service with the United States Marines (the real thing, under fire) and a long, hard struggle not from the ground but from the very cellar clear up to the pinnacle of the show business.

He is Roxy.

Five million people have written letters to him. His was the best known voice in America during the first great flush of radio.

Stillwater, Minnesota, was his birthplace. The only schooling he ever got was ended at thirteen when his parents moved to New York and little Sam went to work for two dollars a week in a Fourteenth Street department store.

He was a liability to commerce as a cashboy and drew the pink slip pretty pronto. After that he drifted from one thing to another—thin dimes and slim pickings—until a very pressing need for three squares and a payday sent him to a recruiting officer of the United States Marines.

He saw fighting in the Caribbean and in South America and was mustered out a high corporal in the rear rank, with a medal that he wouldn't trade for a million dollars today. Ask him.

Once more it was hard going for young Samuel Lionel Rothafel until he found that there were more buyers for beer than books.

So he tied on an apron and went to tending bar in a miners' saloon in Forest City, Pennsylvania.

Like a bolt from the blue, inspiration came to young Sam.

He went to the town undertaker and rented, on credit, two hundred camp chairs. He bought a bedsheet. He made a motion picture theater out of the back room of the saloon.

When there was a funeral there was no show. He tried out an orchestra of twelve pieces after the nickels began to come in and found that music soothed no savage breasts in Forest City.

Grabbing an opportunity to take over the Alhambra Theater in Milwaukee, he met the divine Bernhardt and to her poured out the burning ambitions and (Please turn to page 96)



"He is a fine fellow—but
did you see his hat!"

"Jim is a nice chap—always pleasant, fine personality, very entertaining and nicely dressed too, all but his hat. I can't understand why a man will be so careless now that Handy Hatter is offered for ten cents.

Everyone of those unsightly spots can be removed in a few minutes with this marvelous new powder. You simply rub it on and brush it off. It cleans like magic and leaves no ring. Handy Hatter really cleans spots and soil from fine felt hats. It has been used for more than 15 years by a leading hat manufacturer.

Sold at most Woolworth Stores



When you buy a new hat get a can of Handy Hatter. Five minutes a week will keep your hat spotless. If your favorite store does not stock, use coupon below.

HAWLEY & JONES,
718 N. Twelfth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

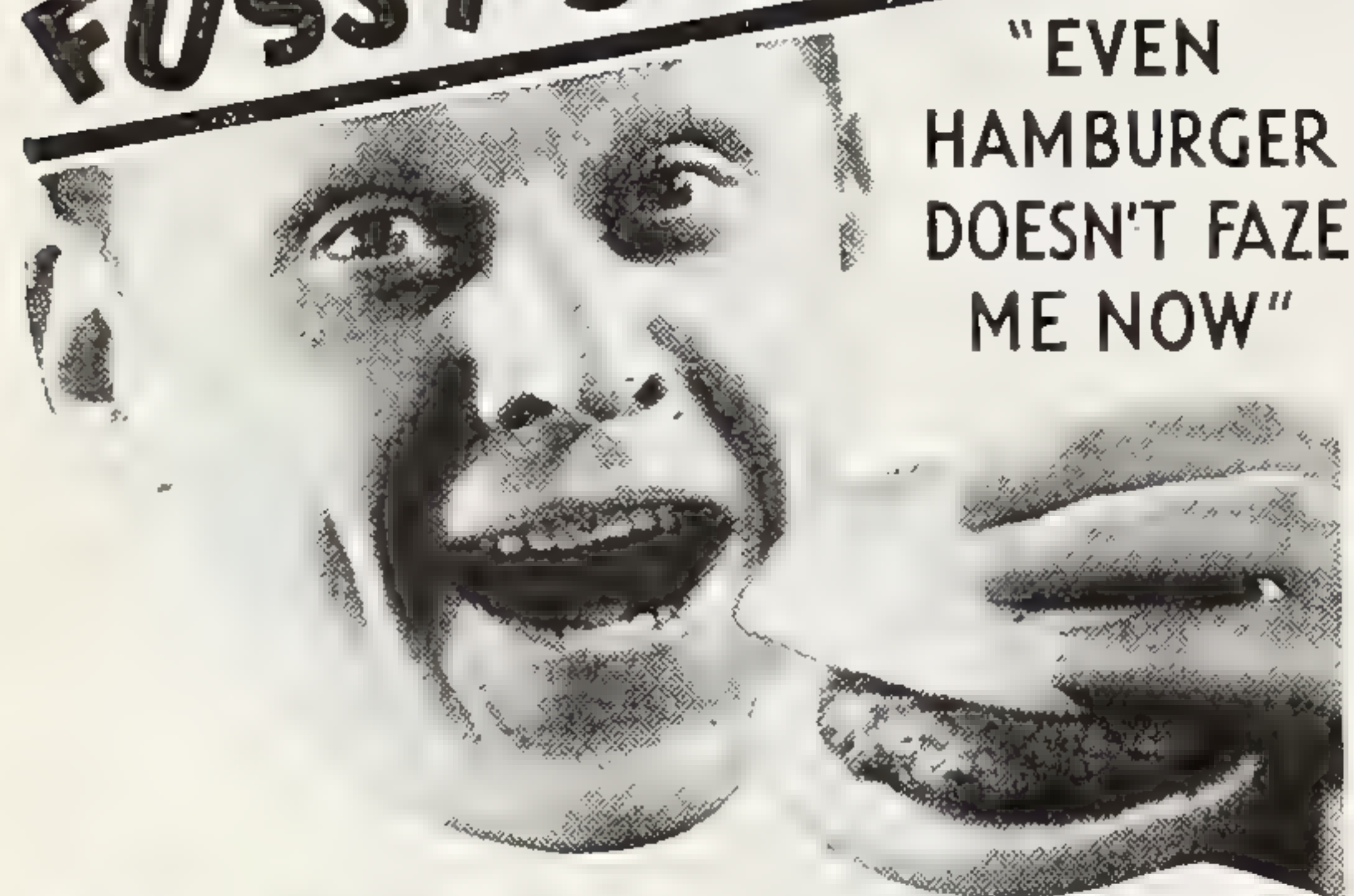
Enclosed find ten cents for which send me post paid a full-size can of Handy Hatter.

Name

Address

City State

FUSSY STOMACH?



"EVEN
HAMBURGER
DOESN'T FAZE
ME NOW"

"TUMS" Let You Eat The Foods You Like

No longer need you pass up favorite foods for fear of acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach or gas. TUMS—the new candy-like antacid mints—quickly counteract excess acid, dispel gas and relieve "fussy stomach." Simply eat three or four TUMS after meals, when smoking or whenever you are distressed. They're safe, agreeable—handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

FREE Beautiful 1933 calendar-thermometer. Also samples of TUMS and NR. Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 5-D, St. Louis, Mo.



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Permanently Destroys Hair

Radio City

(Continued from page 95)

enthusiasms of his heart.

The great actress saw clear down into the soul of the boy and told him to plunge. He did.

He gave Milwaukee its motion pictures in such de luxe musical settings that they heard of him in New York and called him to a theater in Harlem.

It was nineteen-thirteen that the first "Temple of the Movies," the Strand, was built on Broadway. Roxy was made its manager.

After that his career became one explosion of success after another. He took the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Capitol in his stride, and when they began to build cathedrals and call them picture houses it was no time at all until one was called "Roxy." You've heard of it.

And as naturally as the sun rises, the men who made Rockefeller Center and Radio City called him in to plan, to build and to direct its two theaters.

They gave him a signed check with the amount blank and told him to go to it.

HE'S really unbelievable, this gentleman who set an utterly new fashion and standard in the showing of motion pictures.

Without exaggeration, he changed by his radio broadcasts, the musical tastes of a nation. Yet he can't read a note of music.

A marvellous memory and instinctive musical feeling enable him to conduct orchestras and accurately and poetically interpret the spirit of the masters.

More than a little he resembles Mussolini, not only facially but in the indomitable determination whose only motto is: "It can be done!"

Few things make him peevish, but one of the things that do is for a lieutenant to turn up with the lament that something or other is too difficult to accomplish. That makes him wild.

He got his nickname, his famous "Roxy," when he was playing semi-pro baseball. His captain couldn't pronounce his name (Rothapfel it was then) and he yelled in his excitement, "Slide, Roxy, slide!"

So Roxy has been sliding to the home plate ever since.

He says he is superstitious in one respect only. He won't begin a venture on any day but Friday! Yet I noticed, when I was trailing along after him through his overpowering and appalling International Music Hall, that he carefully avoided walking under a ladder.

He's crazy about hot dogs and hamburger steak sandwiches, has one slang expression which trips frequently from his tongue: "Applesauce," an expression for which he finds active use, and he loves to play golf and handball.

His is the finest type of executive mind. He conceives plans and delegates performance, giving to his aides the widest latitude.

He works at present in a tremendous office on the eighth floor of the Palace Theatre Building, with S. Jay Kauffman, one-time newspaper columnist, as his man Friday and loyal buffer—an office of dignified luxury.

He likes to sit under dim lights. He is one of those rarest of creatures an intensely practical dreamer.

IN the RKO Photoplay Theater, with its thirty-seven hundred seats, he will put on motion pictures and variety, with the Roxy trimmings.

In the gigantic International Music Hall he will put on everything from grand opera and spectacles to the neatest trick in toe-dancing, also with the Roxy trimmings.

Whatever seems good to him. Not what the public wants, but what *Roxy* wants. That's the point, and a whale of a big and important point it is.

Listen to what he told me as we wandered through the great new music hall:

"That line, 'Give the public what it wants,' is just plain applesauce," said Roxy. "You can't know because *they* don't know."

"I give them what I like. I'm just average human."

"What pleases me, amuses me, thrills me—takes me out of the dull common-places and realities that all of us are eager to escape from—will please the public."

"That's the big lesson experience has taught me. Here in these two theaters my target will be the human heart."

"That's what I shall shoot at every day in the year."

"Today the taste of the mass of people everywhere is just about the same. The automobile wiped out distances and differences between country and city. Radio has gone even farther."

"Ten years ago what went over big in New York might well be a flop in Toledo. That's all past now. The provinces and 'sticks' have disappeared."

"Today we have one public, responding to the same appeals, in the same manner."

"Maybe New York has a top layer of sophistication. Some producers appeal to that for temporary success, with productions carrying innuendo or suggestiveness of flip wise-cracking."

"But I have gambled all my life, and am about to make the biggest gamble of all here in Radio City, on the fact that romance and sentiment are what people are really hungry for."

"They must laugh, of course. But they yearn to flee from their everyday lives into an enchanted land of romance and imagination. And that they will find in the fullest measure in these two houses."

"The public is hungry for splendid entertainment. That is what I will give them or crack up in the attempt. And I don't expect to crack."

"Show business is in bad shape. It is all messed up. It doesn't know where it is going. Show people are blue and downhearted. They really needn't be."

"This depression in the business of entertainment will pass and pass in a very short time, in my humble judgment."

"The point is, that our big job here in Radio City, in these two theaters is to make it pass as rapidly as possible; to inspire the public with a new zest for the best in entertainment. That is what we are aiming at."

"That is why this project is so tremendously important."

"We have set ourselves to lead the theater out of the bog, and by heck! that we are going to do!"

New Pictures You Should See and Why

(Continued from page 59)

most of them don't have very much to do. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, George Brent and Guy Kibbee head the list. Better go and see it, and, if you don't know the real story that lurks down the street from which it takes its name, you'll like it well enough.

JUST A WOMAN—(Radio)—Irene Dunne has struck her stride. In "Cimarron" she probably did the best first job achieved by any actress. Then came several shows that hardly gave her a chance. "Back Street" put her back at the top and now she comes through again in "Just a Woman," a show not at all unlike the novel by Miss Fannie Hurst.

Irene plays opposite Charles Bickford in a story of a mill-worker who through her aid works up to a position at the top of the steel industry. With the business world conquered he turns his eyes toward social heights and with the help of blond Gwili Andre attempts the climb.

Meanwhile, Irene watches and waits for him with an understanding that reaches out from the screen and literally squeezes the tears out of you. When finally, through her efforts and sympathy, he struggles back up again from the depths, you sit back with a sigh, wipe your eyes, and say to yourself that you are glad there are at least a few actresses like Irene Dunne.

There is an excellent cast in support. In addition to Charles Bickford and Gwili Andre, there are Eric Linden, Christian Rub, and Leila Bennett in support of the star.

FRISCO JENNY—(First National)—Miss Chatterton should thank First National for putting her in a story in which she has an opportunity to act as she really can. Whether you like the show or not depends upon your taste, but Ruth Chatterton does the best job, in your reviewer's opinion, since "Madame X."

LAWYER MAN — (Warner Brothers)—This one is darn near a great picture. Bill Powell learned how to play lawyer when he did "For the Defense" for Paramount and he does quite a little better with this rôle. The trouble is that the story just isn't so good.

Powell plays an attorney that through his ability rises to the top of the heap. Then he meets the woman, played by Joan Blondell, and the rest is easy. He skids, goes to the dogs and is brought back by the love of Joan.

THE WAX MUSEUM — (Warner Brothers)—There is a great movie lurking in this idea and though "Wax Museum" is nothing less than ghastly in a couple of scenes, it still has a new and thrilling story that is well worth seeing if your picture-going activities call for this sort of stuff.

The story starts in the world-famed wax museum of Madame Tussaud and moves from there to New York. While it is certainly no picture for the children, it carries a punch that holds your attention and there are several scenes that you won't soon forget.

Lionel Atwill, well-known stage star, is supported by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh and Fay Wray. Michael Curtiz directed.

THE PENGUIN POOL MURDER—(Radio)—The story by Stuart Palmer is better than the average mystery yarn and Edna May Oliver as the school "marm" who refuses to believe in anything until she has proved it herself, makes the show well worth seeing.

The whole idea is based on a murder committed in the penguin pool of the New York Aquarium. Edna May Oliver has her class of youngsters there at the time and positively refuses to let the course of justice run awry.

SECOND-HAND WIFE — (Fox) — You'll probably see this one on a double bill and it is about all that it deserves. It is the story of just another big business man who is misunderstood by his wife and capably appreciated by his secretary. The story is just about the same as the rest of them.

Ralph Bellamy plays the lead, but there isn't an awful lot that he can do with the idea.

LET'S GO—(M-G-M)—If you care for Bill Haines you'll probably like the show, though, as far as I am concerned, there is no other reason.

It is another speedboat picture, of which there have been several of late, and there are a couple of shots that, if they were not faked, must have given someone chills and fevers while they were being made.

Harry Pollard had charge of the direction and Cliff Edwards has plenty to do with obtaining most of the laughs. Bill Haines is good enough, and, were I using the star system, I'd sit down and worry whether to give two stars or three.

You can take anyone to see it that you care to. It won't matter that much.

LAUGHTER IN HELL — (Universal)—If Universal had been able to film this story as it was written by Jim Tully, it would have been something worth seeing from an educational angle alone. As it is, the producers had to temper the tirades of the fiery Tully and there is still remaining far more meat than the average author dares to insert into his movie plots.

Jim Tully paints the Southland as he sees it and dares anyone to make anything out of it. Universal did its best and the result is something better than an average program picture.

Pat O'Brien, Merna Kennedy, Berton Churchill, Gloria Stuart and Tom Brown, head the cast with Clarence Muse, the colored actor in a prominent part.

PHANTOM FAME—(Radio)—You ought to be amused by this show. Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez let you in on a couple of things about show business that you really shouldn't know.

It's fast stuff. Tracy takes Lupe out of a carnival side show and builds her up into a Broadway favorite. Then
(Please turn to page 98)



Why Not Give a NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY?

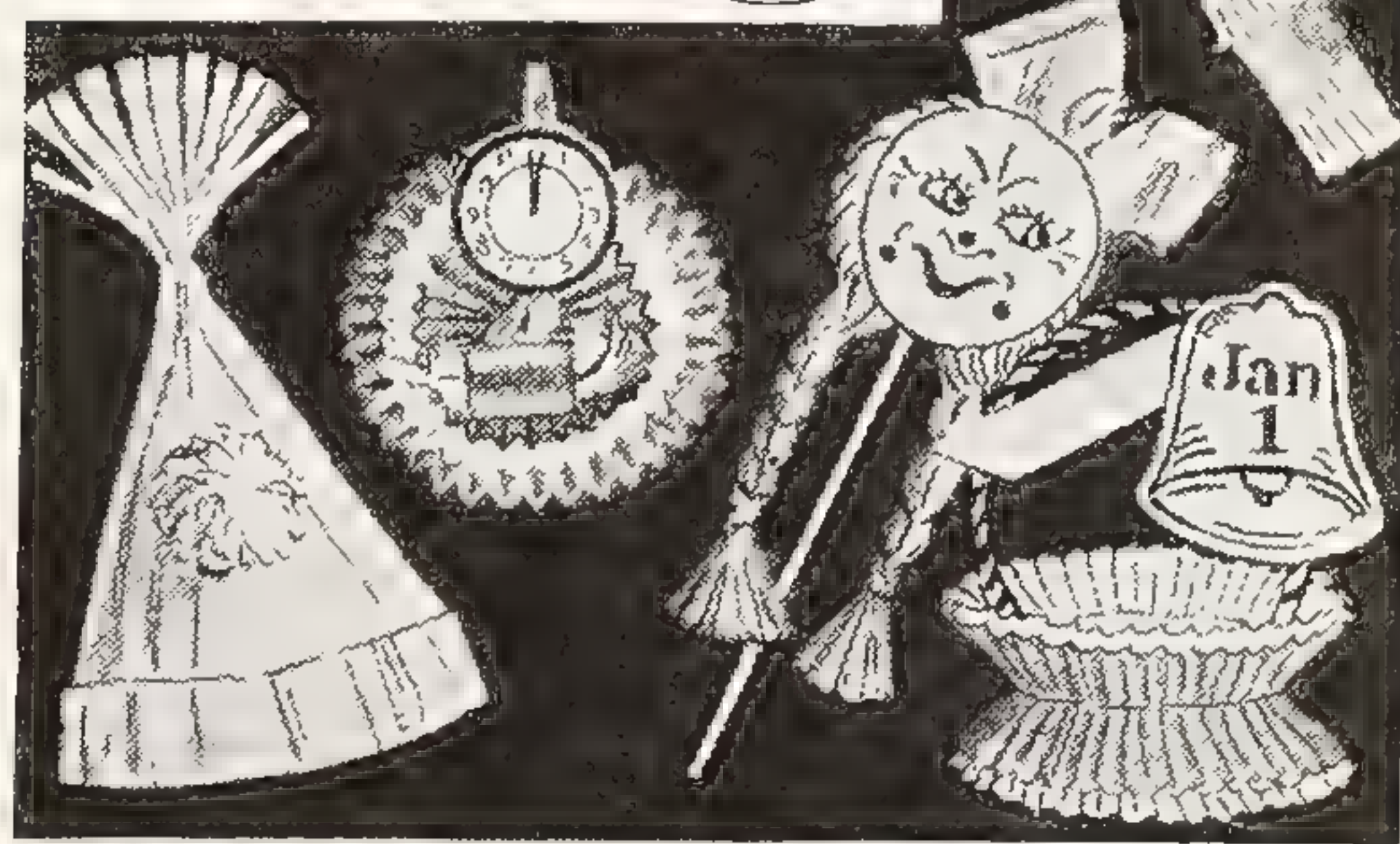
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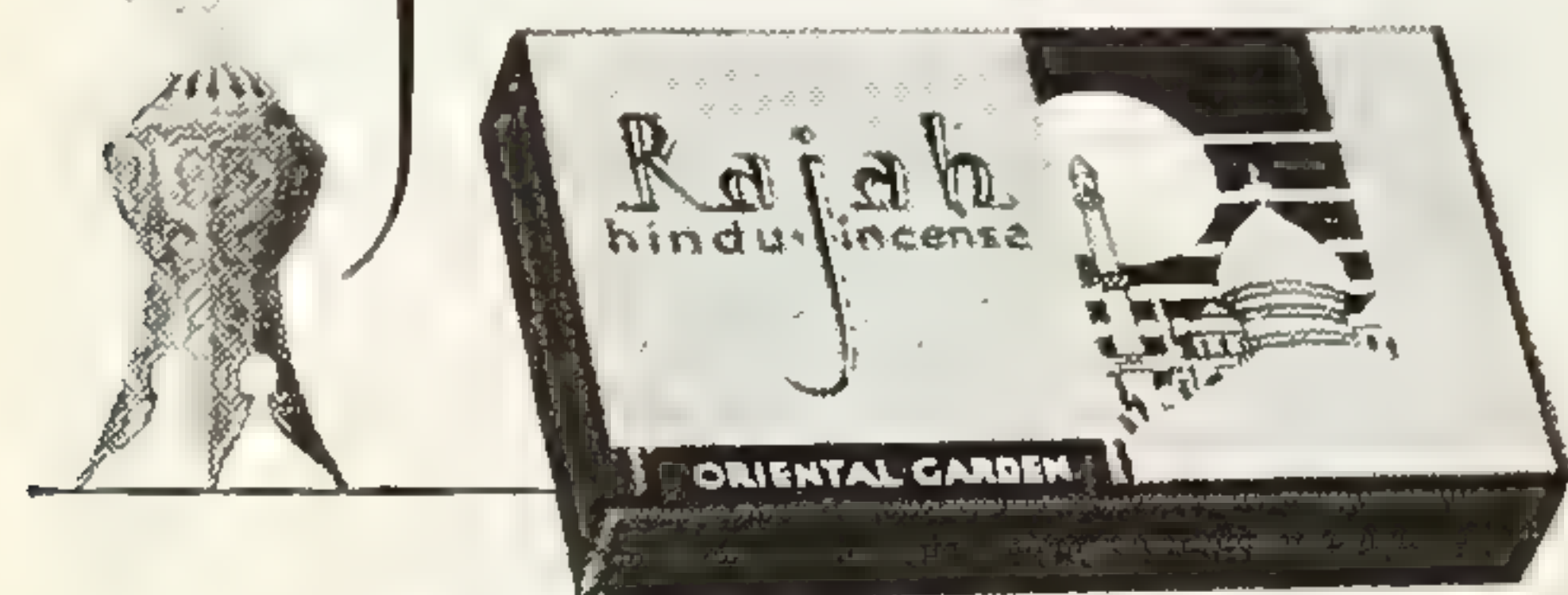


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New Pictures You Should See and Why

(Continued from page 97)

the old High-hat comes into the picture and Tracy works as hard to break her as he did to build her.

It really is funny stuff, with Lupe a little more human than she usually is. Boy, oh boy, what legs that girl has.

Only big little boys and girls should be allowed to see this one.

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN— (Paramount) — Paramount probably doesn't ask for an awful lot of credit for producing this one. When you make eighty pictures a year, I suppose it's okay if a few of them aren't so good, and this one certainly doesn't need any apologies of that sort.

Stuart Erwin is an excellent comic and Alison Skipworth, the Paramount Marie Dressler, is only a little less effective than her M-G-M rival. After all, there is only one Marie.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE — (First National) — Edward G. Robinson is supposed to have turned down this story and Warren William would have done better had he followed suit.

Though the show is good enough and should entertain anyone not too hard to please, it is one of the toughest rôles for a star that this reviewer has ever seen. Maybe William can stand it, but at the same time, it seems to me to be the sort of thing that we, as the public, would rather forget about. Maybe it happens, but we don't have to look at it when we're trying to forget work at the movies.

NAGANA — (Universal) — "Nagana" means "sleeping sickness". After looking at about sixty minutes' worth of motion picture, that is about all that your reviewer learned and between you and me, he could have done without it.

It seems that three doctors venture into the African jungle to discover a serum that will cure the dreaded sleeping sickness. Instead of that, they discover Tala Birell who does a pretty good job of proving that no three doctors living are proof against a pretty woman, and Tala is certainly that.

Not so good for anyone who isn't old enough to think for himself. Look out. . . . Nagana will get you . . . maybe you, brother, but not me.

PIER 13 — (Fox) — Raoul Walsh, who, you may remember, played the marine sergeant in "Rain" with Gloria Swanson, was given this show to direct and he has done something that is well off the beaten path of every-day film production.

Spencer Tracy, on his ability to entertain, should have been one of the biggest stars in the business many years ago. In this opus he is as good as ever and, for once, has a rôle into which he can sink his teeth. After "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" Mr. Tracy should be well up among the favorites.

Joan Bennett is the girl friend, and helps to tide over a few rather trite spots in the story.

It's entertainment all right, and it happens in a locale that you haven't seen in pictures until now.

MEN OF AMERICA—(Radio)—Bill Boyd has his chance to be stronger and more heroic than he has ever been before, and he makes the most of it. There is more murder and sudden death per square inch to this picture than to any of the action dramas of late and for those who like action, without much rhyme or reason, this is a show to see.

The idea is good enough. It concerns a small town in Southern California, in which a group of emigrants band together to nonplus a visiting band of gangsters. Charles "Chic" Sale adds much to the value of the show.

Ralph Ince directs, and, as he usually does, plays an important rôle in the show.

The youngsters will eat this one up.

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—(Columbia)—They've made another policeman out of Jack Holt. No kidding, this particular actor has put in more hours on the beat than any cop I've heard about.

This time Mr. Holt portrays a strong silent member of New York's finest who would rather take his club to a fellow than talk it over quietly.

Most of the picture is pretty ordinary stuff, but there are a couple of kicks in the last reel that are worth your notice.

Okay for the whole family, if they don't want too much.

BORN TO FIGHT—(Fox)—Do you remember Rin-Tin-Tin? If you love dog pictures you'll get a great kick out of "Born to Fight." Apart from El Brendel and Son O' Dawn, the new dog star, there is not much to the show, but there is plenty for all dog lovers.

Onslow Stevens and Janet Chandler have the featured rôles and Son O' Dawn is a wonderful animal.

GOLDIE GETS ALONG—(Radio)—GRKO saw the crying need and stepped into the picture with a complete vindication of "Miss America". She was just a sweet kid who didn't know how she stirred the imaginations of her boy friends. Lili Damita, hardly fills the bill as my idea of Miss America, but she must certainly stir the imagination, or she would if it were my knee she was sitting on.

Apart from the luscious Lili, there is little out of the ordinary about this show. However, it moves briskly and is pretty fair entertainment if you are interested in this sort of thing.

ROBBERS' ROOST — (Fox) — Zane Grey's stories all seem to be admirably suited to the screen and those who care for Westerns should thank their lucky stars for stories like "Robbers' Roost."

You can bet your bottom dollar that any time George O'Brien is in a show there will be one good fight and plenty of action. There is all of that, and quite some more, in "Robbers' Roost" and together with the charms of Maureen O'Sullivan, this makes enough to satisfy you or anyone else.

If you don't have to walk too far, you'd better see this one.

Hollywood Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 49)

"A new wrinkle in femme form flashes is synthetic hips made of lamb's wool by an undercover modiste in Hollywood, who is reported supplying fake flesh to several film femmes noted for physical allures."—Variety.

"The period through which we are passing justifies the American system of individual enterprise."—Secretary of War Hurley.

Guy—Did your last boy friend give you long kisses?

Gal—Yes. Once on a lonely country road he kissed me, and when I opened my eyes, they had put up a skyscraper across the street.—Film Fun.

"The great disaster of our civilization is the morbid hatred of sex."—D. H. Lawrence.

"Hollywood is filled with voluptuous women who rely on their beauty to get them somewhere."—Cecil B. DeMille.

"If all producers want me to do is register it and show my underwear, they can keep their contracts."—Clara Bow.

"The educational influence of motion pictures has revolutionized small town life."—Will Hays.

"Sexy pictures are wholly indecent."—Miss Mary Doyle of Ashley Street, Hartford, Conn.

"Sex appeal is really nothing more than innocence and simplicity."—Fan Mag.

"It has virtually come to the point that fewer clothes mean a lesser chance for external cancer."—Dr. J. C. Bloodgood of Johns Hopkins.

"Daughters of the American Revolution have gone on record as permanently opposed to showing lingerie in motion pictures."—News item.

"Paramount has taken up its option on Mae West."—Trade paper.

"Animal pictures threaten to flood the film market."—Trade paper item.

Censors when they get a skinful
Are apt to cut up something sinful.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS DEPARTMENT

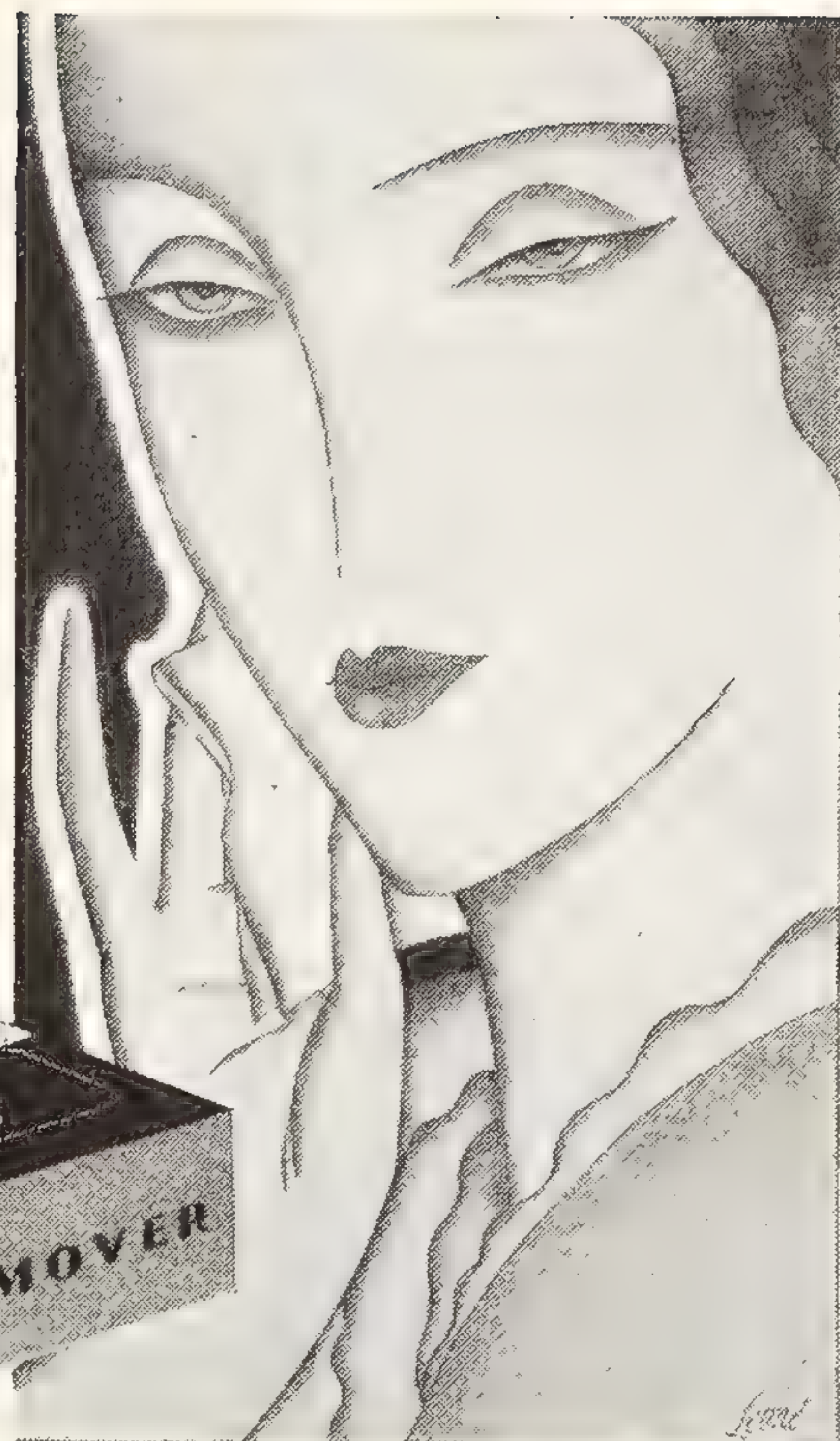
NOTE—By special arrangement with The Brown Derby Restaurant, we have obtained first rights to all information scribbled on table-cloths. We sort over the soiled table linen and thus find answers to many of the questions submitted by followers of what we lovingly call the "Silver Screen." True, some of the answers are smudgy—yes, even coffee stained. But what does it matter, if we love our work?

QUESTION:

Has the depression brought the movie people to their senses—have they
(Please turn to page 100)

Cleaner FACES

Sitroux Face Tissue absorbs the dirt, removes the cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation. ¶ You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses. ¶ Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.



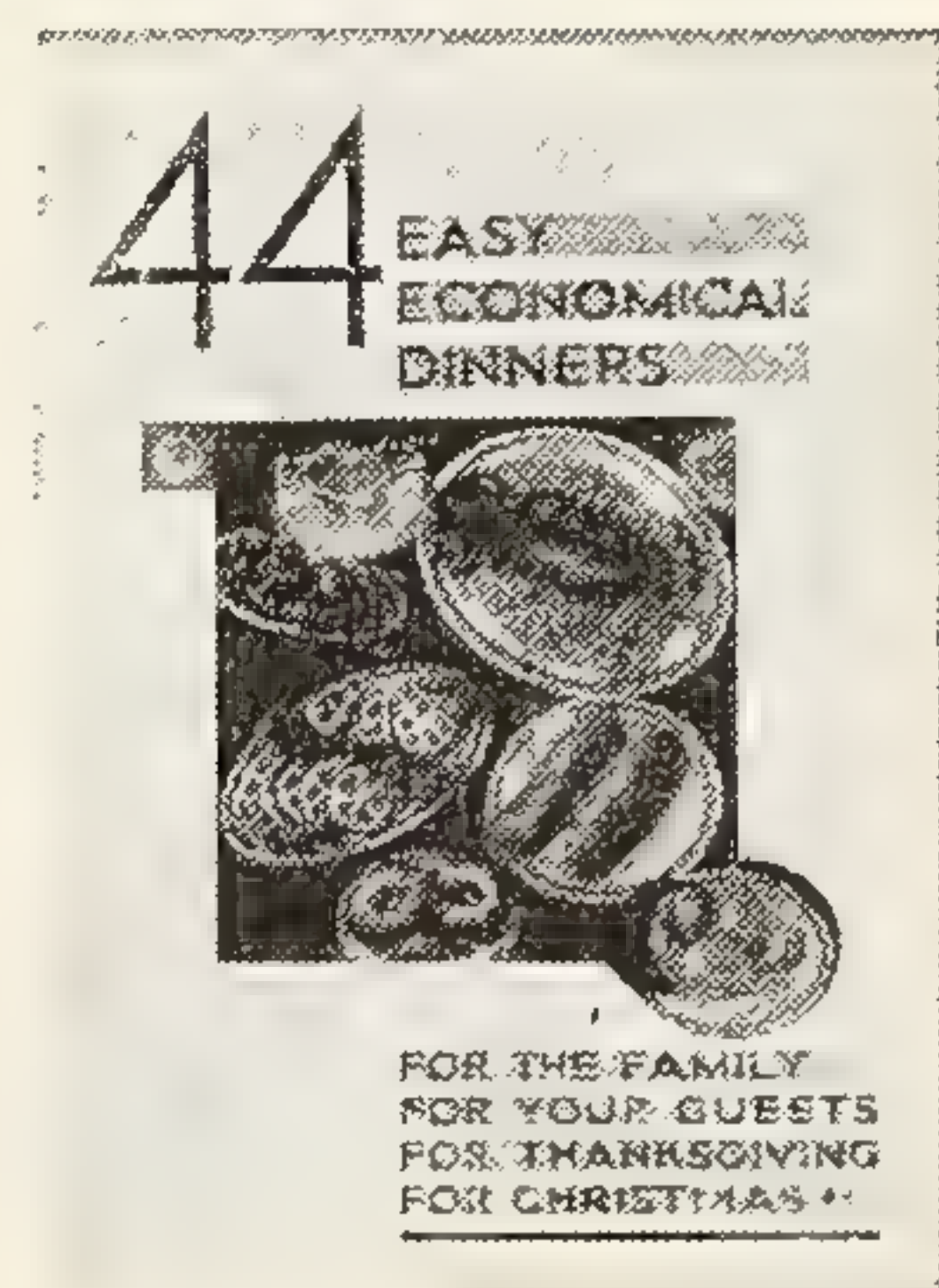
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PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, which doctors have prescribed for many years, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of the throat's natural moisture and brings quick relief. It helps nature heal that awful cough from the inside out.

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Dept. 122 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

Hollywood Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 99)

scaled down their pretentious standards of living?

Henrietta Brazil.

ANSWER:

Yes. One star still pays \$20 an ounce for perfume, and calls in an interior decorator to set the table, but she makes her husband go without cream in his coffee.

QUESTION:

Why did sweet and lovely June Saccharine get a divorce?

Curious.

ANSWER:

Because when her husband was drunk she never let him kiss her, and when he was sober he never tried to kiss her.

QUESTION:

Is there anything worse than being married to an actor?

Admirer.

ANSWER:

Yes. Being married to a man who just thinks he is an actor.

**Movie gals with fussy maters
Do not play our best the-ay-ters**

AND SO IT GOES

"Jackie Cooper is so devoted to his piano lessons that he is practicing on a piano in a set at the studio."—Press agent item.

"Jackie Cooper has developed a decided reluctance to enter his living room since his mother has started him at piano lessons."—Press agent item.

Be that as it may, there's always enough creative talent around a studio to produce plenty of discord.

Add similes—

Pie-eyed as a Mack Sennett casting director.

ALTHOUGH we guarantee the information below, it is obtained from sources we believe unreliable—

La Tashman took two ole ermine wraps and had an upholsterer cover a couple chairs with them... her piano is white, too... with pink taffeta flounces to the floor... 'Swunnerful what a woman can do with odds and ends... particularly odds... And Joan Crawford is riding around in a gorgeously fitted up Ford roadster, with uniformed chauffeur... Charlie Ruggles and Neil Hamilton go back and forth from the studios on bicycles... Clark Gable plays tennis on the public courts with a studio janitor... Mae West had a pet monkey sent out from New York... Clara Bow has a pack of pet trader rats... they take things out of bureau drawers but always leave something else in place of what they carry away... Joe Mankiewicz autographed his photo for Grover Jones thus: "To dear Grover, without whose constant help and advice I would be twice as far in the motion picture industry"... Under an assumed name, wealthy Howard Hughes is working as co-pilot on a trans-continental plane for \$250 a month... wants first-hand picture material... Neil Hamilton posed for a cover on the Thanksgiving number of the Satidyevepost eleven years ago... and later for Chesterfield ads... Frank Morgan used to be a

cowpuncher in New Mexico... Mae Clarke jerked sodas in an Atlantic City drug store... And Lew Cody woiked in a drug store in Waterville, Maine... Roland Young has neckties made from the same material as his suits... Cecil DeMille is an expert at archery... A strip of successful horse-laugh film owned by George Meeker, actor, has been sold over and over again for insertions... and netted its owner more than \$50,000... he also rents out a donkey bray... and a buzzing bee... Government has ruled that Tia Juana gambling losses may be deducted from gross incomes... Warners have bought screen rights to Joyce's "Ulysses"... *tk... tsk... tsk...*

And one thing more... stop the presses!... Constance Bennett likes corn on the cob.

Ad in Hollywood paper:

My tailor, for many years, has had the good grace to sue me for three unsatisfactory suits which were never accepted and are still in his possession. Thought you might like to know, in case you need a tailor.

LEW CODY.

**Love nests, husbands and collusion
Add to Hollywood's confusion.**

Paramount has been looking around for a "lion man" to appear in "King of the Jungle" and make a monkey out of "Tarzan."

Even to the casual observer, it must be apparent that there is a large number of animals. So the new vistas are colossal.

Why doesn't somebody write a story about elephants for Fatty Arbuckle's comeback?

**WHY DO YOU SMILE,
MONA LISA?**

"The humble opinion of a high school girl revealed in her sincere fan letter is more valuable than the criticism of all the experts put together."—Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Hollywood's a funny town—

You'd like it.
Standards there are upside down—
You'd like it.
The men are queer, the gals are queerer,
They're quite content if they've got a mirror,
The gin is bad and the beer is nearer—
You'd like it.

—Wm. Wiley.

Be that as it may, Loew's Weekly says:

"Vicki Baum worked for one year as a chambermaid in a Berlin hotel to get the atmosphere and material for her story and play, 'Grand Hotel.'"

And Preston Sturges likes to tell about the conference between the director and the producer.

Director—We have to be very careful about the actress we cast in this part. She must be inscrutable.

Producer—I don't see what difference that makes to us so long as she can act.

Playtime

(Continued from page 65)

could have been happy together if it hadn't been for his terrific pride," she said. She meant Bert Lytell, you know.

Claire was elated because Lily Pons had seen her at the Cocoanut Grove and had asked that she be invited to Jeanette's party.

Helen Hayes wore a Nile green silk, softly draped as to bodice, with a tight skirt, and green slippers, and a little Empress Eugenie hat of silk matching the dress.

She is looking forward to playing "The White Sister" with great interest. She said that her little daughter always cried for California when they were away, which gave her a good excuse to her New York friends for wanting to come West.

Ernst Lubitsch was paying marked attention to Ann Harding all evening, and though they were ostensibly discussing books and plays, the director's admiration was quite evident.

But I think Ann is taking all men's homage quite calmly. She loved her husband, Harry Bannister, deeply, and I am sure tried her best to keep her home intact. But fate willed otherwise.

RAMON NOVARRO was there with shaven head, for his rôle in "The Son-Daughter," and he said he did not need to wear any make-up to look Chinese. And when he donned his little Chinese cap, he did indeed look Oriental.

Ramon sang some of his lovely Spanish songs, accompanying himself on the piano, and Lily Pons listened appreciatively, and led the applause.

Included in the list of guests were Edgar Allen Woolf, Jeanne Devalque, Frederick Schant, Jr., Geoffrey Shurlock, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus LeMaire, Henri Didot, Consul of France, Georges Jomier, Lothar Mendez, James Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Winfield Sheehan, Mel Shauer, Marian Spitzer, Harlan Thompson, Haughton Bickerton, the artist, who is painting Novarro's portrait, Al Kauffman, Moss Hart and others.

JOHNNY WARBURTON, the English actor, is thoroughly establishing himself in Hollywood. He has taken Nils Asther's house with his mother and decided to give a quiet little housewarming.

Estelle Taylor was a sort of assistant hostess, she being a friend of Warburton and his mother.

Estelle, always poised and charmingly at ease, looked lovely in a black dinner gown, the skirt tight, made of crepe satin, and the bodice of Spanish lace. Estelle said it had been an ancient Spanish mantilla, reported once to have been in the family of a Spanish king.

An hospitable host was Mr. Warburton, and he made us all feel happily at home—Betty Compson, Eddie Sutherland, Christian Rub, Audrey Henderson, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratcliffe, Frank Lawton, Paul Weiser, once a heavyweight champion in Canada, and his bride, the former Eve Thurston.

Johnny Warburton, being a conventional English soul, began to tremble when in Hollywood fashion a number of unexpected guests turned up, he fearing that his dinner table wouldn't

(Please turn to page 102)



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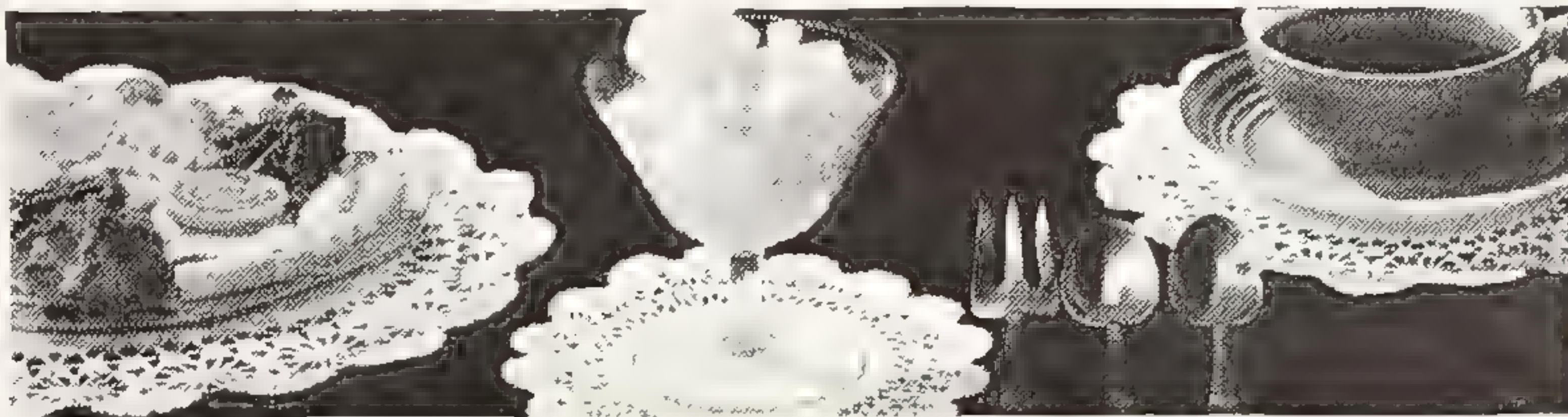
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Our Food Editor is planning some salad articles for the near future, and if you will answer these questions it will help us to give you exactly the type of salad dressing recipes you prefer.

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Playtime

(Continued from page 101)

In the New MOVIE ALBUM

Photos of the STARS, STIRRING SCENES from their FAVORITE FILMS

Do you remember Richard Dix in that great picture, "Cimarron"? Did you

see that other famous Richard—Dick Barthelmess—fly in "The Dawn Patrol"? If you saw "Anna Christie," will you ever forget the thrill of hearing Greta Garbo speak? You'll do a lot of remembering as you turn the pages of The New Movie Album. Besides the many unusual photographs, it shows you a dramatic moment in each star's favorite rôle.

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accommodate everybody. But Estelle, wise in such occasions from experience, went into the kitchen, briskly encouraged the worried servants, and advised John to turn the affair into a buffet supper.

"The housewarming is getting hotter than you expected," Estelle remarked.

During dinner Estelle told amusingly of the fight in Clara Bow's picture, "Call Her Savage," between Clara and Thelma Todd. Clara evidently surprised Thelma by landing on her with both fists, and then Thelma lighted in, too. It seems that somebody was supposed to step in between the actresses and stop them—but imagine their chagrin when nobody did!

"And Clara said," Estelle told us, "I wouldn't have minded so much, only Thelma kept my face out of the camera all the while!"

WHEN Leo Carrillo gives a barbecue, everybody goes who can possibly wangle an invitation; and as Leo is very hospitable, loving people, and saying, if you ask him if you can bring five friends, "Oh, yes, please bring ten friends," his barbecues, down at his ranch in Santa Monica Canyon, are crowded and gay affairs.

Everybody had been asked, that afternoon, to wear something Spanish, and while some of the guests' ideas of "something Spanish" were rather far-fetched, (Mae Clarke wore pink-and-blue pajamas, and Maude Eburn made herself up as a Spanish caballero, boots, spurs, mustache and all), the effect was a festive one. It might have been a gala day in old Spanish times.

Our host kissed all the feminine guests as they arrived, and Tom Brown pretended—or did he pretend?—fierce jealousy when Leo kissed Joan Marsh.

We were gathered sociably under the big sycamores when we suddenly jumped at the sound of a loud tooting.

The gates swung wide and in marched a procession composed of a padre, then a Spanish orchestra, and finally a vehicle that looked like a bus. A head, crowned with a plumed hat looking suspiciously like a headpiece worn by members of a secret order, poked itself from a front window.

The head was Buster Keaton's, but Buster declared the hat was a part of his Admiral's costume. He then revealed a gold-epauletted coat, gold-headed sabre, regimental trousers—and the vehicle he said, was his land yacht. Lew Cody was with him, and both alighted after the padre, who turned out to be Harry Holman, well-known variety actor, and the Spanish orchestra had been duly greeted.

The land yacht really should be called the Prancing Palace or something, it is so compactly complete in its appointments, and Buster is enjoying it immensely. There are a couple of berths with rubber mattresses, a tiny dressing room, a little dining room, a galley for cooking, an ice-box and a little drawing room.

Tom Mix and his pretty wife were there, Tom wearing his white sombrero but quite evidently jealous over Leo's hat.

Miriam Jordan was looking at everything in wide-eyed wonderment, as this was her first Hollywood party.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey

were among the guests, and evidently are all friendly once more.

Thelma Todd proudly introduced her handsome Spanish husband, Pasquella DeCicco, saying he was "Spanish enough so that she didn't need to wear anything else that was Spanish."

John Wayne looked resplendent in a Spanish señor's buckskin suit, and was attentive to Astrid Allwyn.

Polly Moran was there. She said she had tried her best to look Spanish, but just couldn't keep the Irish out of it. And Wallace Beery and his wife told of their latest air adventure, when they had to alight far out in the desert.

Gloria Shea walked down the sunlit paths with Arthur Pierson. Bryan Foy told us how his youngest brother, young Eddie, is improving at last after his long months in a hospital. Jose Mojica, Fox's popular Spanish star, brought his mother. Pat O'Brien and his wife told Leo they were jealous of his beautiful estate. Nina Quartero and her handsome brother Jack wandered about the place, taking in the marvelous effects Leo has managed to achieve with the little stream, the water-falls, the ferns, the trees, the wild flowers. And we all had a look at the adobe dwelling he is building on a ledge of the hill which overlooks his canyon grounds.

"A HOUSEWARMING held outdoors!" exclaimed Nancy Carroll. "Well, that's all right. I like it better that way."

So did all of us that Sunday afternoon at the Victor McLaglen acres in La Canada, where, in the tea-house and on the lawns and under the trees were gathered the guests. The English style house had opened its hospitable arms to us, but somehow we all preferred the lovely mountain air outside.

Only Victor and Mrs. McLaglen said they didn't quite know where to receive, because guests were pouring in at both the gates, and always paused on the little rise of ground to exclaim at the beauty of their surroundings.

"So we just dash!" explained Mrs. McLaglen.

Some of the guests wore sports clothes and some afternoon dress. Nancy Carroll and Fifi Dorsay both wore afternoon gowns of flat black crêpe, made long, and with tiny capés, while Janet Gaynor and Sally Eilers wore sports dresses, both of green. Janet wears green a great deal, and it makes most vivid her beautiful bronze hair and brown eyes.

Clara Bow was there with Rex Bell, and was very demure. Only the mischief shone in her brown eyes, as she kidded Rex about her being a better horseman than he was. Rex adoringly let her get away with it.

There was a barbecue luncheon in the barbecue ground. Nancy Carroll, who is a very small eater at all times, declared she didn't know what to do with all the food on her plate.

Victor McLaglen, who learned to cook well in the army, superintended the barbecuing of the feast.

Right in the middle of luncheon, we heard a whoop, and we saw a servant running down to the gate. There stood Buster Keaton's great land yacht. But Mrs. McLaglen didn't know what it was, and called to the servant:

"They can't drive in here!" "But," the servant ran over to explain, "they say they want to come in!" Poor Mrs. McLaglen, terribly embarrassed, went down to the gate—and saw who her guests were!

Buster and Lew Cody came for lunch, Buster in his Admiral's get-up, and after lunch a number of us went swimming. Just as Rex Bell was diving, came another splash!

It was Buster, diving, Admiral uniform and all. In a moment he emerged—but minus that uniform! He wore bright colored shorts, having divested himself of his outer garments under water. All unconcerned he went on his way, smilelessly, as though nothing had happened.

Fifi Dorsay asked Buster for his telephone number on his land yacht, and he solemnly gave it!

We chatted with Victor McLaglen, who led some of us, including Warner Baxter and his wife, over the estate, and he told us how he went to the Pomona Fair, and came back bearing merely twelve gallons of sour milk for the turkeys.

There are pheasants and rabbits and chickens and an aviary on the estate, and there are no less than eight dogs, all of which have a walk of five miles every day with some member of the McLaglen family.

Andrew McLaglen was with us, and

we found out that when he is in town he always insists, if his father's pictures are playing anywhere, on driving by the theaters to read the advertisements! The rest of the family think it a bore—well, I don't suppose Vic exactly hates it, though!—and so Andrew has to use all his boyish guile to get his way about this.

There was entertainment later by the various players present. The piano was dragged into the tea-house, and Fifi Dorsay sang, and Victor gave a reading, while El Brendel and his wife sang one of their vaudeville numbers.

Fifi told us she wasn't a bit in love with anybody right now, and not to believe it if anybody said she was.

Lita Grey Chaplin was there. She said her two little sons were well, and were eager to play in pictures. I have never seen Lita herself looking more handsome. Funny she doesn't marry again.

The party turned out to be something of a double-header; and after dancing, wandering about the estate, swimming and playing tennis, we were served with a buffet supper, with new guests, including Nell O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. John Ford, Winfield Sheehan and others arriving, and as the air grew chill, we gathered about the big fire in the huge fireplace of the cosy drawing room.



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Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 17)

ANOTHER BIG ONE: RKO has another "Cimarron" in "The Conquerors." You are bound to compare the two pictures and this latest Ann Harding-Richard Dix starrer does not suffer by comparison with the famous Ferber record-breaker.

BARBARA STANWYCK and Frank Fay have just bought a new home opposite Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They have built a stone wall around it since they adopted the baby. Frank has a gymnasium that is a physical director's dream of perfection. It is a huge room 80 feet long and 60 feet wide. Their swimming pool is, perhaps, the largest in Hollywood; it is almost a small lake. Barbara and Frank do like their swim!

THEY had a lot of fun and excitement on the Universal "Nagana" set. One of the lionesses escaped from her cage on the set and crawled under the building in which all the animals were housed. Carpenters, "grips," directors, players and all present, except the trainer, Murphy, hastily ran for the tallest trees, telegraph poles and fences.

The leopards, panthers, lions and other wild animals already back in their original cages, audibly cheered their free companion. Murphy said quietly, "Now we'll see if habit is stronger than instinct with these animals." He shoved a "transfer cage" with a trap door at one end right in front of the snarling beast. Miss Leo, obeying years of training in captivity, mechanically walked through the trap door, still snarling and angry. The other animals groaned loudly at her stupidity. From trees, telegraph poles, fences and tops of barns came audible sighs of relief from the humans.

Maybe you've heard this but don't try to stop us. . . . A daring lad walked up to Lupe Velez and said:

"Well, Lupe, I hear two men are now panting for your affections!"

"Yes, a sort of two-pants suit," retorted Lupe.

We hate to blame this on Slim Summerville, but we're told it's the absolute truth.

The other day the elongated comedian hailed director James Whale on the Universal lot and chatted with him a while.

"What are you doing now, Mr. Whale?" asked Slim.

"Working on 'The Road Back,'" replied the director.

"Oh, that hitch-hiking picture," came back Slim.

HAVE you ever noticed that ZaSu Pitts never wears jewelry? She swears that jewelry of any kind makes her deathly ill. . . . oh, well, some of these big diamonds make us sick too.

ZaSu Pitts' hands keep wandering whether she's before the camera or not. It makes Slim Summerville slightly nervous and he knows ZaSu well enough to tell her about it. Recently on the set Slim got especially fidgety watching the Pitts manipulations.

"Can't you keep your hands still?" asked Slim.

"No," replied ZaSu in her most plaintive tone. "How can I?"

"Sit on 'em," replied Slim, as he walked away.

WHEN you see Alice White in those new pictures she is making for (Please turn to page 104)

No Gummy Film!
-put kid gloves on
10 minutes after using



A DIFFERENT SKIN CREAM

*Softens, smooths and heals
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Hess Witch Hazel Cream contains no lotion gums—therefore leaves no greasy, gummy film on the skin. Absorbs completely and quickly—dries perfectly—allows kid gloves to slip on easily.



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Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 103)

Warner Brothers—First National you are going to wonder how and why she looks so different from the Alice White who last appeared upon the screen two years ago.

She has had her nose shortened and straightened.

Dr. Josef Ginsberg removed a bit of cartilage from the tip of Alice's nose and she looks like a new woman.

OLD friends are best, seems to be a favorite adage in Hollywood.

At any rate, a few inquiries disclose that a number of the stars cling year after year to those "who knew them when."

John Barrymore's closest friend—the man who knows him best—is Walter Deffenbaugh, San Francisco newspaper man.

Their friendship dates back to the dark ages when Barrymore was a newspaper cartoonist—and Arthur Brisbane fired him.

Tallulah Bankhead's most intimate companion is Edie Smith, rosy-cheeked English girl whom Tallulah first observed standing at the stage entrance of a London theater—in the rain.

Marie Dressler and Claire Dubrey, well known character actress, are old cronies, having lived together for many years.

An unusual friendship, but one readily understood, is that between John Gilbert and Jim Adamson, the barber on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

That one goes back to a Christmas Day, going on twenty years ago, when Jim the Barber invited a young actor to his home for dinner just when John Gilbert was beginning to fear there wasn't any Santa Claus, after all.

On his recent visit to Hollywood, Col. Fred Levy of Louisville, Ky., revealed an incident in the life of Charlie Chaplin known to few.

When Chaplin was making "The Kid," he placed Jackie Coogan under a long-term contract.

Subsequently, Col. Levy, Sol Lesser and their group offered the Coogans a proposition which appeared to be better than Chaplin's.

Charlie released Jackie and permitted him to make a million, of which he could just as well have had half.

Charlie Ruggles remarks that the longest sentence in the fewest words is when the judge says, "Life!"

WONDER what the old Roman ladies would have done if they had been at work until 5:30 and then had to go out to dinner! It takes two hairdressers two hours to complete the coiffure Claudette Colbert wears in "The Sign of the Cross." Pity the poor man waiting for women to get dressed in those days!

MARIAN BURNS has been married but six months and now they are sending her off to Malaysia to play with lions and the what-have-yous of the jungles of Malaysia, and hubby is not going along. The cameraman of "Bring 'Em Back Alive," Carl Berger, has promised Marian's husband that he

will see that no great big jungle beast runs off with his bride of six months—which is small comfort to hubby—but that's life and love in the movies! The title of this opus is to be "Man-Eater."

LIKE to know how to pronounce those difficult and often discussed names? Here's how Maurice Chevalier likes to have his name pronounced—Maw-REECE ShevAHLyay. Marlene Dietrich says, "Please call me MahLaynah DEEttrikh." Sari Maritza says, "Me, please call SHAHree MAHritsa." George M. Cohan says, "KoHAN to you, please!" Jimmy Durante says, "It's Jimmy DooRANtee, if you please!"—and there you have it, folks!

SPEAKING of Durante, on a vacation trip in the high Sierras he was visiting a relative who has a little filling station. "I was presented with my first really deserved dime," says Jimmy. "I took care of the station while my relative took his first vacation in some fifty odd years," explains Jimmy. "The first day along came a native in a rickety little old Ford. That old codger bought three gallons of gas, had me wipe the windshield, put water in the tank, fill the tires, all but wash his face and hands, and then when he paid his bill he handed me a ten-cent tip! Did I take it?—I DID!"

David Manners is now 100 per cent American.

He's taken steps to legalize his name and is well along with his citizenship papers. Up to a short time ago he has been referred to as the English-Canadian actor.

You can't very well blame Dave for wanting to change his name for all time. His real name sounds like a leak in the dike (He's of Dutch descent, you know), but here it is: Rauff de Ryther Daun Acklom! . . . ain't dat a beaut!

TOM MIX, who has been shot thirty-eight times, broken most every bone in his body and boasts several good scars from knives, has added some broken ribs to his collection.

It all happened while Tom was on location for "Oh, Promise Me". Seems his horse reared and then fell on our unsuspecting cowman.

Jim Tully tells us this one of when he was visiting the "Laughter in Hell" set and watching them make his story into a picture.

He saw a colored man walk up to Tom Brown and ask for Tom's autograph. The colored actor had a wooden leg, so Tom found a jack-knife and cut his initials in the synthetic limb!

MATCHMAKERS in Hollywood took a renewed interest in Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp when a story of their amazing luck at roulette began to go around.

"Maybe they'll get married right away," the matchmakers said.

As the story was first told, Don and Evalyn had visited one of the gambling ships off Santa Monica and won several hundred dollars.

A week later, rumor had increased the amount to \$40,000, the ship's bank had been broken and Don and Evalyn

had had to row their winnings home in a life boat!

LUPE is ver', ver' unhappee. Pictures have palled upon her. The Velez child wants to go back to New York and the stage. She wants the bright lights of Broadway, the clubs, the glittering restaurants and a pent house away up on the roof of some skyscraper in which to live. She wants to work for Mr. Shubert in some sort of revue.

"Dees picture business, I get bored!" she remarked at the RKO studio. "An' I am getting fat. I weigh 117 which ees too much. I lak to go back East and dance and seeng again."

A change has come over Lupe. Her vivacious, bubbling-over enthusiasm has quieted perceptibly. She appears more thoughtful, more serious. She admits she is restless. One moment she talks of going to Tahiti and the next to the eastern stage. She looks upon the adoption of her sister's baby as a serious matter and is studying how to become a good "mother" to it. Lupe seldom is seen in Hollywood's night clubs now but appears to take a greater delight in pottering around among the flowers at her home on Rodeo Drive and staying in the company of her mother. Studio after studio calls her for work and she is offered more rôles than she can play. But, in her blood, New York is calling!

"As for sweethearts," she says, "I am through forever!"

"Oh, yeah?" Hollywood would say in reply.

WARNER BROTHERS think they have found a comedian who is funny, in Sterling Holloway. He is very tall, very thin and very tired. He has a shock of blond hair and will be seen with Joan Blondell in "Blondie Johnson."

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart write from the East that they had to remove their pup, Stogie, from their vaudeville act because he was stealing all the laughs. They are anxious to get back to their six-months-old baby, who remained home with a nurse.

SOME horrible person poisoned Louise Fazenda's two dogs. Even if a person didn't like dogs, how he could do that to Louise is not understandable because she never did a mean thing to anyone in her life.

The feminine stars don't receive all the gifts from the fans. Mervyn LeRoy last week received a present of a cigar two and a half feet long from an admirer. Mervyn is almost pint-sized himself but he declares he is going to smoke it.

ELEANOR HOLM, world's champion backstroke swimmer, has been playing small bits at the Warner Studio where she is under contract. Her agreement with the company stipulates that she is to be trained for six months before she appears in a picture, so she is working (when she works) under an assumed name.

"But if you don't blink," she says, "you will see me in Jimmy Cagney's next picture."

BEFORE Aline MacMahon would sign a contract with Warners she insisted on having it written into the agreement that she could have five vacations each year. Each vacation is to be long enough to enable her to go to

New York to visit her husband, who is an architect there.

George Brent injured two vertebrae recently when he was thrown from a horse in a polo game. He will not be able to play for some time, but he can work if the scenes are not too strenuous.

And when all the reporters were chasing Charles Spencer Chaplin about the Goddard situation his stock answer was: "You know I never talk about my private affairs."

BORIS KARLOFF, now a star, is not letting success go to his head. He insists he is just a character actor who got a lucky break . . . which, Your Grace, is modesty personified.

TOM BROWN is one of the most colorful young men in Hollywood.

He appeared at the studio the other day wearing a brown suit, a gray hat, green socks, a red and white striped sweater and flaunted a brilliant blue handkerchief . . . whoops, my deah!

AND even though Joan Crawford received adulation in Europe that would have turned the head of a less practical-minded girl, she came home with her feet on the ground. The day before she left London, she cabled a friend in Hollywood: "Sailing tomorrow. Whoops! Wheeee!" At the bottom of the message the clerk in the local cable office had added another "Wheeee!" all his own. That one word said a lot and no doubt reflected the sentiment of all the Crawford fans.

RICHARD CROMWELL augments his salary as a movie actor by making masks of other stars. But he complains that during the last six months he has had to remake Joan Crawford's three times, on account of the remarkable growth of her lower lip. To add to his troubles, when he delivered it the last time, Joan's Great Dane, Hamlet, displayed a sudden aversion to actors by biting a piece out of the seat of Dick's pants. Speaking of Joan, as we were a paragraph back, she returned from Paris with only two new dresses. Doug, Jr., on the other hand, purchased sixteen suits of clothes in London.

Cary Grant was invited to Santa Barbara for a visit.

"Just throw some old clothes into a bag and come up to our little summer shack," his would-be host told him.

Cary did just that and arrived at his friend's place, which turned out to be a "little shack" with nineteen baths.

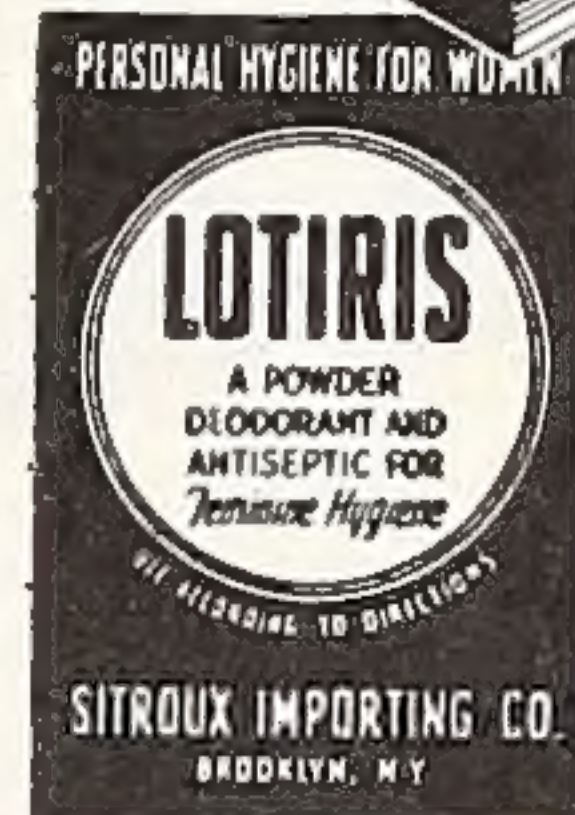
"And there I was," Cary told a friend afterwards, "with no decent clothes and simply smothered in butlers."

PAT O'MALLEY'S wife wanted a new incinerator, so Pat, who is very handy with tools, bought a sack of cement, picked up a few bricks, and started to work. The incinerator soon grew to be a beautiful fireplace, and Pat decided to make a barbecue oven out of it—a place to cook outdoor suppers when he entertained. Then Bebe Daniels, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Robert Vignola, and other friends grew interested and donated bricks; and a subdivision owner donated a huge sheet iron sign, which made a grand roof, and (Please turn to page 106)



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GOTTSCHALK'S
THE ORIGINAL-SANITARY
METAL SPONGE

Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 105)

SYLVIA SIDNEY, who looks rather oriental anyway, is doing the inevitable, playing "Madame Butterfly"—and it ought to be interesting.

In fact, Sylvia looks so Japanese that one of the Japanese girls on the set started a conversation with her and was startled to learn—oh, what? We didn't say anything. Sounds like an 1880 press-agent gag, but we saw it happen.

That new lady killer, George Raft, says he falls in love too easily. Every leading woman is a potential G.F.

"In order to play love scenes with sincerity one must actually hold the lady in high regard and—well, when you think a girl is swell, you know she is swell, if you get me," says Raft.

"Connie Cummings is grand. Noel Francis is a peach. It was easy to be a tough guy toward Miriam Hopkins.

"Sure, a lot of men marry their leading ladies. But I'm not going to fall that hard!"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has the oddest superstition.

When she enters a building she will exit by no other door than the one she used as an entrance. It becomes quite complicated at times—what with the many doors some buildings have. But she does it and never forgets.

AS soon as Bill Haines gets cleaned up with his current picture at the studio he plans to leave for Europe. The purpose of the trip is to buy more antiques.

YOU'VE heard of Helen Hayes' contract that calls for six months in pictures and six months on the New York stage. Well, she's going to fool you. Instead of going to New York this winter she will stay in Hollywood. As soon as "The Son-Daughter" is finished she goes into the production on "The White Sister."

And by the way . . . were you ever told that Miss Hayes is an ardent camera fiend and has one of the finest laboratories you ever saw, in the basement of her home? It's the envy of many a Hollywood cameraman.

MUCH has been said about Wallace Beery's cabin. They've said it's in the high Sierras, Northern California and many other places. Now let us tell you where it really is.

The cabin itself is on an island. The island is in the middle of Silver Lake which is one of a group of four situated in Mono County, California.

Since Wally's family has enlarged itself somewhat the tough man of the screen has had a second story built on. It is getting out of the cabin class and fast becoming a summer home. Wally has built himself a landing field at Gull Lake, about three miles from his own lake, and he negotiates in a few hours what, by auto, ordinarily takes two days. . . . If you're ever

around Silver Lake, swim out and say hello.

IMAGINE, if you can, Polly Moran collecting autographed pictures! She had a good excuse, though. Seems her young son is now in military school . . . has his own room and needs decorations. The first one to go up in the place of honor was Marie Dressler's.

Six years ago, Charles Laughton was a hotel clerk with only thoughts of being an actor.

Since he stepped from behind the desk to behind the footlights, he has appeared in twenty London stage successes and two in New York.

IT must be that you and I are growing older. At least, Jackie Coogan is. Visitors to San Francisco report having seen "The Kid" himself dancing with a blonde at the St. Francis hotel.

Jackie is seventeen, a freshman at Santa Clara College.

HERE'S some things we never knew till now—how about you? . . . Preston Foster was at one time an opera singer. . . . Aline MacMahon refuses to make personal appearances. . . . Glenda Farrell has a boy in military school. . . . Bette Davis acquired her southern accent for a stage role. . . . Allen Jenkins can't get used to Hollywood's early rising. . . . Helen Vinson still lives in her studio apartment. . . . Guy Kibbee uses his off days to go deep sea fishing (but they are few). . . . Eleanor Holm (of Warners) has been a swimming contestant since she was thirteen . . . and some people say Sheila Terry looks like Joan Crawford.



Adrienne Ames, sparkling as ever, apparently headed straight for success—caught on the fly by the New Movie cameraman.

it wasn't long until a ducky little house stood in the O'Malley's backyard.

Mrs. O'Malley still wants a new incinerator!

Some of these women who concern themselves so much over the education of child actors might be interested to know that . . . Jackie Cooper, just turned nine, is in the sixth grade and an exceptionally apt pupil.

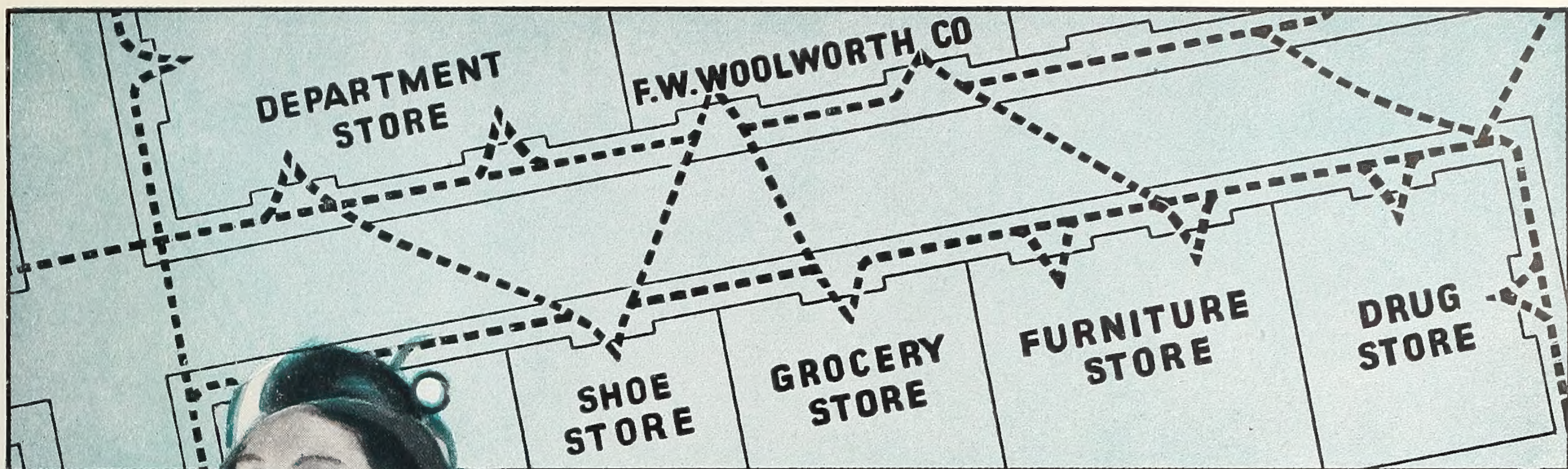
JACK HOLT has a ranch on the San Joaquin River. His partner runs the ranch and soon they hope the ranch will make money. When Jack is ready to retire he will go out there to live. There are about 5000 head of cattle on this ranch and between every picture Jack takes Tim, his son, and they ride the range, herd cattle, and have a marvelous time.

Here's a new occupation for men . . . balloon inflater. Four men were kept busy at Paramount for an entire day inflating balloons for "Evenings for Sale." During that entire time they inflated some 1,000 balloons for a Viennese carnival scene.

Herbert Marshall says there is one easy way to break into the movies. If you can just get them to give you the same kind of screen test they gave him. He was supposed to play a nervous man—"and I certainly gave them a realistic performance!" laughs Herbert. "I was so nervous even my jaw wiggled!"



Buddy Rogers has given up his orchestra, settled quietly down in Hollywood and is seriously preparing for a speedy movie comeback.



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